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QUEEN HORTENSE.

DUCHESS OF St LEU

IN THE ARENENBURG COLLECTION

THE LIFE

OF

NAPOLEON III.

DERIVED FROM STATE RECORDS,
FROM UNPUBLISHED FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE,
AND FROM PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

b/447

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

XX f 28

With FAMILY PORTRAITS in the POSSESSION of the IMPERIAL FAMILY, and FACSIMILES of LETTERS of NAPOLEON I., NAPOLEON III., QUEEN HORTENSE, &c.

25576

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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BOOK IV.

BETWEEN STRASBURG AND BOULOGNE.

Errata

Page 154, note, line 1, *for* Crony *read* Crouy
„ 160, „ „ 13, „ où *read* or
„ „ „ „ 25, „ ou „ et
„ „ „ „ 29, „ où „ et
„ 191, line 3, *for* Salvaudy *read* Salvandy
„ 197, „ 2, „ Omani *read* Ornano
„ 366, „ 1, „ democrats whom he called *read* democrats whom he was called
„ 370, „ 12, „ the limits *read* their limits
„ 394, note, line 4, for *napoléonienne* read *napoléonien*
„ 406, line 29, *for* Lenard *read* Sénard

CHAPTER I.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

It was on the 30th of March, 1837, that Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte landed in America; and it was on the 12th of the following June that he re-embarked on board the packet 'George Washington' for Europe. This short period, which he passed in the midst of a people whose institutions had been his peculiar study at Arenenberg, he spent in travelling, visiting, and holding conversations on men and things with some of the leading citizens of the States. He was fortunate in at once becoming the companion of such men as Fitz-Greene Halleck the poet, Generals Scott and Watson Webb, the Schuylers, the Hamiltons, the Clintons, the Livingstones, and the Bayards, and in having for guides such cultivated gentlemen as the Rev. C. S. Stewart and his brother. These advantages were not lost upon the exile, who had been banished from his native country, and against whom the hand of nearly every male member of his own family was raised. His new friends remarked that he was silent, sad, and reserved; but they appear to have been drawn to him nevertheless, and to have felt a genuine interest in his character. From far and wide within the bounds of the United States the author has received letters describing, from personal observation, the Prince's life in America. The testimony is from various

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points of view, and from men of all degrees; but all correspondents agree that the Prince was quiet and reserved, prone to the society of ladies, and among men, to that of his elders. The following extract from a letter to his mother (April 17, 1837), wherein he describes his journey from Norfolk to New York, amusingly brings out some of the characteristic features of American travelling:—

'On April 2 the captain and officers conducted me to the steamboat that conveyed me to Baltimore, across the Gulf of Chesapeke. We left at four o'clock in the afternoon. There were two hundred passengers on board. The cabin reaches the entire length of the boat. It is a narrow room about 160 feet in length. Supper was served at seven. Half an hour later the tables were swept away and beds were made for everybody. The women have cabins apart. The spectacle of these two hundred beds pell-mell in a big room, afloat, and travelling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, was really a curious one. About four in the morning, being very hot, I got up and went on deck, to get some fresh air. I had hardly reached the deck when I saw a gentleman following me in his shirt, who seemed to wish to speak to me. After having made the tour of the ship twice he at length accosted me. He began with the customary "Very beautiful night, sir." Then he said: "Would you have the kindness, sir, to relate me your history?" I almost laughed in his face. But I restrained myself, and answered that the remembrance of what had befallen me was too painful to allow of my complying with his request. So we talked about other things; and presently, the wind being very cold, he deemed it prudent to get his coat.

'We arrived at Baltimore at six o'clock in the morning, and started again immediately on another [illegible]. At

the end of the gulf we found a railway that conveyed us to the Delaware river, where we again took boat to Philadelphia. On the road I made the acquaintance of a young American consul, who appointed himself my cicerone, and of the Brian, brother-in-law of the beautiful Madame Brian whom I had seen at Thun three years ago. From Philadelphia to New York we travelled in the same way—partly by railway and partly by steamboat. I passed before Point Breeze, my uncle's residence. It is a pretty little house on the banks of the Delaware—but the surrounding country is flat. The only fine features are the width of the stream (since it is agreed that this *is* a beauty?) and the steamboats, which are magnificent.'[1]

---

[1] *Lettre à la Reine Hortense.*

New-York, 17 avril 1837.

Le 2 avril le commandant et les officiers m'accompagnèrent jusqu'au bateau à vapeur qui me conduisit à Baltimore en remontant tout le golfe de la Chesapeak. Nous partîmes à quatre heures de l'après-midi. Il y avait à bord deux cents personnes. La cabine tient toute la longueur du bâtiment; c'est une salle étroite, mais longue d'environ 160 pieds. À sept heures on servit le souper. Une demi-heure après les tables furent enlevées et on établit des lits pour tout le monde. Les femmes ont des chambres à part. Le spectacle de ces deux cents lits pêle-mêle dans une grande chambre, et tout cela naviguant et faisant quinze milles à l'heure, était vraiment curieux. Vers quatre heures, il faisait chaud; je me levai et j'allai sur le pont pour prendre l'air. À peine étais-je monté que je vis un monsieur arriver dare-dare, en chemise, derrière moi, comme s'il désirait me parler. Après avoir fait deux fois le tour du navire, il m'aborda enfin et, après la phrase d'usage 'Very beautiful night, sir,' il me dit: 'Auriez-vous la complaisance, monsieur, de me raconter votre histoire, monsieur?' Je manquai lui éclater de rire au nez, mais je me bornai à lui répondre que le souvenir de ce qui m'était arrivé m'était trop pénible pour que j'eusse du plaisir à le raconter. Alors nous parlâmes d'autre chose, et, comme le vent était très-froid, il trouva prudent d'aller retrouver son habit.

Arrivés à Baltimore à six heures du matin, nous repartîmes immédiatement sur un autre bateau à vapeur. À la fin du golfe nous trouvâmes un chemin de fer, qui nous conduisit sur la rivière la Delaware, où un autre bateau à vapeur nous porta jusqu'à Philadelphie. En route je fis la connaissance d'un jeune consul américain, qui se fit mon cicerone, et de M. Brian, beau-frère de la belle madame Brian que j'avais vue

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Writing to M. Vieillard seventeen days later, Prince Louis says that he has as yet seen little of the country. 'But,' he adds, 'what I have read and heard about the two Americas has led to some reflexions which I now submit to your judgment.

'All the States of America, formerly European colonies, were formed under more or less favourable auspices. In their own interest, which could be only commercial, they have separated themselves from the mother country. But a minor who declares himself to be of age at sixteen, let his physical strength be what it may, is but a child. We are men only when we have reached the full development of our physical and moral forces. Now, this country possesses immense material forces, but it is entirely deficient in moral force. The United States believed themselves to be a nation as soon as they had a government elected by themselves, a president and chambers. They were, and are still, only an independent colony. The transition is going on daily; the worm is casting his skin and taking to wings that will raise him. But I do not think the transition will be completed without crises and convulsions.

'In principle every colony is a real republic. It is an association of men who all, with equal rights, have agreed together to develop the products of a certain country. It matters little whether they have a governor or a president for chief. They require, for their government, only a few police regulations. This is so true that North Carolina (I think) having asked the celebrated Locke for

à Thoune il y a trois ans. De Philadelphie à New-York le trajet se fit de même, partie en chemins de fer, partie en bateaux à vapeur. Je passai devant Point-Breeze, résidence de mon oncle. C'est une jolie petite maison au bord de la Delaware, mais les environs sont plats. Il n'y a de bien beau que la largeur du fleuve (puisqu'il est reçu que c'est une beauté?) et les bateaux à vapeur, qui sont magnifiques. . . .

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

a constitution, received from him a series of laws in which all the powers were balanced as in a European society, where in a confined space thousands of men must be held to one point, although they have conflicting interests. Locke's constitution could not be used. The population (of North Carolina) were all equals in manners, ideas, and interests. It was one wheel that had to be turned—and the necessary mechanism was so simple that it required neither genius nor complicated forces.

'But now the population has thickened. It is composed of an American type that is sharply defined, and of daily arriving immigrants who have no education, no popular traditions, and mostly no patriotism. Now industry and commerce have destroyed equality in fortunes. Great cities have been raised, in which man has not to contend against the soil, but with man, his neighbour. Now, in short, the moral world begins to rise upon the physical world. To-day we find, here and there, that the reign of ideas is opening on this side the Atlantic. In the midst of this world of traders, where there is not a man who is not a speculator, it has entered the head of a few honest men that slavery is a bad thing, although it is highly profitable; and, for the first time, the heart of America has vibrated for an interest that is not a money one. It has entered into the head of a party, whether right or wrong, that the bank is trenching on the rights of democracy, and for a principle has upset the altar of commerce. In short, the same men who, with their European traditions, had never thought of obtaining guarantees except against authority are now seeking for some against the tyranny of the crowd. For here there is liberty to acquire, but not liberty to enjoy; there is the right to act, but not to think; in fine—who would believe it?—there is in many things licence and absolutism So true is it, as Montesquieu says, that the laws which have

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made a little people a great one weigh heavily upon them when they have become great.

'I have been very much touched by the attentions I have received. I was very happy to find Arèse here. It is a great consolation to have so good a friend near me. He has begged me to tell you that he is very grateful for the friendship you showed him. Adieu, my dear Monsieur Vieillard, my dear friend; I love you with all my heart, and I am happy in thinking you will talk about me often with Madame Vieillard, to whom I beg you to present my tender respects.

'Your Friend,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.'[1]

Lettre à M. Vieillard.

New-York, le 30 avril 1837.

[Le commencement est entièrement insignifiant.] . . . Nous naviguions sur l'océan au milieu des tempêtes. Si la terre natale m'était contraire, les vents me semblaient favorables. Ils ne voulaient pas me pousser loin des rivages français. Un bateau à vapeur a été obligé de remorquer la frégate pendant vingt-quatre heures en sortant de Lorient. Et pendant dix-sept jours nous sommes restés dans le golfe de Gascogne à lutter contre l'ouragan. Au 32° degré de latitude le commandant de la frégate a ouvert des ordres cachetés et écrits de la main du Ministre de la Marine, qui lui enjoignaient de me conduire à Rio-Janeiro, de ne pas me débarquer, d'empêcher toute espèce de communication, et, après avoir fait les approvisionnements nécessaires, de me conduire à New-York. Le mystère qui a entouré cette détermination du gouvernement, l'inconvénient qui résultait pour la frégate d'un détour de 3,000 lieues (elle est destinée à aller dans la Mer du Sud) m'ont prouvé que cette mésure avait été ordonnée uniquement pour m'empêcher de communiquer avec mes amis avant la fin du procès. J'avais dit en effet à M. Delessert que mon enlèvement priverait mes compagnons d'infortune de dépositions importantes que je pouvais faire en leur faveur. Il m'avait répondu qu'à Lorient je pourrais les faire par écrit. Mais il était strictement défendu au commandant de gendarmerie qui me conduisait de me laisser écrire un seul mot. J'espérais que le gouvernement, le procès une fois terminé, aurait au moins annoncé le changement de direction ordonné à la frégate. Il n'en a rien fait: il a laissé ma famille et celles de tout l'équipage dans les plus cruelles anxiétés. Je suis resté vingt jours prisonnier dans la rade de Rio: les avaries que nous avions faites nous avaient obligé à un si long séjour. Je dois dire aussi que les deux officiers de gen-

In this letter may be found the prominent qualities of Prince Louis's character—the strong habit of observation

CHAP. I.

darmerie qui me conduisaient de Strasbourg à Lorient, aussi bien que le commandant et les officiers de la frégate, adoucirent par leurs soins et leur égards tout ce qui ma position avait de pénible. Aussi n'est-ce qu'en versant des larmes que j'ai abandonné le bâtiment où j'étais prisonnier. En recouvrant ma liberté je n'ai pensé qu'au drapeau et aux compatriotes que je quittais, et je n'ai éprouvé qu'un sentiment de douleur profonde. Le 30 mars nous sommes arrivés à Norfolk; les vents contraires nous ont empêché de venir jusqu'à New-York. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire combien j'ai été heureux, en débarquant, d'apprendre la nouvelle de l'acquittement de mes amis. Cela m'a fait oublier tout ce que j'avais souffert. Je ne vous ai pas écrit plus tôt parce que j'ai été un peu indisposé, et que d'un bout de l'Atlantique à l'autre on ne peut pas envoyer un simple billet. J'ai encore vu peu le pays, mais ce que j'ai lu et entendu dire sur les deux Amériques m'a fait faire quelques réflexions que je soumets à votre jugement.

Tous les états d'Amérique, jadis colonies européennes, ont été fondés sous des auspices plus ou moins favorables. Lésées dans leur intérêt, qui ne pouvait être que commercial, elles se sont détachées de la mère patrie. Mais un mineur qui se déclare indépendant à seize ans, quelle que soit sa force physique, n'est qu'un enfant: l'on n'est homme que lorsqu'on a atteint tout le développement de ses forces physiques et morales. Or ce pays-ci a une force matérielle immense, mais de force morale, il en manque totalement. Les États-Unis se sont crus nation dès qu'ils ont eu une administration élu par eux, un président et des chambres: ils n'étaient et ne sont encore qu'une colonie indépendante. Chaque jour la transition s'opère, la chenille se dépouille de son enveloppe et prend des ailes qui l'élèveront plus haut, mais je ne crois pas que cette transition s'opère sans crises et sans bouleversements.

Dans le principe toute colonie est une vraie république. C'est une association d'hommes qui tous, avec droits égaux, s'entendent pour exploiter les produits d'un pays. Qu'ils aient pour chef temporaire un gouverneur ou un président, peu importe. Ils n'ont besoin, pour le gouverner, que de quelques règlements de police. Cela est si vrai que la Caroline du Nord, je crois, ayant demandé au célèbre Locke une constitution, celui-ci, ayant à faire à une nation, lui envoya des lois où tous les pouvoirs étaient balancés comme dans une société européenne, où sur un petit espace de terrain il y a des milliers d'hommes qu'il faut faire concourir au même but, quoiqu'ils aient des intérêts opposés les uns aux autres. La constitution de Locke ne put être mise en pratique. La population était composée de gens égaux par leurs mœurs, par leurs idées, par leurs intérêts; ce n'était qu'une seule roue à faire tourner, mécanisme extrêmement simple pour lequel il ne fallait ni génie ni complication de forces.

Mais, actuellement, la population s'est accrue; elle se compose d'un type américain qui s'est bien dessiné,

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and of reasoning on all he observed, and at the same time his extreme sensibility, almost girlish in its exuberant expression. On arriving in New York he had found his faithful friend the Count Arèse and his old servant Charles Thélin waiting to receive him, with letters from his family, including one from his father, sending him his blessing. The deep impression made by his father's forgiveness is apparent in the following grateful letter from his son:—

'New York, April 10, 1837.

'My dear Father,—I landed at Norfolk on March 30, after having been four months and a half at sea. When

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et d'émigrations journalières qui n'ont ni instruction ni tradition populaire, partant point de patriotisme. Maintenant l'industrie et le commerce ont rompu l'égalité de fortune. De grandes villes se sont formées, où l'homme n'a plus à lutter avec le sol, mais avec l'homme, son voisin. Maintenant enfin le monde moral commence à surgir du monde physique. On voit aujourd'hui ça et là des indices que le règne des idées commence aussi de ce côté de l'Atlantique. Parmi ce peuple de marchands où il n'y a pas un homme qui ne spécule, il est venu dans la tête de quelques honnêtes gens que l'esclavage était une mauvaise chose, quoiqu'il rapportât beaucoup, et pour la première fois le cœur de l'Américain a vibré pour un intérêt étranger à l'argent. Il est venu dans la tête d'un parti, à tort ou à raison, que la banque empiétait sur les droits de la démocratie et, pour un principe, elle a renversé l'autel du commerce. Enfin les mêmes hommes qui, par tradition d'Europe, n'avaient jamais pensé qu'à avoir des garanties contre le pouvoir, en cherchent maintenant contre la tyrannie de la foule. Car ici il y a liberté d'acquérir, il n'y a pas liberté de jouir; il y a faculté d'agir, il n'y a pas faculté de penser; enfin—qui le croirait?—il y a ici souvent licence et arbitraire. Tant il est vrai, comme le dit Montesquieu, que les lois qui ont fait qu'un petit peuple est devenu grand, lui sont à charge lorsqu'il s'est agrandi.

J'ai été bien sensible à toutes les marques d'intérêt que j'ai reçues. En trouvant Arèse ici, j'ai été bien heureux. C'est une grande consolation pour moi que d'avoir avec moi un si bon ami. Il me charge de vous dire qu'il est bien reconnaissant de l'amitié que vous avez bien voulu lui témoigner. Adieu, mon cher monsieur Vieillard, mon cher ami; je vous aime de tout mon cœur. Je suis heureux de penser que vous parlerez souvent de moi avec madame Vieillard, à laquelle je vous prie de présenter mes tendres respects.

Votre Ami,

NAPOLÉON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

I arrived here I found your letter, in which you send me your blessing. It was the most consoling thing to my heart I could find here. I have received many letters, and I feel very happy in meeting so many people that show a real affection towards me in my misfortune. All my female cousins have sent me charming letters, except Mathilde!

'By next packet I will write to you at greater length. To-day I am pressed for time, and yesterday I was still suffering from an illness which attacked me on reaching this place.

'I have been unfortunate, but rely upon it that I have done nothing contrary to honour or derogatory to the dignity of the name I bear.

'Receive, my dear father, the expression of my sincere attachment.

'Your affectionate and respectful Son,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS.'[1]

These first letters written by Prince Louis on his arrival in America to his mother, father, and his dearest friend and counsellor show that, while he was not overwhelmed

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[1] *Au Roi Louis.*

New-York, le 10 avril 1837.

Mon cher Père,—Après avoir passé quatre mois et demi en mer, j'ai enfin débarqué à Norfolk le 30 mars. Arrivé ici, j'y ai trouvé une lettre qui me transmettait votre bénédiction. C'était tout ce que je pouvais trouver ici qui fût le plus doux à mon cœur. J'ai reçu ici bien des lettres, et dans mon malheur je m'estime heureux de rencontrer tant de personnes qui me montrent un attachement si réelle. Toutes mes cousines m'ont écrit des lettres charmantes, excepté Mathilde!

Par le prochain paquebot je vous écrirai plus au long. Aujourd'hui je suis pressé par le temps, et hier j'étais encore malade d'une indisposition qui m'a pris en arrivant ici.

J'ai été malheureux, mais croyez que je n'ai rien fait de contraire à l'honneur ni à la dignité du nom que je porte.

Recevez, mon cher père, l'expression de mon sincère attachement.

Votre tendre et respectueux Fils,

NAPOLÉON-LOUIS.

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

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by his Strasburg disaster, he was quite alive to the pain he had caused those who were dearest to him. The energy of the Prince is evident in the resolution with which he sought to turn even his misfortune to good account. Scouted by the European press as a madcap prince, he sat quietly at the Washington Hotel, in Broadway, considering the origin and nature of government, and comparing the old world, from which he had been banished, with the new to which he had been borne a state prisoner.

'I was the first acquaintance,' General J. Watson Webb writes,[1] 'the late Emperor ever made in the United States. It so happened that on the night of his arrival (in New York), an exile, just landed from Brazil, General Scott and some of our most distinguished senators and statesmen were dining with me at my hotel (the Old City Hotel, Broadway). His arrival was reported to me; and, at my request, he joined us, and remained until a late hour.

'I had two brothers-in-law at the table, the late Rev. C. S. Stewart and L. Stewart, and I placed the Prince under their charge—I being actively engaged in political life; and General Scott told him that whom those gentlemen could not make him acquainted with in New York (then a small city) he need *not* know. On the following day I placed him in lodgings. During the winter I saw him constantly; and my brothers-in-law accompanied him everywhere, and saw him every day—being gentlemen of leisure. In the spring I took the Prince to my country residence in Long Island. Shortly after he returned to Europe on account of his mother's illness.

'Very shortly after the arrival in New York of the late Emperor, his cousin—a wild, dissipated, reckless

[1] Letter to the author, dated Nice, April 28, 1874.

fellow—also arrived.[1] He spent much of his time in low resorts; and not unfrequently in the police-station, in consequence of rioting, breaking lamps, &c. In 1855–6 the press charged upon Prince *Louis* the recklessness and bad conduct of his cousin; and my brother-in-law, the Rev. C. S. Stewart, who saw more of him in New York than any other individual, at my request, wrote a vindication of the Emperor of the French. Both of our letters were published in the press of the United States in the spring of 1856. My letter was addressed to the editor of the "National Intelligencer," the principal paper published in Washington. . . .

'His bearing when he first arrived, and ever after, was quiet, gentlemanly, and reticent; and I hazard the opinion that he rarely laid aside his grave demeanour. His associations were almost exclusively confined to our old families; and he always exhibited a fondness for ladies' society. He also mixed occasionally in a small but refined French circle. I never heard of his having committed any imprudence; and he always sought the company of persons older than himself, and preferred grave subjects of conversation. With me politics and government were his favourite topics, arising no doubt from my being in public life.'[2]

The Rev. C. S. Stewart, in his Vindication, has described the life of Prince Louis in America with an authority and an impartiality which admit of no dispute.

'The association,' he observes, 'was not that of hours only, but of days, and on one occasion at least of days in succession, and was characterised by a freedom of

[1] The Princes Pierre and Antoine Bonaparte arrived in New York shortly after Prince Louis, with letters of introduction from Lord Dudley Stuart.

[2] General James Watson Webb afterwards conducted negociations with the Emperor, in the Mexican difficulty, on the part of the United States Government.

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conversation on a great variety of topics that could scarce fail, under the ingenuousness and frankness of his manner, to put me in possession of his views, principles, and feelings upon most points that give insight to character. I never heard a sentiment from him, and never witnessed a feeling, that could detract from his honour and purity as a man or his dignity as a prince; on the contrary, I often had occasion to admire the lofty thoughts and exalted conceptions which seemed most to occupy his mind.

'His favourite topics when we were alone were his uncle the Emperor, his mother, and others of his immediate family in whom he had been deeply interested; his own relations to France by birth and imperial registry; the inducements which led to the attempted revolution at Strasburg, the causes of its failure, and his chief support under the mortification of the result—"*the will of God*" (to use his own words), "*through a direct interposition of His providence; the time had not yet come.*" He seemed ever to feel that his personal destiny was indissolubly linked with France; or, as his mother, Hortense, expressed it in her will, "to know his position;" and the enthusiasm with which at times he gave utterance to his aspirations for the prosperity, the happiness, and the honour of his country, and to the high purposes which he designed to accomplish for her as a ruler, amounted, in words, voice, and manner, to positive eloquence. Had I taken notes of some of these conversations, they would be considered now, when his visions of power and earthly glory are realised, scarcely less epigrammatic and elevated in thought, or, as related to himself, less prophetic, than many which have been recorded from the lips of the exile of St. Helena.

'He was winning in the invariableness of his amiability, often playful in spirits and manner, and warm in his affections. He was a most fondly attached son, and

seemed to idolise his mother. When speaking of her the intonations of his voice and his whole manner were often as gentle and feminine as those of a woman. It had been his purpose to spend a year in making the tour of the United States, that he might have a better knowledge of our institutions and observe for himself the practical workings of our political system. With this expectation he consulted me and others as to the arrangement of the route of travel, so as to visit the different sections of the Union at the most desirable seasons. But his plans were suddenly changed by intelligence of the serious illness of Queen Hortense, or, as then styled, the Duchess of St. Leu, at her castle in Switzerland. I was dining with him the day the letter conveying this information was received. Recognising the writing on the envelope as it was handed to him at table, he hastily broke the seal, and had scarce glanced over half a page before he exclaimed: "My mother is ill: I must see her. Instead of a tour of the States I shall take the next packet for England. I will apply for passports for the Continent at every embassy in London, and if unsuccessful will make my way to her without them." This he did, and reached Arenenberg in time to console by his presence the dying hours of the ex-Queen and to receive in his bosom her last sigh.

'After such opportunities of knowing much of the mind and heart and general character of Louis Napoleon, it was with great surprise that I, for the first time, read, in a distant part of the world, when he had become an emperor, representations in the public journals of his life in New York (and in New Orleans too, though he was never there) which would induce a belief that he had been, when here, little better than a vagabond—low in his associations, intemperate in his indulgences, and dissipated in his habits. In both eating and drinking he was, so far as I observed, abstemious rather than self-

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indulgent. I repeatedly breakfasted, dined, and supped in his company, and never knew him to partake of anything stronger in drink than the light wines of France and Germany, and of these in great moderation. I have been with him early and late, unexpectedly as well as by appointment, and never saw reason for the slightest suspicion of any irregularity in his habits.

'It has been said, notwithstanding, that his character was so notorious that he was not received in society and made no respectable acquaintances. If during his brief stay in the city, at a period of the year when general entertainments are not usual, he was not met in the self-constituted *beau monde* of the metropolis, it was from his own choice. Within the week of his arrival cards and invitations were left for him at his hotel. As a reason for declining to accept the last, he told me he had no wish to appear in what is called society, but added:

'"There are, however, individuals resident in New York whose acquaintance I should be happy to make. Mr. Washington Irving is one. I have read his works, and admire him both as a writer and a man, and would take great pleasure in meeting him. Chancellor Kent is another. I have studied his Commentaries, think highly of them, and regard him as the first of your jurists. I would be happy to know him personally."

'He did make the acquaintance both of Mr. Irving and the Chancellor, and enjoyed the hospitality of the one at Sunnyside and of the other at his residence in town. He saw some of the best French society of the city; and, familiar with the historic names of New York, availed himself of the proffered civilities of such families as the Hamiltons, the Clintons, the Livingstones, and others of like position. It is not true, therefore, that he was not received in society and had no acquaintances of respectability. He visited in some of our first families in social

position, and was entertained by some of our most distinguished citizens. CHAP. I.

'It is said that he was without means, and lived on loans which he never repaid. This is simply absurd. I am under the impression that his private fortune was then unimpaired and beyond the reach of the French Government; but, if this were not the case, his mother's wealth was ample, and his drafts upon her for any amount would have been promptly honoured. I doubt not that funds were waiting his arrival, or, if not, were readily at his command.

'Louis Napoleon may have had some associations in New York of which I was ignorant; and he, like Dickens and other distinguished foreigners, may have carried his observations, under the protection of the police, to scenes in which I would not have accompanied him. If he did I never heard of it, and have now no reason to suppose such was the fact. But that he was an *habitué*, as has been publicly reported, of drinking-saloons and oyster-cellars, gambling-houses, and places of worse repute I do not believe. I can recall to my recollection no young man of the world whom I have ever met who, in what seemed an habitual elevation of mind and an invariable dignity of bearing, would have been less at home than he in such associations.'

General James Grant Wilson, author of 'Memoirs of Halleck,' bears his testimony to the dignity of Prince Louis's life while in New York:—

'I was a lad of a few years of age when I first saw Napoleon III. in 1837. He was pointed out to me by my father as he passed along Broadway in company with his poet-friend Fitz-Greene Halleck. At that time he was an exile living quietly at the Washington Hotel, but receiving a great deal of attention from many of the best New York families. I remember hearing Halleck

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speak of dining with him at Chancellor Kent's, and of accompanying him on a pleasant visit to Washington Irving at Sunnyside, on the Hudson. Several gentlemen who met the Emperor when in New York now recall him as a dignified and somewhat silent person, as being fond of dancing, and as a favourite among the ladies. He was much lionised, and many dinners, balls, and other entertainments were given in his honour by the Bayards, Berkmans, Livingstones, Schuylers, and other leading families of the city. The news of the serious illness of his mother hastened his departure from New York.'[1]

Another correspondent describes Prince Louis playing with the children of Governor de Witt's daughter at his hotel; another relates how he visited New Jersey in the company of Mr. Rodman M. Price, subsequently Governor of the state. His most intimate friend, the poet Halleck, afterwards described him as 'a rather dull man of the order of Washington;'[2] but General Watson Webb and other notable men found him of an enquiring mind, and bent upon ripening his knowledge of Americans and their institutions.

Mr. T. D. Williams of Cincinnati writes: 'It can be made to appear that the Prince was anxious to inform himself of the character of our institutions, and applied his time to their study accordingly. Among the men

[1] Letter from General Wilson to the author, dated New York, April 28, 1874.

[2] 'Among the many notable people who visited New York in 1837 was a well-mannered but somewhat silent young gentleman, who landed at Norfolk, Virginia, from a French frigate, in the month of March, and upon whose cards was engraved 'Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.' During his two months' sojourn in New York Halleck became well acquainted with him, meeting the "pretender to the French crown," as he was then styled, often in society, and having a seat next to the Prince at a large dinner party given by Chancellor Kent. Times change, says the Latin

whose acquaintance he was solicited to form was my father, Edwin Williams, at that time (1837) prominent for his familiarity with statistics and his encyclopædic information. Napoleon interested himself in a variety of subjects, but particularly in some experiments with the electro-magnet which were then being made in New York. These investigations were brought to a speedy close by the news which reached the Prince of the health of his mother.'[1]

We shall see that the experiments in electro-magnetism had not entirely passed out of his mind years afterwards. During his short stay in the States the Prince, as we have observed, travelled a little. He visited Niagara. He went over his uncle Joseph's delightful property on the Delaware.[2] Mr. Oliver Seymour Phelps writes from Portland, Oregon (April 29, 1874): 'While at Niagara Falls he and his party, together with two or three others and myself, crossed the river under the falls in a flour-boat from the American to the Canadian side. It was the first and last time I ever saw him, and he was then dignified, good, cheerful, and happy.'

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proverb, and persons change with them. How astonished old George III. would have been had anyone shown in a mirror, like that of Cornelius Agrippa, such a vision of the future as his granddaughter being on a visit to the nephew of the man whom in his day English satirists were accustomed to ridicule as "a little Corsican soldier"! Relating to the poet the circumstance of my having seen Victoria leaning on the arm of Louis Napoleon as they entered, with the Empress and Prince Albert, the Grand Opera at Paris, he remarked: "'Tis indeed strange. I thought him a dull fellow, which he certainly was while among men, but sprightly enough when surrounded by young ladies. He would sometimes say, 'When I shall be at the head of affairs in France,' or 'When I become emperor,' and I then looked upon him as being as mad as a march hare." To Alfred Pell the poet said of the Prince that he 'was "a rather dull man of the order of Washington."'—From General Wilson's *Memoirs of Halleck*, 1 vol. 12mo. New York, 1869.

[1] Letter from T. D. Williams to the author, dated Cincinnati, April 18, 1874.

[2] It is still known as 'The Bona-

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Pierre M. Irving, in his 'Life and Letters of Washington Irving,' observes of the Prince's visit to his uncle at Sunnyside: 'Among the memorable events of this season (1837) at the cottage was a visit from the present Emperor of France, then simply Louis Napoleon, who, after having been a prisoner of state for some months on board of a French man-of-war, was set at liberty on our shores at Norfolk early in the spring of 1837. From Norfolk he came immediately to New York, where he remained about two months, and then returned to Europe. It was during this interval that he made his visit to the "Roost," accompanied by a young French count,[1] and escorted by a neighbour, Mr. Anthony Constant, with whom he had been passing a day or two, and who had previously announced to Mr. Irving his intention of bringing him to breakfast. Mr. Irving enjoyed the visit, and was much interested in the peculiar position of his somewhat quiet guest, though little anticipating the dazzling career which awaited him.'

In New York Prince Louis encountered many of his own countrymen whom political events had driven forth; and M. Coudert and others remember pleasant interchanges of courtesies and frequent discussions on the affairs of France at the Prince's hotel, or at a commercial café on Broadway that was then the head-quarters of French residents. He was also a frequent visitor at the house of Mrs. Roosevelt, the daughter of Van Ness, who had been American Minister at the Spanish Court; and here he met Cooper, Irving, Halleck, and the chief literary

parte Mansion,' although the 200 acres of ornamental land with which it was surrounded have been parcelled out in building lots, and the house has fallen into decay. It ceased to be Bonaparte property in 1849.

[1] The count was probably not a Frenchman, but the Prince's intimate friend Count Arèse, who had followed the exile to New York.

and social celebrities of the day. His hostess and her father had known the De Montijos family in Madrid.[1]

But, as we have observed, Prince Louis did not confine the range of his observations to 'the best circles' of New York, within which he was so readily and cordially admitted. He sought to know something of the life of the people of the wider circles; for in these he was most thoroughly interested. We find him accordingly playing a game of billiards in the public room of his hotel, and taking a glass of claret with some friends—members of an eccentric club hard by. We have a letter from the gentleman who, when Prince Louis was in New York, occupied the position of Grand Sachem of the Grand Order of Owls, whimsically describing it as a social order of great antiquity, 'whose esoteric sittings in select council were held in the spacious cupola of Holt's Hotel.' To this order the Grand Sachem introduced Prince Louis; and he found that the brotherhood included, in addition to a curious collection of eccentricities, 'some of the élite of the city.' The Grand Sachem gravely remarks that the pass to the sittings of the Owls consisted of the wise bird in silver, and opines that the Prince's bird 'may possibly be found among his effects.'

In these ways the time passed rapidly on from April till June. There is no evidence that, on reaching New York, Prince Louis continued to think of farming, although he had left France with this fixed intention. The

[1] 'I met a lady last evening with whom the late Emperor was very intimate during his sojourn, dining frequently at her house in Park Place, and meeting there Cooper, Irving, Halleck, and other literary and social celebrities of the day. This lady in early life accompanied her father, General van Ness, to Spain, where he resided as American Minister from 1829 to 1836 inclusive, and knew the Empress (as a child) and her family. . . . Mrs. R. tells me that no distinguished stranger ever received more attention from the best people of New York than Louis Napoleon.'—*Letter from General James Grant Wilson to the Author*, New York, June 9, 1874.

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probability is that his uncle Joseph had refused to assist him even to the little land he had begged of him, and that he was waiting for further and kinder correspondence from Europe, when a letter from his mother was placed in his hands. It had been delayed in transmission. His bankers had received it open, and had sealed it up before sending it to him; and outside, in the well-known hand of Dr. Conneau, were the words 'Venez! venez!'[1]

In this letter Queen Hortense told her son that the doctors, after frequent consultations, had decided not to perform an operation. She, poor lady, believed that the decision gave her a new lease of life, whereas it was her death sentence. Hence the 'Venez! venez!' written by the faithful Conneau.

The dutiful son was on his way to Europe by the next packet. Before embarking he addressed the following letter to the President of the United States:—

'New York, June 6, 1837.

'Mr. President,—I cannot leave the United States without expressing to your Excellency the regret I feel in not having been to Washington to make your acquaintance. Although unhappy fate led me to America, I hoped to profit by my new exile to know her distinguished men. I wished to study the manners and institutions of a people who have made more conquests in commerce and industry than we have made in Europe by arms.

'I hoped, under the ægis of your protecting laws, to travel through a country which has excited my sympathy,

[1] To the day of his death the Emperor carried upon him a leather pocket-book. He never parted from it. It contained this last letter from his mother (stained and blurred, when we saw it, with the salt water of Boulogne), some letters of the Empress, and child-scrawls of his son, and a strange collection of pictures of saints and other scraps sent to him at various times, often by the humblest of his subjects.

since its history and prosperity are so intimately bound up with the memory of our French glory; but an imperious duty calls me back to the old world. My mother being dangerously ill, and no political consideration binding me here, I am going to England; thence I shall endeavour to repair to Switzerland.

'It is with pleasure, Mr. President, that I enter into these details with you, for you might have given credit to certain calumniating suppositions that tended to make people believe I had contracted engagements with the French Government.

'As I value the esteem of the representatives of a free country, I am glad it should know that, with the name I bear, it is impossible for me to stray one moment from the path which my conscience, my honour, and my duty trace.

'I beg your Excellency to receive this letter as a proof of my respect for the man who occupies the seat of George Washington. Accept the expression of my consideration and of my distinguished sentiments.

'LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.'

While on his way home Prince Louis wrote to his mother:—

'July 9, 1837 (*at sea*).

'My dear Mother,—The news I received of your health determined me to return as soon as possible to Europe. Your letters having been delayed, I received them only on June 3. Fortunately that which was saddest and most distressing to my heart arrived the latest. The next packet was the "George Washington," that was to leave on June 8. I at once booked my place, and we sailed on the 12th: the winds had been contrary to that day. Arèse saw me on board, but he remained

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in the United States. I propose, on arriving in London, to request from the Prussian Minister a passport for Switzerland, and to try the protection of his Government while I remain there. I hope this will be granted to me; but should they be cruel enough to prevent me from going to nurse you in your illness, I shall be compelled to remain in London; so have the kindness to write me news about yourself there. You understand how impatient I am to know how you are. I dare not yet believe in the happiness of seeing you again so soon. Ah! how the thought of climbing the height of Arenenberg makes my heart beat already! If Heaven permit me in a few weeks to be near you, I shall believe that all which has happened to me has been a dream; on finding myself after eight months on the same spot, I shall think over all that has befallen me, and over my travels in the two Americas.

'I am waiting impatiently for our landing at Liverpool, to put this letter in the post. To this time the crossing has been a very good one, although a little rough through the strong winds. In the last three days we have sailed more than 300 leagues.

'A packet is a strange place. These people, whom accident has brought together, appear to have an affection for one another, as though they had all planned the voyage together. We have a doctor from Boston[1] and his family, a New York trader with his wife and child; two ladies who have dropped, I think, from the moon; two excellent English actors, an officer of the same country who has been in garrison in Canada and in the Antilles; two Switzers, a priest, an Italian sculptor who carves in marble at Washington the great deeds of American

[1] Dr. Warren of Boston.

history; a gentleman, an *innocentin*, with whom I play at chess, and the rest—freight!'[1] CHAP. I.

On the voyage Prince Louis wrote a passage from Thomson in the album of the Doctor's daughter—now Mrs. William Appleton of Boston.[2]

[1] *À la Reine Hortense.*

9 juillet 1837 (*en mer*).

Ma chère Mère,—Les nouvelles que j'ai reçues de votre santé m'ont engagé à retourner le plus tôt possible en Europe. Vos lettres ayant été retardées, je ne les ai reçues que le 3 juin. Heureusement celle qui était la plus triste et la plus déchirante pour mon cœur m'est arrivée la dernière. Le paquebot le plus prochain était le 'George Washington,' qui devait partir le 8 juin. J'ai sur le champ retenu ma place, et le 12 nous avons mis à la voile: jusque-là les vents avaient été contraires. Arèse m'a conduit au paquebot, mais il est resté aux États-Unis. Je compte dès mon arrivée à Londres demander sur le champ un passeport pour la Suisse au ministre de Prusse, et réclamer la protection de son gouvernement pour y rester. J'espère qu'on me l'accordera, mais si on était assez cruel pour me refuser d'aller vous soigner, vous malade, comme je serais obligé de rester à Londres, ayez la bonté de m'y écrire en tous cas pour me donner de vos nouvelles. Vous concevez combien je suis impatient de savoir comment vous vous portez. Je n'ose encore croire au bonheur de vous revoir dans si peu de temps. Ah! comme l'idée de monter la côte d'Arenenberg me fait déjà battre le cœur! Si le ciel permet que dans quelques semaines je sois auprès de vous, je croirai que tout ce qui m'est arrivé était un rêve lorsque, me retrouvant, après huit mois, dans les mêmes lieux, je penserai à tout ce qui m'est arrivé et à mon voyage dans les deux Amériques.

J'attends avec impatience que nous arrivions à Liverpool pour mettre cette lettre à la poste. Jusqu'à présent la traversée a été très-heureuse, quoique un peu agitée à cause de la force du vent. Depuis trois jours nous avons fait plus de 300 lieues.

C'est une drôle de chose qu'un paquebot—tout ce monde, que le hasard à réuni, et qui semble s'aimer comme s'il s'était recherché! Nous avons un médecin de Boston et sa famille, un négociant de New-York avec sa femme et son enfant; deux autres dames qui sont venues, je crois, de la lune; deux très-bons acteurs anglais, un officier du même pays qui a été en garnison au Canada et aux Antilles; deux Suisses, un prêtre, un sculpteur italien, qui reproduit en marbre à Washington les hauts faits américains; un gentleman, un innocentin, avec lequel je joue aux échecs, et le reste—fretin!'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

[2] Letter from Mr. William Appleton to the author, dated Boston, Massachusetts, U.S., June 4, 1874.

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The one star of Napoleon Louis Bonaparte's firmament still stood clear and solitary in the heavens as the 'George Washington' ploughed the seas; and he dreamed, to quote the passage he wrote in the album—

> Still to employ
> The mind's best ardour in heroic aims;

for his faith stood firm in destiny, and stood to the end, in exile, under contumely, in prison, and at the bar of justice.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN HORTENSE.

CHAP. II.

PRINCE LOUIS reached London on July 10, 1837, whence he at once addressed a letter to his father, informing him of his arrival and of his plans:—

'I reached London yesterday, and my first care is to write to you. Although I am still far from you, it is pleasant to me to think I can receive news from you in a few days, since the ocean no longer divides us. On the day of my departure from New York I received a letter from you that gave me great pleasure, for the tenderness of a father and mother consoles one for many things. I made the last passage in twenty-three days. Of the seven months I have spent away from Europe I have passed five at sea. I hoped to find my uncle Joseph here, but he had hardly heard of my arrival when he left London, and sent me the accompanying letter, which surprised as much as it pained me. I forward you my answer, and hope that you will do me justice.[1] I believe it is my uncle Lucien who irritates him in this way against me. I am told my mother is better, but her illness is still very dangerous. You tell me that your health is also enfeebled. Must I, then, have cause for pain and regret on all sides? I am waiting impatiently for passports. If they refuse me, I shall not know what to do. However, the object of my journey is so legitimate a one that it seems to me

[1] These letters are not among the Imperial papers.

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impossible they can put an obstacle in the way of it. . . . If you knew, dear father, how sad I am in the midst of this London tumult, and near relatives who shun me and of enemies who fear me! My mother is dying, and I cannot carry to her a son's consolations; my father is sick, I may not hope to go and be with him. What, then, have I done to be the pariah of Europe and of my family? I have raised for a moment in a French town the flag of Austerlitz, and I have offered myself as a holocaust to the memory of the prisoner of St. Helena.

'Ah! blame my actions—that may be—but never refuse me your affection. It is, alas! all that is left to me.

'Adieu, my dear father. As soon as I know something more about my journey, I will write to you. Present my respects to my aunt Julie. I kiss Charlotte and Napoleon. Receive the assurance of my sincere and unalterable attachment. I embrace you with all my heart.

'Your affectionate and respectful Son,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

'London, July 12, 1837.

'I arrived here on the 10th. It was by mistake I wrote "yesterday" at the beginning of my letter.'

On the 15th Prince Louis wrote again to his father. He had received an answer from Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador in London, declining to give him passports. 'I had asked him,' the Prince said, 'to go to Switzerland under the protection of Austria. I don't know what I can do. It is very painful to me not to be able to go to my sick mother. Adieu, my dear father; may Heaven watch over your life!'[1]

[1] 'Mon cher Père,—Je suis arrivé hier à Londres, et mon premier soin est de vous écrire. Quoique je sois encore bien loin de vous, cependant,

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Ill and alone in London, his mother dying at Arenenberg, and his father sick at Lausanne; suspected by the representatives of the great Powers, and refused even the consolation of closing the eyes of the parent who had devoted herself heart and soul to him, and was fretting and longing for his return; Prince Napoleon Louis Bona-

comme l'océan ne nous sépare plus, il m'est doux de penser que je puis recevoir de vos nouvelles en peu de jours. Le jour de mon départ de New-York j'ai reçu une lettre de vous, qui m'a fait grand plaisir, car la tendresse d'un père et d'une mère vous consolent de bien des choses. J'ai fait la dernière traversée en vingt-trois jours. Depuis sept mois que je suis parti d'Europe, j'en ai passé cinq sur mer. J'espérais ici voir mon oncle Joseph, mais à peine a-t-il appris mon arrivée qu'il est parti de Londres (et m'a envoyé la lettre ci-jointe, qui m'a autant surpris que peiné. Je vous envoie ma réponse; j'espère que vous me rendrez justice). Je crois que c'est mon oncle Lucien qui l'indispose ainsi contre moi. On dit que ma mère va un peu mieux, mais, malgré cela, sa maladie est bien grave. Vous me dites aussi que votre santé décline. Faut-il donc que j'aie de tous les côtés des sujets de douleur et de regrets? J'attends ici des passeports avec impatience. Si on me les refuse, je ne saurai que faire. Cependant le but de mon voyage est si légitime qu'il me paraît impossible qu'on y mette obstacle.... Si vous saviez, mon cher père, combien je suis triste, seul au milieu de ce tumulte de Londres et au milieu de parents qui me fuient ou d'ennemis qui me redoutent! Ma mère est mourante, et je ne puis aller lui porter les consolations d'un fils; mon père est malade, et je ne puis espérer d'aller le trouver. Qu'ai-je donc fait pour être ainsi le paria de l'Europe et de ma famille? J'ai promené un moment dans une ville française le drapeau d'Austerlitz, et je me suis offert en holocauste au souvenir du captif de Sainte-Hélène.

'Ah, oui! que vous blâmiez ma conduite, cela peut-être, mais ne me refusez jamais votre tendresse. C'est, hélas! la seule chose qui me reste.

'Adieu, mon cher père. Dès que je saurai quelque chose de nouveau sur mon voyage, je vous l'écrirai. Présentez mes respects à ma tante Julie; j'embrasse Charlotte et Napoléon. Recevez l'assurance de mon sincère et inaltérable attachement. Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur.

'Votre tendre et respectueux Fils,

'NAPOLÉON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.

'Londres, *le 12 juillet 1837.*

'Je suis arrivé ici le 10. C'est par erreur que j'ai mis "hier" au commencement de ma lettre.'

'Londres, le *15 juillet.*

'J'ai reçu hier une réponse du prince Esterhazi, ambassadeur d'Autriche. It ne peut me donner de passeports. Je lui avais demandé d'aller en Suisse sous la protection de l'Autriche. Je ne sais pas ce que je vais faire. Il m'est bien pénible de ne pouvoir aller près de ma mère malade. Adieu, mon cher père; que le ciel protége vos jours!'

BOOK IV.

parte had yet another load to bear. In his absence the French Government, or at any rate newspapers in the pay of the Government, had represented him as having left Europe under a pledge not to return for ten years. His reappearance was greeted with a general repetition of their assertions that he had made this engagement, the object obviously being to degrade him by presenting him to the world as a man who had broken his solemn word. The charge was not only repeated; an addition was made to its gravity. It was said—and the calumny was spread through diplomatic circles—that Prince Louis had entered into a formal engagement with the Government of Louis Philippe *never* to return to Europe.[1] Against such an accusation the Prince had guarded himself before leaving Europe; and when he heard that it had actually been promulgated, he protested with the utmost energy to M. Vieillard and other friends and supporters. He even appealed to the testimony of of General Voirol, and MM. Guinat, Thibautot, and Delessert. In his letter to Colonel Vaudrey from New York (April 15, 1837) he had said: 'They could not make me sign any engagement.' Indeed, there was no reason, as he cogently observed, why he should agree to conditions while the Government were forcing him out of France and away from his co-accused, at a time when it was his ardent desire to remain, not only that he might assume all the responsibility of the Strasburg expedition, but also that he might be able to show the world how much more reasonable and serious his attempt was than Louis Philippe's journalists were ordered to represent it.

[1] 'Mais quelles furent sa surprise et son indignation lorsqu'il acquit la preuve que, pour l'empêcher d'aller fermer les yeux à sa mère, le gouvernement français avait converti en fait diplomatique ce mensonge répandu quelques mois auparavant par ses journaux, 'que le prince s'était engagé à ne plus revenir en Europe.'—*B. Renault.*.

But the complete exoneration of Prince Louis came later, and from the lips of a servant of the Government of July. M. Franck-Carré, *procureur-général* to the Court of Peers, exclaimed at the Prince's trial in 1840: 'Conquered without a fight, pardoned *unconditionally*, ought he not to have remembered that his machinations were not feared?'

That they were feared, perhaps unduly, by the Administration of Count Molé, and by King Louis Philippe himself, there is abundant evidence to prove. The vivacity with which Prince Louis was attacked by the French papers on his return from America, and the immoral course adopted by the Government in giving currency to a baseless charge in order to vilify their enemy, are so many expressions of fear. The difficulty which the Prince experienced in obtaining passports from London to Switzerland, although a source of poignant grief to him, brought home to his acute mind a sense of the important place he was beginning to occupy in the affairs of Europe. He ranked with the Duchess de Berri and her son. Louis Philippe's Ministers affected to laugh and deemed it politic to sneer about a foolish young man, but only among themselves and their middle-class adherents could they create an impression that they were at ease. M. Guizot in his Memoirs observes that the three great questions with which M. Molé's Cabinet dealt were the return of 'Louis Bonaparte' to Switzerland, the treaty defining the frontiers of Belgium, and the evacuation of Ancona by the French troops. Prince Louis could gauge the real sentiments of Louis Philippe's Government, and estimate, even when sick, alone, and abandoned by his relatives in 'London,' the advantage he had gained even in the Strasburg failure. Seven years later, when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, and the French Government would not give permission to one of his friends to

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visit him, he wrote to M. Vieillard: 'By the enmity of the Government I measure their strength and mine. It is a thermometer that never deceives.'[1]

Queen Hortense was at the gates of death. As she was borne about the garden upon a couch and covered with shawls, she looked as though the morrow's sun would surely rest upon her bier. The hollow cheeks, the dimmed eyes, the ashy lips, told the terrible story and its approaching close. As she was carried from one favourite spot to another, she thought and talked of her absent son. Would he return to close her eyes, and fold her, at the supreme moment, in his arms? The idea of his coming, and the longing for it, appeared to hold the shadow of her former self to life. She was gentle and thoughtful even to the last moment. Fritz Rickenbach, who was one of her couch-bearers, and still lives hard by Arenenberg, at Salenstein, will describe to visitors how good she was to the end: how careful about the least domestic duties, and how thoughtful about even the humblest of her household.

Prince Louis having at length managed to use a friend's passport, arrived at the château after midnight. His mother was asleep, and the doctors begged that she might not be disturbed. The son was prevailed upon with difficulty to keep away from his mother's chamber till the morning. When the day came it was deemed necessary, in order to ward off the danger of a too sudden surprise, to imitate the bustle of an arrival under her windows; some of the labourers of Ermatingen and Mannenbach were assembled at the gates of the grounds, and advanced with heavy tramp towards the château. The sound caught the quick ear of the sick mother, and after a few minutes her son was at her bedside. She had been murmuring that son's name without ceasing for days.

[1] Letter to M. Vieillard, dated April 22, 1844, in the possession of the Imperial family.

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The first glance which Prince Louis caught of his mother's altered face must have told him that all human skill was powerless in her case. Yet he appealed to every medical authority within reach. Early in August he sent for Dr. Mayor of Lausanne, who could only repeat the opinion of the men of science who had preceded him. The Queen was dying, and no hand could save her. So the son sat at her bedside day after day until the end came. Spectators of the scene say that it was most affecting to watch the tenderness with which the mother's eyes incessantly sought the son who had been all her world so many years, and who, she fondly recorded, richly repaid her affection and sacrifices. 'Ah! c'était un digne fils,' said the humble Fritz to us, looking up at the window of the death-chamber.

In the spring she had written to him in America to take leave of him, believing then she was 'at point of doom:'—

April 3, 1837.

'I am about to undergo an operation that is absolutely necessary. In case it should not succeed I send you my blessing. We shall meet again, shall we not? in a better world, where you will come to join me only as late as possible. And you will remember that in leaving this world I regret only you—only your gentle affection, that has given some charm to my life. It will be a consolation to you, my dear child, to know it was your care for her which made your mother as happy as it was possible for her to be. You will think of all my love for you, and take courage. Believe that we always keep a kindly and searching eye on all we leave here below, and that certainly we meet again. Have faith in this consoling idea: it is too necessary not to be true. I give my blessing also to good Arèse as to a son. I press you to my heart, my dear one. I am quite calm and resigned,

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and hope we may meet again in this world. Let the will of God be done.

'Your tender Mother, HORTENSE.'[1]

While Prince Louis was waiting upon the last moments of his mother, he was disturbed by the unsleeping animosity of the French Government. Towards the end of July M. Molé caused the French Minister in Switzerland to represent to the Federal Directory the displeasure of Louis Philippe's Ministers on learning that Louis Bonaparte had returned to Arenenberg; and it was rumoured that his expulsion was energetically requested. The French papers reported that a note on the subject had been also sent to Vienna and Berlin, in which the Austrian and Prussian Governments were requested to act in concert with France. But, for the moment, no hostile action was taken. Even M. Molé probably felt that decency compelled him to wait until Queen Hortense had passed out of the scene. The only act by which Prince Louis was at once made to feel that his enemies were at hand and ready, was the refusal to permit him to enter Constance.

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[1] '3 avril 1837.

'Mon cher Fils, — On doit me faire une opération absolument nécessaire. Si elle ne réussit pas, je t'envoie par cette lettre ma bénédiction. Nous nous retrouverons, n'est-ce pas? dans un monde meilleur, où tu ne reviendras me rejoindre que le plus tard possible; et tu penseras qu'en quittant celui-ci je ne regrette que toi, que ta bonne tendresse, qui seule m'y a fait trouver quelque charme. Cela sera une consolation pour toi, mon cher ami, de penser que, par tes soins, tu as rendu ta mère heureuse autant qu'elle pouvait l'être. Tu penseras à toute ma tendresse pour toi et tu auras du courage. Pense qu'on a toujours un œil bienveillant et clairvoyant sur ce qu'on laisse ici-bas; mais, bien sûr, on se retrouve. Crois à cette douce idée: elle est trop nécessaire pour ne pas être vraie. Ce bon Arèse, je lui donne aussi ma bénédiction comme à un fils. Je te presse sur mon cœur, mon cher ami. Je suis bien calme, bien résignée, et j'espère encore que nous nous reverrons dans ce monde-ci. Que la volonté de Dieu soit faite.

'Ta tendre Mère,

'HORTENSE.'

But if he had enemies at the great Courts of Europe ready to drive him from the home of his childhood so soon as he had closed his mother's eyes, he had hearty friends close about him, who were not disposed to give way before threats. The Swiss papers replied to M. Molé's representations by accounts of the claims of Prince Louis upon the friendship and gratitude of Switzers.

He was represented as having taken every opportunity of being useful to the country in which he had been brought up. He had joined the Switzers in their rural festivals and at their military manœuvres. At his château the patrician Bernese and the Thurgau democrat were equally welcome. When the Federal pact was under revision in 1833 he had thoroughly studied the constitutions of the cantons, and had produced a work so important that it had been specially commended to the attention of the Diet. When it was proposed to raise artillery in his own canton of Thurgau, he gave two guns fully equipped. At his gates—at Salenstein—he supported a school in which a hundred children were gratuitously educated. He had given a thousand florins to the secondary school at Steckborn, and he was a supporter of the Gottlieben and other village schools. It was he who established the Cantonal Shooting Society. Only the year before (1836) he had saved the life of a woman and a child at the imminent risk of his own. In short, he was the first where there was a misfortune to assuage or a useful work to be undertaken.[1] These considerations dictated the answer of the doughty Switzers to the first intimation that the great Powers were about to press the Federal authorities for the expulsion of Prince Louis. The reply presaged the storm that was to come later.

[1] *Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte, la Suisse et le Roi Louis-Philippe*, &c., par Élisée Lecomte, ancien rédacteur-en-chef du *National genevois*, &c. Paris, 1856. Martinon.

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Queen Hortense lingered until October 5, when she expired gently. With her last strength she called all her servants around her and pressed the hand of each. Her ladies, the faithful Dr. Conneau, and her son were about her bed, and heard her, when her mind wandered, talk about the terrible days of 1814 and 1815. Her last coherent words were: 'Je n'ai fait de mal à personne; Dieu aura pitié de moi.' Her last movement was the extension of her arms towards her son. And so, at five o'clock in the morning of October 5, 1837, Hortense de Beauharnais, Queen of Holland, Duchess of St. Leu, passed out of a world in which she had paid for a brief period of splendour and delight with more than twenty weary years of exile and suffering. Her son closed the eyes in the light of which he had lived so long, and fell weeping upon the bed. And for a long time he knelt by the dead, his head buried in his hands.

Fritz relates how he was away—sent on an errand to a neighbouring château—when the Queen's death took place, but returned immediately afterwards, and went to the death-chamber. The Doctor and the ladies, as well as the Prince, were still there. Fritz was allowed to kiss the Queen's hand. The Prince was weeping. 'Je crois bien qu'il pleurait,' said Fritz to us. 'Il y avait de quoi. Comme elle l'aimait!'

On the same day Prince Louis wrote a few words to his father:—

'Arenenberg, October 5, 1837.

'My dear Father,—I have just suffered an irreparable loss. To-day, at five o'clock in the morning, my mother died in my arms. She had received all the consolations of the Church and of filial love. I have not the strength to write more to you about it.'[1]

[1] 'Arenenberg, 5 octobre. 'Mon cher Père, — Je viens d'éprouver une perte irréparable. Aujourd'hui, à cinq heures du matin,

The body was embalmed, and lay till the 11th in the little chapel near the entrance to the château, where Hortense had prayed so many years. On the 11th the funeral ceremony took place.

People flocked from many miles around to pay their last duty to the benevolent châtelaine. The line of mourners stretched from the château gates to the village churchyard. The peasants deserted the vineyards; the women ceased beating their flax; the cartloads of winter wood were drawn aside: there was neither spinning nor grape-gathering, nor wood-cutting, near that sweet and busy village, at every furlong of which there is a picture from which the painter would have nothing to reject.

At nine in the morning the clergy of Ermatingen arrived at the chapel of the château to receive the body. The procession was headed by the Queen's old servants, and behind the coffin Prince Louis walked bare-headed. There was a deadly pallor upon his face. After him came deputies from the Federal Diet, delegates of the canton of Thurgau and the city of Constance, and then the main host of mourners. The church of Ermatingen was crowded. The Abbé Nicolaï, professor at the College of Constance, delivered the funeral oration, in the course of which he drew a lesson from the Queen's life. He told the congregation—many weeping while he spoke—how the adopted daughter of the Emperor Napoleon had, by the elevation and sweetness of her character, preserved throughout her misfortunes the friends of her days of splendour; how, by her charity, her grace, and her inextinguishable kindness, she had drawn a court about her in her exile; and how at the last she had been, in

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ma mère est morte dans mes bras. Elle a reçu toutes les consolations de la religion et de l'amour filial. Je n'ai pas la force de vous en écrire davantage.'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

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the words of Bossuet, 'gentle even towards death.' Then Mozart's Requiem was sung, and the solemn service for the dead was performed. The religious ceremony at an end, the body was borne back to the little chapel at Arenenberg. When the head of the procession reached the base of the hill on which the château stands, the coffin was placed upon the ground; the mourning host gathered round, and the priest finally invoked the blessing of God upon the departed sister. The scene, according to a contemporary[1] writer, was a peculiarly impressive one. It was a glorious autumn day. The slopes glowed with the vines, the lake was deep blue; around the coffin were the clergy in their gorgeous vestments, behind them the banners of the deputations, and roundabout a far-stretching crowd of mourners. The prayer being ended, the clergy retired; and the procession climbed the slope, along the road of which Prince Louis had been the engineer, to the chapel, where the body lay until it was conveyed to France.

The Queen's will included a long list of legacies to friends. She bequeathed a clock to the Government of Thurgau, to be placed in the Grand Council Chamber, in remembrance of the courage with which the canton had assured her a tranquil hospitality. General Dufour, Prince Louis's old commander, received a breakfast service as a mark of the Queen's 'high esteem.' Two thousand florins were left to the Catholic commercial school of Ermatingen, and an equal sum to the Protestant school, with the hope that the masters and scholars of the two schools would live and work in unbroken friendship. Every friend received something, if only a trinket or an Indian shawl. Dr. Conneau was solemnly enjoined to remain the constant personal friend of Prince Louis. Of the Prince himself his mother said :—

[1] *Le National genevois.*

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'I have no political advice to give my son; I know that he understands his position, and all the duties which his name imposes upon him.'

She forgave all her enemies who had so bitterly persecuted and slandered her, the Frenchmen whom she had helped and who had repaid her with insult and oppression, and she hoped that she might live in the memory of her dear countrymen. Her desire that her remains might rest in the church of Rueil, near Malmaison, by the side of her mother, was not opposed by the French Government. They let 'the poor pilgrim,' whose complaint Delphine Gay had so tenderly sung, pass to the side of her mother's grave, when she approached—in her coffin.[1]

When the last duties had been paid, and he had had time and calm to think of the future, Prince Louis wrote to his father, as he had promised on the day of his mother's death:—

'Arenenberg, October 31, 1837.

'My dear Father,—Your letter has been to me a real and sweet consolation. After my loss only you could assuage my grief by recalling to me that I had not lost all, since I had a father left who gave me back his affection. I assure you that the idea of seeing you again makes my heart beat rapidly; but, alas! it cannot be immediately. I must at any rate pass the winter here in arranging my mother's affairs—and they want arranging. My mother has left me many obligations and responsibilities, and an old castle[2] half restored, which I must

[1] The tomb of Queen Hortense faces that of the Empress Josephine in the church at Rueil, which Napoleon III. restored. The two statues of the kneeling Empress and Queen make a striking effect. Within the tomb of Hortense the coffin lies under a finely executed royal mantle, surmounted with palm leaves.

[2] The old Gothic château of Gottlieben, on the arm of the Rhine which connects the Untersee with the Lake of Constance. It has been the prison of Huss, Jerome of Prague, and Pope John XXII. Prince Louis completely restored it.

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finish in order to realise something by it. This work will be my only distraction during the winter.

'The French Government have allowed the mortal remains of my mother to be conveyed to France. Count Tascher and Madame Salvage have been kind enough to undertake this painful mission.

'My mother has left a will. The only words that refer to you are these: "Let my husband give a thought to my memory, and let him know that my greatest regret has been that I was not able to make him happy."

'I will send you a complete copy of the will in a few days.

'This new misfortune which has befallen me has induced my family to give me some marks of their affection. My uncles Joseph and Lucien have written to me; my uncle Jerome is the only one who has not condescended to do so.

'Adieu, my dear father; receive the assurance of my sincere and unalterable attachment.

'Your affectionate and respectful Son,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS.'[1]

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[1] *Au Roi Louis.*

Arenenberg, le 31 octobre 1837.

Mon cher Père,—Votre lettre a été pour moi une douce et véritable consolation. Après le malheur que j'avais éprouvé, il n'y avait que vous qui pussiez adoucir ma douleur en me rappelant que je n'avais pas tout perdu, puisqu'il me restait encore un père qui me rendait sa tendresse. Oh! je vous assure que l'idée de vous revoir fait bien battre mon cœur; mais, hélas! cela ne peut être immédiatement. Il faut que je passe au moins tout l'hiver ici à mettre en ordre les affaires de ma mère—qui en ont besoin. Ma mère m'a laissé bien des charges, bien des obligations et un vieux château à moitié restauré, qu'il faut achever pour pouvoir en retirer quelque chose. Cela sera d'ailleurs ma seule distraction de cet hiver.

Le gouvernement français a permis que les restes mortels de ma mère soient conduits en France. C'est le comte Tascher et madame Salvage qui ont bien voulu se charger de cette pénible mission.

Ma mère a laissé un testament. Les seuls mots qui vous concernent sont ceux-ci: 'Que mon mari donne un souvenir à ma mémoire et qu'il sache que mon plus grand regret a été de n'avoir pu le rendre heureux.'

Je vous enverrai une copie entière du testament dans quelques jours.

CHAP. II.

Queen Hortense has left seven or eight compact volumes of Memoirs,[1] which, in their entirety, are never to be published. They were designed for the reading of her own family, and were intended to explain the complicated, unhappy, and not blameless life of the writer. They are full of exaggerations and indiscretions, of high-flown sentiments and hasty verdicts on men and women. Throughout there is evidence of a generous spirit, a warm heart, and of a penetrating mind. The intimate descriptions of Napoleon are in many passages admirable, and would be valuable to history as showing the warmer side of his character. When the Queen touches on her wedded life she represents her husband as a domestic tyrant, with whom it was impossible to live; but then it is easy to see by the context that what she called tyranny was the endeavour of a serious and solitary man to curb the wild exuberance of a worldly, society-loving, even frivolous woman, who found most of her pleasure away from the fireside, and who had been spoiled by the adoration of a brilliant court. It is to be remarked that although she resented King Louis's tyranny and gloom, she never ceased to respect him. She knew that she had not been a good wife to him, and in her will she acknowledged it. Her frailties were beyond question, nor does she deny them in the final record of her life. She explains, idealises, and moralises, seeking to bewitch, rather than to satisfy, the judgment of the reader. And, to some extent, she

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Il a fallu que ce nouveau malheur vienne me frapper pour que ma famille me donne quelques marques de tendresse! Mes oncles Joseph et Lucien m'ont écrit; mon oncle Jérôme est le seul qui n'ait pas daigné le faire.

Adieu, mon cher père; recevez l'assurance de mon sincère et inaltérable attachement.

Votre tendre et respectueux Fils,
NAPOLÉON-LOUIS.

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

[1] M. Mocquard is understood to have assisted the Qeeen in this work.

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succeeds. For there was in the daughter of 'la bonne Joséphine' heroic virtue, scorn of danger, intensity of maternal love, and charity which, covering the calumny of the ingrate and the treachery of the friend, was active to the last in kind offices among the humblest of her neighbours. The good overbears and almost hides the bad.

Yet it cannot be denied that the effect exercised by Queen Hortense on the character of her son Louis was enervating. She was a lover and seeker of pleasure to the last. All her friends were delightful and cultivated companions. She loved letters and the arts. The learned man was ever welcome to her board. But she was no strict mistress of morals. There was much of what we understand as the Bohemian in her nature. Cottrau the artist was allowed about the château in a costume that would have charmed the grisettes of the Quartier Latin. She liked expeditions *à la bonne franquette*, to use a Paris vulgarism. In Rome her parties were of the liveliest, and in those days strict morals made no part of the estimate when the value or desirability of a lady's society was under consideration.

Prince Louis could not but become kindly and charitable under the guidance and with the example of his mother; but he could hardly fail also to feel the influence of the very thin moral atmosphere of her little court. The basis of the Arenenberg society was democratic, and, as we have observed, the Bernese aristocrat was not more welcome than the rough radical of Thurgau. In this bracing political company the gay Queen's son contracted that democratic tone which his mind kept unimpaired to the last hour of his life. But the pleasures, the conversation, the southern *brio*, that threw a rosy tint about slips in morals, were enervating surroundings to the young man whose single hand was to hold sway and

mastery over an empire. In after-life Prince Louis showed deep traces of both the good and the evil of his mother's teaching and the society in which she brought him up. The good blossomed in a thousand acts of kindness, and the evil appeared in many weaknesses—all those of a tender heart—for which a bitter penalty was paid in the end.

CHAPTER III.

FRANCE IN 1837.

BOOK IV.

In the Address in reply to the King's Speech on the assembling of the Chambers on December 27, 1836; his faithful Deputies declared the dynasty of July to be 'beyond the reach of crime,' and that being supported by the affection of an enlightened people, it was as firmly established as it was popular. Diplomatic intercourse had been renewed with the United States; the misunderstanding with Switzerland had been adjusted; and, although the institutions of Spain and Portugal had been shaken and were in a dangerous predicament, the King, in cordial alliance with the King of Great Britain, was causing the quadruple alliance to be executed with religious fidelity. To be sure there had been disasters in Algeria, and an attempt had been recently made on the King's life; but Providence had confounded the assassin, and the Chambers would enable the King to ensure victory over the rebellious Arabs. As for the Strasburg attempt, 'equally senseless and criminal,' it had merely served to display the fidelity of the King's brave army and the loyalty of the masses.[1] Indeed, so rapidly were the people becoming reconciled to the rule of the Citizen King, that he had been impelled to spread pardons far and wide to the men who gave in their submission to his

[1] Lamartine afterwards said, with truth, in the Chamber of Deputies, that the issue of this trial was a lasting disgrace to the administration of justice in France.—*Alison.*

rule. But this was not all the light which glowed upon the canvas. The national finances were in a prosperous state. There would be a surplus. It is true that there was distress; but then the King had reason to hope that 'an increase of wealth' would everywhere ensure the welfare of the people. In order to hasten the march towards an epoch of universal content, however, the King had resolved to begin 'an important mass of public works.' The roads opened in the west had already changed the aspect of the country and 'destroyed the germ of civil discord.' There would now be new highways, canals, ports, and railroads, and national monuments. At length France was about to witness the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

There were spots on the sun-picture, however. When the King delivered his hopeful speech an attempt—one of a long series—had just been made on his life.[1] The references to the Conseil affair in the debate on the Address showed grave irritation in the minds of a section of the Deputies. The reticence and prevarication of all concerned at length drove M. Thiers to exclaim, in the midst of a serious tumult, that, as President of the Council, he ought to have known all, but he did not know all. The Spanish question was a 'burning' one; and in the course of the discussion on it M. Guizot observed: 'By placing the Revolution of July in the rear of the insurrection of La Granja, France would be renouncing her security, her true greatness.' This was received with 'violent murmurs.' Then M. Guizot remarked: 'The Revolution of July was a legitimate one the day after the ordonnances; it was not legitimate the day before.' M. Berryer denounced the quadruple alliance and characterised the action of the Government in favour of

[1] December 27, 1836.

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Donna Isabella as unworthy of a great people. The bitter retort of M. Guizot stung the great advocate, who exclaimed that he confessed a personal friendship for Prince Polignac and divers members of the Prince's Cabinet, that he blamed the ordonnances, and that he respected regal power as much as he reprobated and detested the bastard system, which was in fashion in France as well as in Spain. Odilon Barrot followed with the bold declaration that in their combined Peninsular policy England was pursuing commercial advantages, whereas the French Ministers were actuated by a mere hatred of freedom. 'The crime of Spain, in the eyes of the Ministers, was her refusal to accept a *Juste-Milieu*. . . . France was pledged to reform, to the people's sovereignty, in opposition to divine right. She ought to have aided Italy against Austria as she aided Belgium. The laws of September at home, and the Holy Alliance abroad—behold the Ministerial policy!' The last notable point of the discussion on the Address was General Bugeaud's assurance that no less than 45,000 men were required to maintain the reputation of the French arms in Algeria.

In the course of the year Count Molé's Government managed to add considerably to the repressive powers already in the hands of Louis Philippe. He demanded a law which would enable the Government to remove suspicious or objectionable persons from the capital; but this was not severe enough to please the Doctrinaires. They demanded punishment for men who, being aware of plots, did not turn accusers: they would have been prepared to institute a thorough revolutionary committee of public safety. Then followed the law of disjunction, which put civil and military men on separate trial, the military being handed over to a court-martial. This law was the consequence of the acquittal of the accused of Strasburg. And while the Ministers were making Louis Philippe's

constitutional government much more arbitrary and tyrannical than the Legitimist régime, they demanded extravagant grants of money and properties to his family, although the royal state was of the shabbiest.[1] The Citizen King's daughter wanted one million of francs dowry to take to Belgium, and the Duke of Nemours required the palace and forests of Rambouillet.

These demands only led to a Ministerial crisis and a change of Ministers, the Doctrinaires being left out, and second-rate men being nominated in their stead, Molé continuing in his place as Prime Minister. Of his conduct in this position Crowe observes: 'His mildness in home administration angered Guizot, his inertness in foreign politics disgusted Thiers, his obsequiousness to the King displeased all.' But, his obnoxious laws being put aside in the face of the determined hostility of the Parliament and the country, he managed to shift quietly through the year. The marriage of the Duke of Orleans at Fontainebleau, conducted with an imposing ceremonial that was probably intended to cover the second-rate princely rank of the bride and the rebuff which the Duke had suffered from Austria, the brilliant capture of Constantine in October, and the withdrawal of the French troops from Ancona, made possible by the victory in Algeria, were the memorable events of the year that told to the credit of the

[1] '*June* 7, 1837.—The numerous servants at the Tuileries look more like a herd of fellows collected and hired for the day, to wear livery on some pressing occasion, than the regular, disciplined establishment of a royal household.

'When Massey Stanley was invited the other day to the fêtes given by the Duc d'Orléans at Chantilly, he was asked by the comptroller of his Royal Highness's household to tell him frankly, while they were sitting together at dinner, whether he observed anything in the service which would not be permitted in England. Stanley replied: "I can hardly hear what you say, the servants make such a noise behind us that I am really quite deaf." He answered the question without knowing what was asked.'—*Raikes's Journal.*

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Molé Administration; albeit the retirement of the troops was regarded as a weak concession to Austria and to the Holy Alliance.

The credit, however, was with the King, and not with the Chamber or the public. Parties were so split up, indeed, by the line of conduct the King had pursued of late years, and by his unconstitutional pressure on his Ministers, that it had become impossible to form an Administration which would be at once thoroughly popular and acceptable to the King of the Barricades. Louis Philippe remained true to his policy under Casimir Périer —a policy which, according to Royer Collard, owed its success to the Minister's ignorance and brutality. He had promised to surround his throne with republican institutions; and he went steadily forward with a series of repressive measures that destroyed the right of meeting, made ninety-nine Frenchmen in every hundred voiceless, gagged the press, and tampered with trial by jury. While this reaction was in progress, extravagant demands were constantly being made on the public purse for the Royal Family.

The consequence of the Government rigours was a profound social disruption, that spread through the length and breadth of the land. Plots, secret societies, *émeutes*, attempts upon the King's life, prosecutions and deportations, fines and imprisonments, were rife. If Prince Louis, watching the progress of events from Arenenberg, miscalculated the strength of the Bonapartist party, it is undeniable that he did not overestimate the discontent of Louis Philippe's subjects. Switzerland was overrun with political refugees from the freedom which the son of Égalité had promised to his countrymen. Many of these, there can be no doubt, put themselves in communication with the heir of Napoleon, both before the Strasburg attempt and after the Prince's return from

America. Bonapartist agents found their way to Arenenberg and to Gottlieben. The energies of Marshal Lobau and other soldiers[1] had scattered the Republican forces in France, and they were dull and demoralised in the winter of 1837–8. Fieschi's crime had enabled the Doctrinaires to arm the King's Government to the teeth against the press. The Duke of Broglie was the representative, *par excellence*, of a policy of mistrust and severity; and he had worked well. But the Bonapartists had not been stamped out; on the contrary, they remained alert and audacious, and quite alive to the advantages to be derived from the manner in which Louis Philippe was always ready to use the renown of the great captain, and from the completely unconstitutional position to which, under the compliant Molé, he was advancing, to the mortification and disgust of the parties led by Guizot, Thiers, and Odilon Barrot, who demanded that the President of the Council should be an independent prime minister, and not the creature of the sovereign. CHAP. III.

Prince Louis soon found, by unmistakable signs and warnings, that if he was watching the erratic courses of Louis Philippe's reign, Count Molé and the Duke of Montebello (the son of his uncle's Marshal Lannes), on the part of their astute master, had agents sauntering around the Prince's new château of Gottlieben.

[1] In the Paris insurrection of 1837 the soldiers slaughtered the inhabitants of a house in the Rue Transnonain (from which a shot had been fired, killing an officer), many of them women and children, to the number of eighteen. 'The author,' says Crowe, 'penetrated into the street, and visited the house a few hours after. No pen could describe the horrible vestiges of military vengeance.'

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE FROM SWITZERLAND.

BOOK IV.

On January 29, 1838, Prince Louis took up his quarters in the château of Gottlieben. His advent was the occasion for rejoicings on the part of his new neighbours. A triumphal arch was raised, and he reached the château through lines of hearty Switzers, who shouted 'Vive Napoléon!' as he passed. A month later, when he was nearly thrown from his horse over a frightful precipice, letters of congratulation on his escape were poured in upon him. These marks of popularity, and the few visitors who sought the Prince both in his old and in his new home, helped to reawaken the animosity of the French Government and the energy of the Duke of Montebello.

On the day following Prince Louis's installation at Gottlieben the son of Marshal Lannes, whose baptismal name was Napoleon, who had been rewarded for his father's fame with a dukedom by Louis XVIII., and who was now serving the House of Orleans, repaired to Lucerne to lay before the Vorort the demand of the Cabinet of the Tuileries that the nephew and heir of Napoleon should be driven beyond the Swiss frontier.[1] He received a cold and formal answer. The avoyer Kopp declared

[1] In 1858 the Duke of Montebello served Napoleon III. as Ambassador at St. Petersburg. He lived to receive distinctions from the family under whom his father fought and died gloriously, and to whom he did not disdain to be an instrument of persecution. He died in Paris in July 1874.

that he could receive only an official communication, and that, moreover, the subject did not concern the Federal Directory, who could merely refer it to the Government of Thurgau. The Duke had already been repulsed when he made a confidential communication to the republic of Berne. On all sides he found that the Switzers not only refused to be dragooned by the Government of Louis Philippe, but that they looked with a feeling approaching scorn on the son of one of Napoleon's marshals acting as persecutor of a Bonaparte. Moreover, they were astonished to find a Government that pretended to be firmly established, and therefore beyond the fear of enemies, domestic or foreign, perpetually teasing the Federal authorities about Prince Louis, who had dwelt from his childhood amid their mountains, and was then living quietly, surrounded by a few friends. This astonishment deepened into resentment when the 'Gazette universelle Suisse,' the organ of the Bernese aristocracy, announced that the French Government seriously desired that the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna concerning the Bonaparte family should be applied to Prince Louis. These stipulations excluded the family from Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy—the Roman States excepted. While the elder Bourbons were on the throne of France, Queen Hortense and her sons had inhabited Thurgau in peace; but the King of the Barricades invoked the Treaty of Vienna, according to which he was himself an usurper of the throne of Charles X.

When the demand of Louis Philippe's Minister was laid before the Government of Thurgau, it was met by a firm and categorical refusal, which the Duke of Montebello carried to Paris in May. While Marshal Lannes's son was away, receiving fresh instructions at the Tuileries and from M. Molé, the district of Diessenhofen elected Prince Louis deputy of the cantonal Grand Council of

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Thurgau. But the Prince, seeing the storm that was brewing between his own country and Switzerland, felt bound to decline the position. Not daunted by this refusal, the Thurgau Society of Carabineers elected him as their president. At a meeting held at Diessenhofen the Prince replied for both the honours which had been offered him :—

'Gentlemen,—I rise to express my thanks for the new proof of your esteem which you have afforded me in electing me president of your Society of Carabineers; but since I find myself in the place where, a little while ago, so much friendship was shown to me, I will take this opportunity of thanking you for a more important nomination. A few months since the Swiss people were asked to expel a man who was a citizen, and the Swiss people replied that they would keep him. (Loud cries of 'Yes, yes; we will keep him!') I confess I never thought you would forsake me, for I have always relied on the people's sense of justice, and I have not been mistaken, since, instead of expelling me, my fellow-citizens have elected me member of the Grand Council. It would be difficult to express to you the various sentiments that animated me when I received the news of my nomination. Although extremely touched by such a suffrage, I thought that, in the interest of the country itself, I ought not to accept it. The world does not judge one by one's intentions, but by facts. It is hardly more than a year ago that I sought to sacrifice myself for a great cause, and my devotion has been taken for a petty personal ambition. Had I entered a political assembly, I should have met with the same fate. My words would have been misinterpreted, my intentions would have been calumniated, and I should thus have been prevented from doing you good service, and I should have brought new difficulties on the canton. It was therefore my duty to refuse; for we ought to forego

every personal advantage when we believe we cannot fulfil to our satisfaction a mission which has been confided to us. I hope that the inhabitants of Diessenhofen will understand the reasons which have guided me under these circumstances, and that, in spite of my refusal, they will always keep the same friendship for me. I desire they may know that I attach a high value to it.

'Allow me then, gentlemen, to propose a toast to the inhabitants of Diessenhofen, who have shown that misfortune is more attractive in their sight than power, and who, being brave and independent, possess two of the first characteristics of a free people.'[1]

[1] 'Messieurs,—Je prends la parole pour vous remercier de la nouvelle preuve d'estime que vous me donnez en me nommant président de votre Société de Carabiniers ; mais puisque je me trouve dans un lieu où, il y a quelque temps, on m'a montré tant d'amitié, je saisirai cette occasion de vous remercier aussi pour une nomination plus importante. Il y a quelques mois on avait demandé au peuple suisse de renvoyer un homme qui était citoyen, et le peuple suisse répondit qu'il le garderait. ('Oui, oui ; nous le garderons!' s'écria l'assemblée d'une voix unanime.) Je vous avoue que jamais je n'ai craint qu'il m'abandonnât, car j'ai toujours compté sur le sentiment de justice du peuple, et je ne me suis pas trompé, puisqu'au lieu de me renvoyer mes concitoyens m'ont élu membre du Grand Conseil. Il me serait difficile de vous exprimer les divers sentiments qui m'ont agité lorsque j'ai reçu la nouvelle de ma nomination. Quoique extrêmement touché d'un tel suffrage, je pensai que, dans l'intérêt du pays même, je ne devais pas l'accepter. Le monde ne juge pas d'après les intentions que l'on a, mais d'après les faits. Il n'y a guère plus d'un an que j'ai voulu me dévouer pour une grande cause, et on a pris mon dévouement pour une mesquine ambition personnelle. Si j'étais entré dans une assemblée politique, j'aurais eu le même sort ; ou eût mal interprété mes paroles, ou eût calomnié mes intentions ; j'aurais par là été privé de vous être utile, et j'aurais suscité au canton de nouvelles difficultés. Mon devoir était donc de refuser, car on doit sacrifier tout avantage personnel lorsqu'on croit ne pas pouvoir remplir, comme on le voudrait, la mission qui lui est confiée. J'espère que les habitants de Diessenhofen comprendront les raisons qui m'ont guidé dans cette circonstance, et que, malgré mon refus, ils auront toujours la même amitié pour moi. Je désire qu'ils sachent que j'y attache un grand prix.

'Permettez-moi donc, messieurs, de porter un toast aux habitants de Diessenhofen, qui ont montré que le malheur avait plus d'attrait à leurs yeux que la puissance, et qui, courageux et indépendants, possèdent deux

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It was remarked that the Prince, who spoke in German, carefully measured his words, and that he uttered them with an unusual air of authority. Although he engaged in the cantonal carbine competition, carried off one of the first prizes, and sent a superb gun, which had belonged to his uncle Joseph, to the Federal carbine contest at St. Gall, and in other ways played the part of the lord of Gottlieben, his mind was directed to much more important matters. He felt that a storm was gathering; and his friends assured him that it would burst over his Swiss house. He was preparing for it; and it cannot be denied that during the winter he had helped somewhat to gather it. The companions of his solitude had been some of his associates of the Strasburg expedition. He had been in consultation with Vaudrey, Parquin, Persigny, Laity, and others; and the rumours thus provoked had reached his father, who had, as usual, written him fierce letters of remonstrance, and then had ceased to write altogether. But there is no evidence —and the French Government could produce none —that the Prince was plotting at Gottlieben against the throne of Louis Philippe. Writing to his father in May,[1] the Prince says: 'How shall I express to you all the joy I felt on receiving your letter after so long a silence? One must have experienced all the sorrow

des premières qualités d'un peuple libre.'—*Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte, la Suisse et Louis-Philippe.* Par Élisée Lecomte.

[1] 'Gottlieben, le 10 mai 1838.

'Mon cher Père,—Comment vous exprimer toute la joie que j'ai ressentie en recevant votre lettre après un si long silence? Il faut avoir éprouvé toute la douleur que j'ai eue en perdant à la fois ma mère et l'amitié de mon père pour comprendre combien un mot tendre de votre part a dû me faire de bien. . . . J'ai passé tout l'hiver dans le vieux château de Gottlieben, que ma mère avait fait arranger et dont j'ai continué les réparations. Quoique la position ne soit pas aussi belle que celle d'Arenenberg, je m'y plais davantage, parce que je n'y rencontre pas, comme à l'habitation de ma mère, des souvenirs déchirants. . . .'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

I felt in losing at the same time my mother and the friendship of my father to be able to understand how an affectionate word from you revived me. . . . I have spent all the winter in the old château of Gottlieben, which my mother had prepared, and of which I have completed the reparations. Although the position is not as fine as that of Arenenberg, I find it more agreeable here, since I am not haunted, as in my mother's home, with heart-rending memories.'

In the old château Prince Louis, stung by the ridicule and calumny which, thrown on him and his Strasburg associates, had been revived by the French Government organs on his return from America, arranged with M. Armand Laity on the form and terms of a pamphlet, in which the reasons that had led the Prince to Strasburg should be stated, and the chances of success on which the conspirators relied authoritatively set forth. The Prince had another object, which he avowed years afterwards in a letter addressed from Havre to M. Vieillard.[1] He chafed under the position of moral subjection to Louis Philippe in which he conceived himself to be, or in which public opinion insisted on placing him. He felt that a pamphlet in which it would be proved to the world that the Strasburg expedition was not the wild and crude plot of a madcap prince, but an attempt that had assured sympathies far and wide within Louis Philippe's realm, and was conducted by a leader who had been recognised as a possible ruler of France by no less a personage than M. de Chateaubriand, would stir M. Molé and his master once more to take energetic action against him, and so emancipate him from the moral thraldom in which the politic mercy of the French King had enclosed him. 'I caused the Laity pamphlet to be

[1] See Appendix, *Letters from Ham to M. Vieillard*, letter of June 10, 1842.

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published,' Prince Louis wrote from Ham to M. Vieillard, 'not only to defend myself, but to afford the Government an excuse for getting me expelled from Switzerland. It did not fail, and the hostility of the Government gave me back the moral independence, so to speak, which I had lost by having been set at liberty against my will.' The French Government were therefore not mistaken when they insisted on seeing in M. Laity's production a little more than was upon the face of it. It was a manifesto as well as a vindication, an instrument intended to rehabilitate the honour and to forward the cause of Prince Napoleon Louis. Its publication was to justify, or give a rational explanation, of the past, and at the same time to clear the way for the future. In the great game from which the patient player scarcely ever permitted himself to lift his eyes it was the move of a peg.

We have already given the substance of this famous pamphlet.[1] Its sting lay in M. de Chateaubriand's letter to Prince Louis, in which he had said that if the young Duke of Bordeaux should die, if the French nation should annul the election of Louis Philippe (which it had never sanctioned), and if a republic should prove impossible, no name would befit the glory of France more than that of the young Prince Napoleon Louis. So enraged was the Royal Family at this avowal from one whose authority was so great as that of M. de Chateaubriand, that it was whispered the writer of the pamphlet would be prosecuted. Yet when the letter was written (September 1832) how remote was the hope it raised in the mind of him to whom it was addressed. In 1838, when it was made public, and Louis Philippe had been king for eight years, the hope appeared remoter still. It was enough, however, to weigh heavily in the balance

[1] Book III., chapters xi. and xii.

against Armand Laity and his prince. The prosecution of the writer of the pamphlet was undertaken by M. Molé, of course with the ungrudging assent of the King, whose creature the Minister was from the beginning to the end of his term of office.

Prince Louis was not prepared for the line of conduct which the French Government adopted. He could hardly have hoped that they would commit the error of making a Bonapartist pamphlet the subject of a solemn trial before the Peers of France. This was to give it vital importance, and to exhibit Bonapartism as a real danger to the Monarchy of July. The trial served excellently the object which the Prince had in view, and at the same time it laid bare to the world the fears that were enclosed within the walls of the Tuileries. The pamphlet became a fragment of history. The Strasburg attempt, which had been forgotten through the pressure of subsequent exciting events, was dragged anew before the public, and was at the same time proved to have been a formidable conspiracy.

The Opposition papers blamed the Government severely, asserting that too much importance was being given to M. Laity, and that, if they could not refrain from a prosecution, they should have left the culprit to the assizes and a jury. As M. Ballanche remarked to Madame Récamier, in a letter dated June 27, 'too much solemnity is very inconvenient.'[1]

When, a few days later, Prince Louis heard the news, he wrote to his intrepid friend:—

[1] M. Ballanche to Madame Récamier, June 27. 'The papers of this morning will have told you that M. Laity's pamphlet is to be judged by the Chamber of Peers. All the Opposition papers blame the Government. They maintain that it would have been enough to take it to the assizes and a jury. I am of the same opinion, if the pamphlet only is in question. There is doubtless something behind it. Too much solemnity is very inconvenient.'

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'Arenenberg, July 2, 1838.

'My dear Laity,—You are, then, to go before the Chamber of Peers because you have had the generous devotion to reproduce the details of my enterprise, to justify my intentions, and to rebut the accusations of which I am the object. I cannot understand the importance which the Government attaches to the suppression of this pamphlet. You know that in authorising you to publish it my only object was to repel the cowardly calumnies with which the Ministerial organs covered me during the five months I was in prison or at sea. My honour, and that of my friends, were concerned in proving that it was not a mad dream which led me to Strasburg in 1836. They say your pamphlet is a fresh conspiracy, while, on the contrary, it relieves me from the reproach of ever having conspired; and you state in the early pages that we waited two years to publish the facts concerning me, so that the public mind might be calmer, and that men might judge without hatred or prejudice.

'If, as I like to believe, a spirit of justice animates the Court of Peers, if it be independent of the executive power, as the Constitution directs, it is not possible that you can be condemned; for, I cannot too often repeat, your pamphlet is not a call to revolt, but the simple and true explanation of a fact that had been misrepresented. I have no other support in the world than public opinion, no reliance save in the esteem of my fellow-citizens. If it is impossible for you, and also for me, to defend myself against unjust calumnies, I shall regard my fate as the cruellest possible. You know my friendship for you well enough to understand how grieved I am at the idea of your falling a victim to your devotion; but I know also that, with your noble character, you will suffer resignedly for the popular cause.

'You will be asked, as certain journals are already

asking, Where is the Napoleonic party? Answer: "The party is nowhere—the cause is everywhere." The party is nowhere, because my friends are not brigaded; but the cause has partisans everywhere, from the workshop of the mechanic to the council chamber of the King, from the soldiers' barracks to the palace of the marshal of France—Republicans, *Juste-Milieu*, Legitimists, all who desire a strong government, real liberty, an imposing governing authority. All these, I say, are Napoleonists, whether they know it or not; for the Imperial system is not the bastard imitation of the English and American Constitutions, but the governmental form of the principles of the Revolution. It is a hierarchy in a democracy, equality before the law, reward for merit; it is, in short, a colossal pyramid with a broad base and a high head.

'Say that in authorising you to publish the pamphlet my aim was not to disturb the tranquillity of France, nor to rekindle smouldering passions, but to show myself to my fellow-citizens as I am, and not as the hate of interest has depicted me. But if some day parties were to overthrow the actual Government (the example of the last fifty years makes this supposition permissible), and if, accustomed as they have been for the last twenty-three years to despise authority, they were to sap all the foundations of the social edifice, then, perhaps, the name of Napoleon would be a sheet anchor for all that is generous and truly patriotic in France. It is for this reason that I insist, as you know, that the honour of the eagle of October 30 shall remain intact in spite of its defeat, and that the nephew of the Emperor shall not be taken for a common adventurer. You will be asked, no doubt, where you obtained all the statements you publish; you may say that you received them from me, and that I certify on my honour that their truth has been guaranteed to me by men worthy of belief.

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'Adieu, my dear Laity. I should put hope in justice if the interests of the moment were not the only morality of parties.

'Receive the assurance of my sincere friendship.

'LOUIS NAPOLEON.'[1]

The pamphlet and the consequent prosecution of M. Laity made a stir in the cantons, and woke the voices of enemies as well as of friends. The Swiss organs of aristocracy reviled Prince Louis as one who had designedly fomented discord between Switzerland and France for years past, and blamed the authorities who had given him rank in the Swiss army. They even went the length of hinting that there was or had been a conspiracy to raise a Napoleon to the presidency of a Swiss republic, and that this was probably to be only the stepping-stone to mightier destinies.

Neither the Government of Louis Philippe nor Prince Louis could be discontented with the turn affairs were taking, since the Prince desired to be expelled from Switzerland and M. Molé was most anxious to expel him. The French Government had already prevailed upon the Federal Government to confine certain dangerous refugees, and by the help of the solemn prosecution of M. Laity, and the complicity of the Prince in the Bonapartist movement which they would prove at the trial, they felt confident they would rid their frontier of the pretender.

They reckoned without taking into account the sturdy and obstinate independence of the Switzer.

On July 10 the Court of Peers condemned M. Laity to five years' imprisonment,[2] with a fine of 10,000 francs, and subjected him to police surveillance for the remainder

[1] For original see Appendix.

[2] Which he underwent in the citadel of Doullens.

of his life. The shameless severity of the sentence excited disgust both in France and Switzerland far and wide outside the ranks of the Bonapartists. It was a political sentence expressing passion, not justice, the more hateful because many of the judges were men whom the Empire had raised from obscurity.

The real object of the prosecution soon became known, and it was exactly that which the Swiss press and Michel (de Bourges), Laity's counsel, and, indeed, all who had closely watched the conduct of Louis Philippe, M. Molé, and the Duke of Montebello, had anticipated. M. Michel had asked the Peers point-blank whether they wished to drive Prince Louis out of Switzerland, and if so, whether they had thought of the sympathies which such an attempt would awaken?

The Prince, according to his own subsequent avowal, watched the course of the French Government with satisfaction. It gave him importance. It kept his name before the world, and above all before France. It proclaimed the fear which Louis Philippe felt of the Bonapartist party, and while it attracted sympathy towards their chief lessened the repute of his enemies. Prince Louis had gauged the sagacity of the Molé Cabinet cleverly. Had the French Government taken the course which was urged upon them, and simply suppressed the Laity pamphlet, or left it to the ordinary courts to pass judgment on its author, the turn of Prince Louis would not have been served. The idea that Louis Philippe did not fear him would have cut him to the quick. Had the French King, moreover, sent his Minister back to Berne with instructions to leave Prince Louis to his devices, and to demand the application of the law to him in the measure which had been applied to ordinary refugees, there would have been disappointment at Arenenberg and at Gottlieben. But repression was the method in favour at the

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Tuileries, and in this case it was applied to the manifest advantage of the patient.

According to a letter which appeared in the 'Augsburg Gazette' on July 14—that is, four days after M. Laity's condemnation—the object of the prosecution before the Peers was to show the world that Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte had actively engaged in the preparation of it, that consequently he was still plotting the overthrow of the Government of July, and that therefore M. Molé was justified in peremptorily demanding his removal from the French frontier. The Switzers of every shade of opinion blamed Louis Philippe; they would have blamed Prince Louis more had they known that one of his objects in circulating M. Laity's pamphlet was to bring about a difficulty between Switzerland and France to his own profit. There was culpable duplicity on both sides, but on the side of Louis Philippe there was blundering also. The King played into the hands of his opponent.

The Duke of Montebello, having assisted in the condemnation of M. Laity, hastened to his post to gather the fruit of his astute master's policy. On the afternoon of August 1 the President of the Federal Diet, then sitting at Lucerne, received a note from the French Minister, which he and the Council deemed so important that they at once resolved to lay it before the Diet.

In this note[1] the Duke of Montebello said that after the Strasburg event, and the generous clemency of which Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had been the object, the King of the French ought to have expected that a friendly country, like Switzerland, would not permit Louis Bonaparte to return, and, forgetting the obligation which gratitude imposed on him, to renew his criminal intrigues, and openly proclaim his foolish pretensions, which even their folly could not excuse after the Strasburg attempt. The

[1] See Appendix.

Duke went on to observe that it was matter of public notoriety that Arenenberg was the centre of intrigues, which France felt it to be her duty, as it was her right, to request Switzerland to tolerate no longer. Louis Bonaparte's denial would be vain. He had spread publications at a great cost over Germany as well as France, and among them the pamphlet recently condemned by the Court of Peers. These facts were sufficient proof that he had returned from America not merely to pay his last duty to a dying mother, but also to resume projects and to affect pretensions which it was now demonstrated he had never renounced.

The Duke was certain that Switzerland was too faithful and loyal an ally of France to permit Louis Bonaparte to call himself a Swiss citizen while he was a pretender to the throne of France—to call himself a Frenchman whenever he had an opportunity of disturbing his country for his own ends, and a citizen of Thurgau when the French Government sought to prevent a recurrence of his criminal activity. He appealed, then, with confidence to the Diet when he submitted to them an express request that Louis Napoleon should be ordered to quit the territories of the Confederation. France would have preferred to see Switzerland take spontaneous action in this direction; but she now owed it to herself to make a request, and she felt assured she would not be kept waiting for an answer.

The note was peremptory, and the French Minister was concerned to see that the Diet heard it read in perfect calmness, adjourning the discussion of it to August 6. But he took courage in the knowledge that his request would be backed by other Powers, and especially by Austria. The French Ministerial organs went the length of asserting that Austrian troops were massing on the Swiss frontier, and that French battalions were moving towards

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Lake Leman. 'Such a league,' M. Élisée Lecomte exclaims, 'presented a strange spectacle! It was curious to see all the kings trembling because in a little corner of Europe a young man named Bonaparte was living.' There were Bonapartes and Bonapartes, however, and Europe was beginning to perceive that the young man living in a little corner of Europe was *the* Bonaparte. It never concerned itself with a Jerome or a Lucien.

Roundabout the little corner where the redoubtable young man lived the Switzers of Thurgau ranged themselves, and made no uncertain sound when they replied to Napoleon Lannes, Duke of Montebello. Switzers of all parties, and of every canton, took up the stalwart attitude of the democrats. A mere fraction stood on the French side. The proud heart of Switzerland answered M. Molé's rough request with defiance, and the mountaineers unhooked their carbines in their homes and looked forth for the signal to pour north or south along their valleys. Between their teeth men asked each other whether they were vassals still. Even M. Guizot has admitted that M. Molé was not sufficiently courteous in his manner of proceeding.[1] But then M. Guizot also

[1] 'En demandant à la Suisse l'éloignement du prince Louis Bonaparte, M. Molé avait pleinement raison. C'était le seul moyen, sinon d'étouffer, du moins de rendre plus difficiles et moins périlleux les desseins publiquement avoués et poursuivis du prince contre le gouvernement français. Le droit public autorisait cette demande et la plus simple prévoyance politique la commandait. Peut-être M. Molé n'employat-t-il pas les procédés diplomatiques les mieux calculés; peut-être ne garda-t-il pas, dans les formes, les ménagements les plus convenables pour atteindre son but: son habileté était quelquefois un peu superficielle; mais au fond sa demande était aussi légitime que nécessaire; et elle réussit sans l'emploi d'autres moyens que quelques démonstrations momentanées, et sans autres inconvénients que les clameurs des démocrates violents en Suisse et la mauvaise humeur, plus apparente que réelle, du gouvernement fédéral de la Suisse, assez modéré pour pratiquer, mais trop timide et trop faible pour avouer hautement, le droit public et le bon sens.'—Guizot, *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.*

vaunts the success of the French policy, and describes Swiss resistance as empty bluster—a sop to the vanity of his countrymen for which there is not the least reason, since Switzerland never yielded an inch to the Duke of Montebello.

The 'National genevois' protested that since Prince Louis's return from America there was no reprehensible act with which he could be reproached; that his unconditional liberation after Strasburg was not an effort of royal clemency, but an example of royal cunning; and that he had been conspicuous only in generous acts. Switzerland had no right to eject one of her citizens who had lived twenty years within her territory; if she assumed it she would commit an act of usurpation, and there would be no longer free Swiss citizens. As for the Laity pamphlet, it was merely a defence of an unsuccessful expedition—a truthful relation of facts. Moreover, it had been printed and issued not in Switzerland, but in Paris—at the seat of the Government which pretended to be offended by its appearance. It was not enough merely to say that Arenenberg was the centre of an active conspiracy against the throne of France; there was not a single fact in evidence to support the assertion.

Public opinion was almost unanimously against acquiescence in Louis Philippe's demand when the Diet discussed the subject on the 6th. The debate was quietly conducted, and concluded by the appointment of a commission to confer with the authorities of Thurgau on the reality of the Prince's claims as a citizen and on the truth of the French allegations as to intrigues at Arenenberg. The deputy for Thurgau had assured the Diet that there was no foundation for the Duke of Montebello's assertion as to plots at Arenenberg; but the commission was to obtain a formal and authoritative denial, and also to request an assurance that the cantonal authorities

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would in the future exercise vigilance in preventing the hatching of plots against a neighbouring State. The deputies of Geneva and Vaud spoke even vehemently against the pretensions of France, and not one deputy supported them. The deputy for the city of Basel accompanied his opposition with the request that Thurgau should compel the Prince to give an undertaking not to make any revolutionary attempt on France, and that a declaration accompanying this undertaking should be handed in to Louis Philippe's Government. Even the deputies who had favoured the demands of M. Thiers in 1836 were silent.

The opposition of the Swiss Diet only aggravated the hostile attitude of the Cabinet of the Tuileries, although the Opposition papers blamed M. Molé in no measured language. The 'Constitutionnel' said that France would be accused of bullying the weak and of destroying one of the citadels of liberty. Another paper, the 'Bon Sens,' put the question in a most disadvantageous light for the Ministers. It would be a grand sight to see the French army take the field to dispute a scrap of land with the nephew of the man who, during fifteen years, had led that army in triumph through the battle-fields of Europe. One must live under a constitutional régime to catch sight of such strange spectacles—to witness the eternal ostracism of the family of the man to whom statues were being raised and whose memory was officially glorified.

Then the 'Bon Sens' took the liberty of addressing a question to the Ministers. Why was not the same course adopted towards the Duke of Bordeaux as the Ministers were taking towards Louis Bonaparte? Did the pretensions of the former appear more legitimate to the Government than those of the latter? Or were the Ministers less afraid of the Duke of Bordeaux? The Duke had, how-

ever, a party in France powerful by its wealth, strong through its activity, a party that had the support of the clergy, a party perpetually invoking the religion of the past and the sanctity of traditions, a party that had its organs in the press, its dignitaries in the Luxembourg Palace, its orators in the Bourbon Palace, and its official representatives in scores of Government places. Why were State reasons invoked against the nephew of an emperor who denied divine right not invoked against the grandson of a king who reigned by virtue of this right? 'I understand,' the writer concluded: 'the Duke of Bordeaux is under the protection of a powerful monarchy; Louis Bonaparte, on the contrary, is under the protection of a feeble republic. Clearly. But why talk about logic and equity?'

The debate in the Diet enraged the Molé Cabinet. While the report of it was on its way to Paris the commune of Obertrass, near Zürich, elected Prince Louis a burgess, and another commune of the same canton was preparing to follow the example. But the vehement action of M. Molé put all minor matters in the shade. Eight days after the debate in the Diet Louis Philippe's Minister sent to the Duke of Montebello, to be at once communicated to the Vorort, a peremptory demand that 'Louis Bonaparte' should be expelled at once; and, in case of refusal, instructions to demand his passports immediately. It is, no doubt, to this despatch that M. Guizot refers when he admits that M. Molé was wanting in delicacy and politeness. Its terms were plain enough. The language was that of a shameless bully; for M. Molé did not scruple to threaten Switzerland with war, while he refused to consider the very reasonable proposition which emanated from the Diet, viz. that, as a condition of his sojourn in Thurgau, Prince

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Louis should give a solemn undertaking not to be party to any conspiracy against Louis Philippe's throne.[1]

The Duke of Montebello read M. Molé's despatch to the President of the Diet on August 17. Preparations for war were already being made in France, and the French authorities had established a rigorous surveillance along the Swiss frontier. But the President was not disturbed by these demonstrations, and he coldly replied to Louis Philippe's Minister that his despatch could not in any way interfere with the course of action which the Diet had adopted. Switzerland had resolved to stand on her undoubted rights. The Ministers of Prussia, Austria, and Baden waited by turns on M. Kopp to urge compliance; he replied that if Switzerland proved to be in the wrong she would yield, but that if she were in the right she would not be influenced by threats calculated to wound a free people. The reply of Thurgau was not delayed. The Grand Council held a meeting at Weinfeld on the 22nd, eight days later than Count Molé's despatch. After a long sitting it was held to be proved that, according to the law of the canton, Louis Napoleon was a naturalised Thurgovian citizen; and that if it were proved that he was the author or abettor of a conspiracy, the right to judge him belonged neither to the Diet nor to France, but to the State of Thurgau only. At the same time the Grand Council declared that they would keep watch, so that no plot against the rights or peace of another country should be hatched within their territory. This decision was enforced in the Diet, on the 27th, by the reading of the following important letter, which Prince Louis had addressed from Arenenberg to the Grand Council of Thurgau on the 20th :—

'Ministers of the Grand Council,—If I approach,

[1] See Appendix.

under existing circumstances, to make a communication to you, it is to set right certain facts in your sight, and to give you a proof of my confidence and esteem.

'I returned from America to Switzerland a year ago with the firm intention of remaining apart from every kind of intrigue. My determination has not changed; but I would not buy my peace at the expense of my honour. I had been shamefully calumniated; events and facts had been misrepresented; and I permitted a friend to defend me. This is the only step that has been taken, within my knowledge, since my return. But the French Ministers, in order to reach the object they have in view, continue their false allegations. They pretend that the house in which my mother lately died, and where I am living almost alone, is the centre of intrigues. Let them prove it, if they can. For myself, I deny the accusation in the most formal manner, for my firm desire is to live tranquilly in Thurgau, and to avoid anything that could disturb the friendly relations of France and Switzerland. But, gentlemen, to have another proof of the falsity of the accusations made against me, read certain recent articles in the Ministerial papers; and you will see by them that, not satisfied with following me to my retreat, they are still endeavouring to make me appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world by circulating absurd falsehoods about me.

'Gentlemen of the Grand Council, I address myself to you, with whom I have lived to the present time, as a friend and a brother, to tell the other cantons the truth with regard to me.

'The foreign invasion which, in 1815, overthrew the Emperor Napoleon, brought about the exile of all the members of his family. From that time, then, I have had no country, until 1832, when you made me a burgess of the canton: it is the only one I possess. The French

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Government, that maintains the law according to which I am civilly dead, have no need to apply to Switzerland to know whether it is only in Thurgau that I have the rights of a citizen. They recognise me as a Frenchman only when they want to persecute me: at Strasburg they put up the Procureur-Général to say that I was a foreigner.

'Gentlemen, I venture to say that I have shown by my actions during the last five years that I know how to appreciate the gift you have conferred on me; and if now, to my great regret, I should become an object of perplexity to Switzerland, it is not I who should be blamed, but those persons who, acting on false assertions, advance pretensions which are contrary to justice and the rights of nations.

'Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of my esteem and of my high consideration.

'LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

'Arenenberg, August 20, 1838.'

The member for Thurgau supported this letter with testimony that repelled, as absolutely false, the reports of the French spies who infested the neighbourhood of Arenenberg; and, in the end, the Diet referred the whole question to the Commission of Seven. Meantime the war rumours spread apace. The Liberal party in France blamed M. Molé; the industrial centres of the south, as Lyons and Marseilles, foresaw a partial paralysis of their commerce, and protested that the blockade of the Swiss frontier would do more harm to Frenchmen than to Switzers, since the Switzers bought much more than they sold. The independent French papers asked the Ministers to unmask the plots and intrigues of Arenenberg, on which they demanded the expulsion of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, but which both the Prince and the Grand Council of Thurgau defied them to prove. Why did not M. Molé take the proper

legal course and prosecute the nephew of the Emperor before the tribunals of Thurgau? The Grand Council had stated that they knew of no intrigues, and did not believe that any existed, and were prepared to exercise a vigilant police supervision in order to prevent plots in the future on the part of their citizen. Moreover, a solemn undertaking not to conspire against the French monarchy would be obtained from the Prince. What more could a reasonable and friendly Power require?

France, or rather the French Ministers and their royal master, stood to the insolent despatch of the 4th; and Switzerland replied by hastily calculating her own military strength, and then that of her possible foe. Louis Philippe had an army of 60,000 men on the Belgian frontier, another in Algeria; Lyons and Paris were too troubled to be left without strong garrisons; and, in addition, there were rumours of war with Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Holland, perhaps Prussia, and perhaps Belgium. Never had France had so many quarrels, or beginnings of quarrels, on hand; while Switzerland had no quarrel, one just cause, an united and most patriotic population, and an army and landwehr exceeding 100,000 men, to say nothing of 170,000 militia. The weak side was not without very reasonable hope of giving a good account of a war even with her great neighbour, especially when Switzerland saw that a large proportion of Frenchmen blamed M. Molé, and that the Bonapartist element in the French army was considerable.

But the decision of the Commission of Seven put an end to the contest. A majority of four required that Thurgau should obtain from Louis Napoleon Bonaparte a formal declaration that he had renounced the title of Frenchman, and that he would never pretend to it in the future; and, on this formality being complied with, they were ready to refuse his expulsion as required by France.

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M. Kopp, the avoyer, one of the Commission, entered an opinion that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte should not be considered a citizen of Thurgau, and that the King of the French should carry his complaint before the tribunals of that canton. The Swiss press, and the majority of the Swiss people, were highly indignant at the decision of the majority. They said that the demands of the Commission were more stringent than those of Louis Philippe, and that it was monstrous to require Prince Louis, who had been deprived of his civil rights in France by a barbarous act which the King of the French had continued in force, to say that he would never reassume them should the occasion offer. Was it probable that he would make a voluntary declaration that he was no longer a Frenchman? Switzerland, through the Commission, had succumbed to fear.

When the report of the Commission of Seven was brought before the Diet on September 3, it was resolved, after a sharp debate, that the question should be referred to the cantonal Grand Councils, and that the Diet should meet again on October 1 to receive the verdict of the cantons. This resolution was in strict accordance with the Federal pact. The reply to the ultimatum delivered by the Duke of Montebello on August 14 could come only from the entire Swiss people.

But the French Government could have no doubt what this reply would be to M. Molé's insolent circular, the terms of which independent French papers emphatically condemned. It reduced the question to one of resistance or submission, and declined discussion. Switzer or Frenchman, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte must go, and at once, unjudged: this was M. Molé's language, and he intimated plainly that French battalions were ready to enforce it. Switzerland, while her Grand Councils were meeting, answered by preparations for war; and Colonel Dufour (Prince Louis's old commander) was sent to

examine the defences on the French frontier. The officers of Geneva addressed a letter of congratulation to the Grand Councillors of Thurgau, thanking them for the brave attitude which they had assumed. At Lucerne bands of Swiss guerillas were organised, consisting of men who were in none of the regular services; and these appealed to other cantons to arm, not against the French people, but against the French Government—a distinction that indicates the condition of opinion in France on the difficulty between the two countries. The French press noticed these warlike popular ebullitions; and while some papers demanded the resignation of M. Molé, and others the recall of the Duke of Montebello, who was an avowed enemy to Swiss liberties and a representative of absolutism and the *ancien régime*, all except those in the pay of the Government protested against the course which Louis Philippe, for dynastic purposes, had adopted. Nor was England an indifferent looker-on. She had refused to take side with Prussia and Austria in behalf of the Monarchy of July. The 'Morning Chronicle' characterised the conduct of the French Ministers as 'illiberal and ignoble,' and predicted that through it she would lose the friendship of her natural allies. France was adopting the principles of the Holy Alliance, and was preparing to treat Switzerland like Cracow. Louis Philippe was putting himself on a line with Prince Metternich and the Czar Nicholas. 'Was ever anything more monstrous?' The 'Morning Herald' observed that the resistance of Switzerland would win for her the respect of Europe.

The decisions of the Grand Councils against the demand of France were received with demonstrations of popular delight. The councillors who voted on the popular side were serenaded, accompanied in triumph to their homes, and torch-light processions were formed in their honour. There should be an end to the indignities

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which Louis Philippe had put upon Switzerland. M. de la Harpe, President of the Grand Council of Vaud, cited the many quarrels which the Government of July had picked with the Confederation in eight years; and thence inferred that the French Government had formed a plan for irritating and humiliating Switzerland at every, even the smallest, opportunity.

When the subject came before the Representative Council of Geneva, General Dufour made a vigorous defence of his former pupil. 'I can bear witness,' the General concluded, 'so far as I know the inner thoughts of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, that in coming back and in remaining his intention was to live quietly, apart from all ambition. This determination is not changed, and I am not afraid to contradict publicly in this respect those who accuse him of intrigues. Let us not imagine, gentlemen, that he will ever compromise Switzerland.' In the course of the same debate Colonel Rilliet-Constant described the terms of M. Molé's despatches as unworthy of the nation that pretended to teach manners to Europe. The great regret of all Switzers in this memorable conflict of opinion was to see the historian Sismondi, the old friend of Prince Louis and Queen Hortense, turn upon the Prince and pronounce in favour of submission to France, citing historical precedents. But he was confounded with authorities and facts that told heavily against him. The reply of the Regent Orleans when the King of Poland complained that an asylum had been given to Stanislas I. in Alsace—'Tell the King, your master, that France has always been the asylum of kings in misfortune'—and the refuge given by Switzerland to the very sovereign who now demanded the expulsion of the nephew of Napoleon, were the most popular home-thrusts.

By September 25 a majority of the Grand Councils

was assured against the French demand. As the time wore on to the day when the Diet was to receive the verdict of the Swiss people, the French Ministerial papers sought to justify the position of the Ministry not only by violent commentaries on the attitude of the Swiss population, but by all kinds of attacks on the character of the Prince. They even went the length of stating that Prince Louis had asked to serve in the Russian army. Prince Max of Leuchtenberg, son of Prince Eugene and cousin of Prince Louis, had begged the Czar not to join the other Powers in persecuting his relative, and on this slender foundation the scandal was easily constructed by masters in the art.

On the 22nd Prince Louis put an end to the difficulty by addressing the following letter to his Excellency the Landamman Anderwert, president of the petty council of the canton of Thurgau:—

'Arenenberg, September 22, 1838.

'M. Landamman,—When the Duke of Montebello's note was addressed to the Diet, I declined to submit to the pretension of the French Government; for I was bound to prove, by my refusal to depart, that I had returned to Switzerland without breaking any engagement; that I had the right to remain, and that I should find help and protection.

'For a month past Switzerland has shown, by her energetic protests, and now by the decisions of the Grand Councils that have already met, that she was ready to make the greatest sacrifices to maintain her dignity and her rights. She has known how to do her duty as an independent State; I shall know how to do mine and to be faithful to my honour. They may persecute, but never degrade me.

'The French Government having declared that the refusal of the Diet to comply with their demand would

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be the signal of a conflagration to which Switzerland might fall a victim, it only remains for me to depart from a country where my presence is the subject of so many unjust suspicions, and where it would be the pretext for so great a calamity.

'I beg you, therefore, M. Landamman, to announce to the Federal Directory that I will leave as soon as they shall have obtained from the Ambassadors of the various Powers the passports which are necessary to me to travel to a place where I shall find a safe asylum.

'In leaving to-day, voluntarily, the only country in Europe where I had found support and protection, in quitting spots that had become, for many reasons, so dear to me, I hope I shall prove to the Swiss people that I was worthy of the marks of esteem and affection which they have showered upon me. I shall never forget the noble conduct of the cantons that have pronounced in my favour; and, above all, the generous protection which the canton of Thurgau extended to me will remain deeply engraved on my heart.

'I hope this separation will not be eternal, and that the day will come when I may, without compromising the interests of two nations which should remain friends, return to the refuge where a sojourn of twenty years, and the rights I had acquired, had created for me a new country.

'Be, M. Landamman, the interpreter of my sentiments of gratitude towards the councils, and believe that it is only the thought of sparing Switzerland a great trouble that can lessen my regret in quitting her.

'Receive the expression of my high esteem and of my distinguished sentiments.

'LOUIS NAPOLEON.'[1]

[1] 'Arenenberg, 22 septembre 1838.
'Monsieur le Landamman, — Lorsque la note du duc de Montebello fut adressée à la Diète, je ne

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But the French Government did not cease to concentrate troops on the Swiss frontier, nor to put forth hectoring articles in the Ministerial press; so that when the Diet met on October 1 to receive the decisions of the Grand Councils, and to take cognisance of the letter written by Prince Louis to the authorities of Thurgau, the military preparations that were being hastily carried forward formed the chief subject of discussion. On Sep-

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voulus pas me soumettre aux exigences du gouvernement français; car il m'importait de prouver, par mon refus de m'éloigner, que j'étais revenu en Suisse sans manquer à aucun engagement, que j'avais le droit d'y résider et que je trouverais aide et protection.

'La Suisse a montré depuis un mois, par ses protestations énergiques, et maintenant par les décisions des grands conseils qui se sont assemblés jusqu'ici, qu'elle était prête à faire les plus grands sacrifices pour maintenir sa dignité et son droit. Elle a su faire son devoir comme nation indépendante. Je saurai faire le mien et demeurer fidèle à la voix de l'honneur. On peut me persécuter, mais jamais m'avilir.

'Le gouvernement français ayant déclaré que le refus de la Diète à obtempérer à sa demande serait le signal d'une conflagration dont la Suisse pourrait être la victime, il ne me reste plus qu'à quitter un pays où ma présence est le sujet d'aussi injustes prétentions, où elle serait le sujet de si grands malheurs.

'Je vous prie donc, monsieur le Landamman, d'annoncer au Directoire Fédéral que je partirai dès qu'il aura obtenu des ambassadeurs des diverses puissances les passeports qui me sont nécessaires pour me rendre dans un lieu où je trouverai un asile assuré.

'En quittant aujourd'hui volontairement le seul pays où j'avais trouvé en Europe appui et protection, en m'éloignant des lieux qui m'étaient devenus chers à tant de titres, j'espère prouver au peuple suisse que j'étais digne des marques d'estime et d'affection qu'il m'a prodiguées. Je n'oublierai jamais la noble conduite des cantons qui se sont prononcés si courageusement en ma faveur; et surtout le souvenir de la généreuse protection que m'a accordée le canton de Thurgovie restera profondément gravé dans mon cœur.

'J'espère que cette séparation ne sera pas éternelle et qu'un jour viendra où je pourrai, sans compromettre les intérêts de deux nations qui doivent rester amies, retrouver l'asile où vingt ans de séjour et des droits acquis m'avaient créé une seconde patrie.

'Soyez, monsieur le Landamman, l'interprète de mes sentiments de reconnaissance envers les conseils, et croyez que la pensée d'épargner des troubles à la Suisse peut seule adoucir les regrets que j'éprouve de la quitter.

'Recevez l'expression de ma haute estime et de mes sentiments distingués.

'NAPOLÉON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.'

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tember 25 General Aymar had issued a pompous order of the day to the French troops under his command, and to this the Swiss had responded by extraordinary military activity.

The Directory were empowered to have the passports which Prince Louis Napoleon demanded prepared without delay, although there were many who believed that the withdrawal of the Prince would not satisfy M. Molé. It was expected in many quarters that he would insist on a formal resolution of expulsion by the Diet; and this meant war. However, moderate counsels prevailed at last at the Tuileries. On October 6 the Diet drew up an answer to the Duke of Montebello's despatch of August 1, in which Switzerland denied the right of a foreign Power to demand the expulsion of a Swiss citizen, adding at the same time that since Louis Napoleon had volunteered to depart, and had asked for his passports, further discussion by the Diet had become useless. On the same day Prince Louis received a passport from the British Minister, countersigned by the Ministers of Prussia and Baden and by the Consul-General of Holland.

The Swiss reply was a refusal to admit the right which France had arrogated to herself; and impartial observers could only smile when the French Ministerial organs affected airs of triumph. The independent press told the Ministers that they had received a salutary lesson, and it was with manifest reluctance that M. Molé addressed a letter of peace to the Duke of Montebello on the 12th.[1] Even in this letter terminating the affair, and notifying that the French troops would be at once withdrawn from the Swiss frontier, Louis Philippe's superficially polite Minister—to adopt M. Guizot's epithet—could not refrain from telling the Swiss authorities

[1] See Appendix.

that he was ready to begin again if the Bonaparte prince should return within their territory.

When he returned the Duke of Montebello was in his service.

On October 18 Prince Louis's horses and carriages were sold by auction at Arenenberg; and on Sunday, the 14th, he set out for England, after having paid his respects to the members of the Diet. The way from the château of Arenenberg to the gate of Constance was lined with crowds of the citizens of Thurgau, all of whom testified their sorrow at the departure of a most charitable and well-beloved neighbour. Between thirty and forty carriages, filled with sympathising friends, followed that in which the Prince travelled. An eye-witness of the scene at the Porte Suisse of Constance[1] has described it as affecting many to tears. Here the Switzers took their leave of the Prince. When he entered Constance—soldiers keeping the road clear—he found that the whole city had turned out in his honour. The windows were crowded with ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the streets were packed with townsfolk. The Prince stopped at the house of one of the principal citizens for an hour, to receive the condolence and the good wishes of the principal families, with many of whom he had lived on hearty social terms. 'When he came out,' the eye-witness observes, 'the men accompanied him to his carriage with their regrets; the ladies were at the windows waving him adieus: the sadness was general. I can testify that I never saw anything more touching.'

On his passage through Germany and Holland to Rotterdam, where he embarked for London on October 23, Prince Louis was received with constant marks of

[1] Élisée Lecomte, in *Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte, la Suisse et Louis-Philippe.*

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respect and sympathy. At Mannheim crowds surrounded his hotel and shouted 'Vive Napoléon!' As he journeyed along the Rhine it was remarked that he was travelling all the time through States which belonged, or had belonged, to his relatives, and crowds flocked to the shores to obtain a glimpse of him. At Düsseldorf, where he stayed a night, he passed to his hotel through a dense uncovered crowd, and he was saluted like an old acquaintance, and his *silhouette* was sold in the streets. He had left London in the summer of 1837 an adventurer covered with ridicule; he returned in the autumn of 1838 a pretender to the throne of France—thanks to Louis Philippe and his Minister—of more consequence in the eyes of Europe than the young Duke of Bordeaux, who was just setting forth on the European tour that was to complete his education.

CHAPTER V.

IN LONDON.

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It was reported—and the report was never contradicted—that when Prince Louis was leaving Arenenberg he received a message from the Prince de Metternich, offering him, in the name of the Emperor, the hospitality of Austria, with a welcome as a prince allied with the Imperial family. The Prince is said to have declined, remarking that he had decided to go to England, because the Government of that country was the only one which had not supported the demand that he should depart from Switzerland; nor was it likely that he would repair to the Court in the fetters of which his cousin the Duke of Reichstadt had died. Austria would have been to Prince Louis as close a prison as the château of Ham was destined soon to be.

Many reasons combined to fix the Prince's mind on London. He had powerful friends there, who had been kind to him after his escape from Italy and on his return from America. In England he would be free to come and go, and talk and print. He was nearer Paris than at Arenenberg; and in England his uncle Joseph held a little court, and he would be in the midst of a number of his countrymen. So many and striking were the advantages of London over Arenenberg, considered as a focus for operations against the French Government, that it seems unaccountable that the men who were interested in crushing the pretensions of Napoleon's heir, and in

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making him a ridiculous figure in the sight of Europe, should compel him to exchange the obscurity of a château in Switzerland for the glare and importance of a place in the fashionable world of England.

In passing from Thurgau to Middlesex, Prince Louis travelled from a place where he associated with a few unknown Switzers to a centre where he was the object of attentions in families of historic name, where he figured in distinguished assemblages as a royal personage, and where his movements were chronicled day by day in the fashionable newspapers.

He reached London, moreover, clothed with a fresh importance, given to him by his enemies. He had made a triumphant progress from his old to his new place of exile; and he arrived to find that the French papers were full of his deeds and pretensions, and that most of them blamed the Government for having been blunderers in the service of their royal master. One paper[1] said that Louis Napoleon had left his home carrying away with him something better than his household gods, viz. the title of pretender, which fear had given him, and which could not be taken away from him. He had crept back to Switzerland furtively as a refugee, to whom justice could be merciful without danger; he had left with his vanity largely satisfied, and buoyed up with ambitious hopes. The eyes of Europe had been fixed upon him by M. Molé; and as a pretender he stood before his own countrymen as one who had, with a flourish of his pen, stayed the tide of war. It was no longer possible to cover him with the absurdity of Strasburg; M. Molé and his master had made him an interesting and a powerful hero.

Another paper[2] twitted the Government not only

[1] The *Nouvelliste français.*

[2] The *Courrier français.*

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with having been proved in the wrong by a little State, and as having ranged the popular element everywhere against them, but with having at the same time raised a second pretender to front the Monarchy of July. The 'Temps' described the Prince as having been compelled by French diplomacy to take up his abode in the very midst of the refugee malcontents of France, with just a few miles of sea running between him and his native land. Another paper[1] went the length of saying: 'Louis Napoleon Bonaparte retires to England; he is no longer a Swiss citizen—he is Napoleon III.—a new pretender!'

Having completed this notable work for the Monarchy of July, the Duke of Montebello was recalled to Paris; and sent thence, as Minister, to the more congenial atmosphere of Naples. Thus Switzerland was almost as highly gratified at the upshot of the expulsion difficulty as Prince Louis himself. It must have mortified Louis Philippe to learn that, on the arrival of the Prince at Fenton's Hotel in London, one of his earliest visitors was the Prince of Capua, brother of the King of Naples. The Bourbon deigned to pay his respects to the Bonaparte.

But this visit was only one of many. Some of the chief members of the aristocracy hastened to show hospitality to the exile. When he drove or rode out a crowd surrounded his hotel. On his round of visits to the remarkable sights of London he was received with State formalities. When he went over the Bank of England the governor escorted him, and the directors gave him a breakfast. He was witnessing the Lord Mayor's show from a window, when the Lord Mayor saluted him in a marked manner as he passed, and the crowd responded with cheers. He was elected honorary member of fashionable clubs. He became, in short, the lion of the season following his arrival.

[1] *L'Europe industrielle.*

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This reception gave umbrage to the French Government, and was highly distasteful to the King of the French. The consequence was a second diplomatic blunder. The French Ambassador was instructed to request the English Government to compel Prince Louis Napoleon to reside away from London, and to confine him to a fixed abode. The request exhibited a marked ignorance of the British Constitution. Lord Melbourne of course replied that no law existed by which ministers could restrict the right of asylum, and that it was impossible to ask Parliament for an Alien Bill to be specially applied to a man whom the French had compelled to repair to her Majesty's dominions.

Foiled a second time, nothing remained for the French Government but the use of spies; and we have the testimony both of M. Guizot and M. de Rémusat that these were not spared. The French Ambassador in London kept a close watch on the movements of the Prince; and from Paris the Minister of the Interior directed the operations, and received the reports of his *mouchards*.

Prince Louis Napoleon arrived in London with a suite of seven persons, M. Fialin de Persigny, Colonels Vaudrey and Bouffet de Montauban, and Dr. Conneau being of the number. Charles Thélin, whom Queen Hortense had, on her death-bed, requested never to cease his attendance on her son, and Fritz Rickenbach were the Prince's faithful servants. It has been said vaguely by unfriendly writers, and notably by Mr. St. John, that the Prince, once established in London, threw himself into all the dissipations of the town, and dwindled to the mere spendthrift man of pleasure. But this description of him is untrue. Prince Louis was no saint either before, during, or after his residence in London. He had his full share of some of the fashionable vices. He kept a

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mistress. He was fond of sports;[1] he delighted in racing; he was expert in all manly exercises. Even in the park his horsemanship was remarkable. He fell in with the fashionable young men of his day, and if, as one of his most distinguished friends has observed to us, he was dissipated, it was among gentlemen. His friends included the Dukes of Bedford, Somerset, Beaufort, Montrose, and Hamilton, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earls of Eglinton, Erroll, Scarborough, Durham, and Chesterfield, Lord Fitzharris (the present Earl of Malmesbury), whom he had known in Italy, and with whom he remained on terms of intimacy till his death, the Greys and the Glengalls, Lords Nugent, Carington, and Combermere, the Leicester Stanhopes. At Gore House he met most of the intellectual society of the time, and became the friend of Count d'Orsay, Mr. Disraeli, Sir Lytton Bulwer, Sir Henry Holland, Dr. Quin, Walter Savage Landor, Albany Fonblanque, and many others who formed Lady Blessington's circle. The Duke of Wellington paid him marked attention. He was welcomed in the best country houses in England, and, in spite of silent and reserved manners, was a favourite in ladies' society. In the 'Court Circular,' the 'Morning Post,' the 'Courier,' and the 'Times' the records of his fashionable engagements abound through 1839 and 1840. One day we learn that the Duke and Duchess of Somerset gave a large dinner at Wimbledon Park to 'their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Capua and Prince Napoleon,' and had a distinguished party to meet them. On another we find that Prince Napoleon Louis visited the Tower, accompanied by two old Imperial officers, Colonels Vaudrey and Bouffet de Montauban; that he 'was everywhere most cordially received,' and

[1] 'I myself saw Prince Louis Napoleon set a large field with the "Queen's" twice in one day.'—Lord William Lennox's *Recollections*.

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that he continued to be 'an object of curiosity and of interest.' He visited Woolwich Arsenal early in 1839, and was attended by Lord Bloomfield and his officers with 'much respect.'

Shortly after his arrival in England the Prince visited Leamington, and thence made a tour of the manufacturing districts. At Leamington he spent his time in a round of visits, concluding with an entertainment given by the Lord-Lieutenant at Warwick Castle. In the manufacturing districts—at Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool—according to the 'Courier,' the Prince was 'everywhere received with marks of interest and regard;' and it was noticed that he was specially interested in the factories and shops, and took copious notes. The 'Courier' concludes: 'He is daily expected in London, as he is desirous of being present at the opening of Parliament.' Wherever he went he was received by the notabilities of the place;[1] and on his return to town we find the Earl of Durham, the Earl of Scarborough, Lord Carington, Sir Lytton Bulwer, and his old Arenenberg friend Count Alfred de Vigny invited by Count d'Orsay to meet him at Gore House.

During this season and the following Prince Louis Napoleon led the life of a young man of fashion, and among the fashionable. He removed from Fenton's Hotel, and established himself first in Waterloo Place, and later in Lord Cardigan's house in Carlton Terrace, where he remained until December 1839, when he removed to the Earl of Ripon's house in Carlton Gardens. His establishment consisted of seventeen persons. He

[1] 'Prince Louis having a day or two ago returned by Birmingham from Manchester, went to visit the new theatre in the former town. The manager prepared a box for his reception, which was elegantly decorated. On the entrance of the Prince the audience, which was very numerous, greeted him with loud and long-continued acclamations.'—*Courier*, February 4, 1839.

had a pair of carriage horses, a horse for his cab, and two saddle-horses. He rode and drove out daily; and Fritz remarks that the Prince's little tiger behind his cabriolet afforded infinite amusement to his French household—of which the faithful Thélin was the chief, being, as fellow-servants used to observe, 'dans les manches du prince.' CHAP. V.

Of Prince Louis's domestic habits during his London life the only formal record is that which is to be found in the famous 'Lettres de Londres'—letters which were spread over France in the Prince's interest, and consequently paint him at his best:—

'The Prince is a working, active man, severe towards himself, indulgent towards others. At six o'clock in the morning he is in his study, where he works till noon—his breakfast hour. After this repast, which never lasts longer than ten minutes, he reads the papers, and has notes taken of the more important events or opinions of the day. At two he receives visits; at four he goes out on his private business; he rides at five and dines at seven; then, generally, he finds time to work again for some hours in the course of the evening.

'As to his tastes and habits, they are those of a man who looks only at the serious side of life; he does not understand luxury for himself. In the morning he dresses for the entire day; he is the simplest dressed man of his household, although there is always a certain military elegance in his appearance. From his earliest childhood he has despised effeminacy and disdained luxury. Although a considerable sum was set apart by his mother for his use, he never thought about it. This money went in acts of benevolence, in founding schools and asylums, in spreading the area of his studies, in printing his political and military works—as his 'Manuel de l'Artillerie'—or in scientific experiments. His mode of

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living has always been rough and frugal. At Arenenberg it was quite military. His apartments, situated not in the château, but in a building apart, had nothing of the luxury and splendour of Queen Hortense's dwelling. It was really the tent of a soldier. There were neither carpets nor arm-chairs, nor anything that could enervate the body, but scientific books and arms of every description. As for himself, he was on horseback at the peep of day, and before anybody was up in the château he had already ridden several leagues when he turned to his desk. Accustomed to military exercises, one of the expertest horsemen it is possible to see, he never passed a day without exercise with the musket, the sword, or the lance, which he wielded with extraordinary rapidity.'

The account of Charles Thélin is in harmony with this sketch. The old and faithful servant has retired to a charming villa, almost buried in flowers, at Le Vesinet, near St. Germain; and while he plays with his garden he will talk tenderly of 'le pauvre Empereur.' From such a witness we obtain a partial, but not a false view.

The pleasures which Prince Louis enjoyed when he first set up an establishment in London, and found himself the lion of the season and a foremost political personage, were those of the time. He was neither better nor worse than his friends; many of them maintain that he was better, because neither the field nor the turf, nor the attractions of society, ever had power to wean him from daily preparation for his destiny. Faith in it had never for a single moment been shaken, and it burned clear and bright when, after his withdrawal from Switzerland, he found himself received and welcomed in England not only by the noble and gifted, but by the body of the people. Their cheers rang in his ears; the festivals to which he was bidden as the first guest stirred his blood, and gave him a foretaste of the splendid here-

after for which he worked with every sunrise. His earnest belief in his star, even when fate appeared most unpropitious, struck his English friends with astonishment. To them it was a wild fancy that betokened weakness of brain and strength of vanity. They had no knowledge of the Prince's early life in his mountain home, where Napoleon had been his dream the livelong day, and where he had nursed and fortified himself in the belief that the star of the mighty genius had not yet set for ever from the earth. Sir Archibald Alison, who knew him when he went shooting in Scotland, has noticed the one idea which was fixed in the Prince's mind:—

'The idea of a destiny, and his having a mission to perform, was throughout a fixed one in Louis Napoleon's mind. No disasters shook his confidence in his star, or his belief in the ultimate fulfilment of his destiny. This is well known to all who were intimate with him in this country after he returned from America in 1837. Among other noble houses the hospitality of which he shared was that of the Duke of Montrose at Buchanan, near Loch Lomond, and the Duke of Hamilton at Brodick Castle, in the island of Arran. His manner in both was in general grave and taciturn; he was wrapt in the contemplation of the future and indifferent to the present. In 1839 the present Earl of W——, then Lord B——, came to visit the author, after having been some days with Louis Napoleon at Buchanan House. One of the first things he said was: 'Only think of that young man Louis Napoleon: nothing can persuade him he is not to be Emperor of France; the Strasburg affair has not in the least shaken him; he is thinking constantly of what he is to do when on the throne.' The Duke of N—— also said to the author in 1854: 'Several years ago, before the Revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at

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Brodick Castle in Arran. We frequently went out to shoot together; neither cared much for the sport, and we soon sat down on a heathery brow of Goatfell, and began to speak seriously. He always opened these conferences by discoursing on what he would do when he was Emperor of France. Among other things he said he would obtain a grant from the Chambers to drain the marshes of the Bries, which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded when the inhabitants, who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he has got a grant of 2,000,000 francs from the Chambers to begin the draining of these very marshes.' All that belongs to Louis Napoleon is now public property, and these noble persons will forgive the author if he endeavours to rescue from oblivion anecdotes so eminently illustrative of the *fixity of purpose* which is the most remarkable feature in that very eminent man's character. This idea of destiny, of a star, or a mission, which are only different words for the same thing, will be found to have been a fixed belief in most men who attain to ultimate greatness. Whether it is that the disposition of mind which leads to such a belief works out its own accomplishment by the energy and perseverance which it infuses into the character, and which enables its possessor to rise superior to all the storms of fate, or that Providence darkly reveals to the chosen instruments of great things—'the vessels of honour' to which the working out of its purposes in human affairs is entrusted—enough of the future to secure its accomplishment, will for ever remain a mystery in this world.'[1]

[1] *History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852.* By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Vol. v. chap. xxxiii.

We shall find this tenacity of purpose in the Prince exhibited in many acts of the Emperor. Before he reached power he had matured many plans that were destined to make his tenure of it memorable.

At no time, we insist, did he permit his pleasures to dim the prospect before him. When he left America he contemplated the renewal of the quiet life of the canton of Thurgau; he hoped to marry, and, in the peace of domestic life, to wait till fate should beckon him forward. But destiny, as he would have said, had willed it otherwise. His early love had proved unkind.[1] The slanders of the official scribes of Louis Philippe had stirred him from his building operations at Gottlieben, and he had resolved to be the equal of his enemy in cunning. All had fallen out better than he had ventured to hope. He had stepped beyond the vineyards of Arenenberg into the arena of political Europe a full-fledged pretender about whom kings gossiped in their closets and ambassadors were busy at foreign ministries. He had in six months confounded the caricaturists of the Strasburg expedition and put the Liberal press everywhere on his side as opposed to that of the Citizen King. Taciturn and self-contained, but an unsleeping observer, he had listened to advice, marked the run of conversation in the various channels around him, scanned the European horizon, and then quietly formed his own resolutions for the future. This was his settled method of proceeding, as he told M. Vieillard.[2]

When of evenings he went, as his wont was, from Carlton Terrace to 10 St. James's Square to have his rubber with his friend Lord Eglinton, he had done

[1] Lady Blessington, in a letter to Madame Guiccioli (May 15, 1840), says: 'I do not believe there is the least likelihood of Prince Montfort's daughter marrying Prince Louis.' King Jerome travelled under the name of De Montfort.

[2] See Appendix.

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something in his own way towards the realisation of his unbroken dream. In the first flush of his success in London he kept his mind fixed on the next step which, in opposition to the advice of his friends, he had determined to take. Having established himself before the world as a pretender—not to the French throne, but to power in France—he argued that he was bound to lay before his countrymen his interpretation of his uncle's ideas of government. In his resolution to publish he was fortified by the malignity with which the French Ministerial press never ceased to assail him while he remained in England. One day he was accused of fomenting the Barbès *émeute*, on another it was reported that he had sent two of his aides-de-camp to Madrid on a political mission. In a letter to the 'Times' (March 23, 1839) M. de Persigny gave a sharp denial to the rumour on behalf of the Prince; but the *mouchards* of the French Ministry of the Interior were bound to show something for their wages.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NAPOLEONIC TRADITION.

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THE appearance of the 'Idées napoléoniennes' made a profound impression in France, and it speedily ran through four editions. The book was violently attacked both by the Ministerial and Republican organs, because behind it all distinctly perceived the figure of a pretender. A closely and roughly printed work, stitched in a green paper cover, stamped with the Imperial eagle, it was sold at a price within the means of the people. It was to the people the author appealed. And he did not appeal in vain.

The 'Idées napoléoniennes' are the brightest, and fullest expression of the mind of Prince Louis Napoleon that he has left to the world. His political life is this work in action. By its light his conduct as president and emperor must be judged. It explains not only his behaviour in power, but the means by which he reached it. It is the text-book of his policy, the code of his personal law, the last result of his unwearied study of the man by the lamp of whose genius he guided every footstep, and under whose inspiration he lived and died. Yet these 'Idées napoléoniennes' are not a mere summary of the intellectual manifestations of Napoleon I.; they are rather new developments of it, applications of it to the changed aspects of the political world, the Napoleonic

[1] *Les Idées napoléoniennes.* Par le prince Napoléon-Louis Bonaparte. Prix cinquante centimes. Paris, chez Bohaire, libraire, Boulevart des Italiens, 10. 1839.

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idea amplified and carried forward for the government of society by a second Napoleon. The genius of the interpreter is of a more liberal caste than that of the creator. Prince Louis was in his youth, and remained to the close of his life, a Radical. He based his entire political structure on the will of the people. His earliest work proclaims this, and his latest political act is evidence of his steadfastness in this faith. His rule, as it is laid down in these Ideas, and as he manifested himself in the purple, might have been summed up in the device—Liberty, Equality, Authority. The authority of which he dreamed appeared in a bee-besprinkled cloak, but it was derived from sources within earshot of the loom and the flail. It has been said—and by his intimate friends as well as his enemies—that Prince Louis was a socialist as well as a democrat. He was a searcher—and a bold one—after the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and he was not affrighted by the ugly names men gave in his early or even in his later time to the theorists who have endeavoured to effect new adjustments of society, for the benefit of the prolétaire. In prison he essayed his pen at the extinction of pauperism; and when the German war broke out he was pondering the many developments of the co-operative system, and had actually engaged in a large mining experiment, wherein the miners received a regulated proportion of the profits.[1]

The 'Idées napoléoniennes' appeared when the ground for them had been prepared by Louis Philippe's Government. Prince Louis chose his time well. The French people's minds were filled with the glory of Napoleon; and the Government of July, having no prestige of its own, fed the popular appetite. The arch of triumph under

[1] An exhaustive report on co-operation was preparing for him when he left for the seat of war in 1870.

which the King passed daily to Neuilly was a sculptured record of Imperial glory. The Vendôme Column held the Little Corporal aloft, to be seen by all Paris; and his old grenadiers came again and again to deposit immortelles at his feet. The Prince of Joinville was on his way to St. Helena to fetch the ashes of the conqueror home to the Invalides!

Moreover, the Ministry of the King had been reprimanded by the three sections of the Opposition led by Guizot, Thiers, and Odilon Barrot as acting unconstitutionally—that is, against the majority of the Chamber—and had demanded the appointment of a president whose responsibility before Parliament should effectually cover the King. At the opening of the Parliamentary campaign of 1839, the three leaders of sections of the Chamber—all statesmen infinitely superior in ability and popularity to M. Molé—had coalesced, and after a fortnight of hot discussion had imposed an Opposition address on the Crown. In this they censured the evacuation of Ancona as weak, and the bullying of Switzerland to compel the withdrawal of Prince Louis Napoleon as having drawn an indignity upon France. Beaten in the Chamber, M. Molé resigned; but only to be called back by the King, who would not take the constitutional course of applying to a statesman who could command a majority. M. Molé dissolved the hostile Parliament, only to find himself in the presence of a new one, at least as inimical as the old, and of a coalition still led by Guizot, Thiers, and Odilon Barrot. Whereupon Molé resigned definitively, and a series of ministerial complications followed, caused by the King, who said that it mattered not to him who were ministers, provided his system was not changed.[1] Soult,

[1] 'The truth is that Louis Philippe is the prime mover of the foreign relations of France, and one must admit in one's own mind that if he had been a very straightforward, scrupulous, and high-minded man

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Thiers, Guizot, tried successively to form a Ministry, and failed. The King was unyielding, especially in his Spanish policy, which covertly favoured the Carlists. At length a haphazard and ridiculously weak provisional Cabinet was formed, because some government was necessary to meet the Chamber. This at once fell to pieces. There had been a Ministerial interreguum of five months, when the Republicans, emboldened by the anarchy in Parliament, broke out in the famous Barbès *émeute*, some of the responsibility of which the King endeavoured, as we have already noted, to fasten upon Prince Louis Napoleon. The Prince haughtily replied, in a letter to the English papers, that he had no knowledge whatever of the Republican plot, adding: 'If I were the soul of a conspiracy, I should be also at the head of it in the moment of danger, and I would not repudiate it after a defeat.'

It was, then, while all France was disturbed and distressed by the condition of public affairs; whilst Soult presided over a feeble coalition Ministry which he got together, while his sword was still unsheathed and directed against barricades in the streets of Paris, and fear pervaded all classes that another revolution was imminent; that Prince Louis put forth his 'Idées napoléoniennes.' The King had obtained a temporary victory over the chiefs of the Parliamentary coalition; but it was the victory which ultimately cost him his throne—for out of it sprang the agitation for Parliamentary reform, under which his power crumbled and his dynasty was smothered.[1] The

he would not now be sitting on the French throne.' — *Palmerston to Granville, April* 23, 1840.

[1] 'One of the effects of the victory of the King over the Parliamentary coalition was a general dissatisfaction not only with the Ministry, but with the representative Chamber. It was accused of being too narrow, of being divided into factions moved by personal rivalry and interest, without a great principle or conviction to guide it. The difference between the parties in the Chamber was, in fact, nothing. It required ingenuity to make them or to state

constitutional party had triumphed in Spain by the help of England, and to the scarcely disguised sorrow of Louis Philippe; and the Eastern question was appearing above the horizon. Guizot was sent to London to conduct negotiations upon the affairs of the East, as well as to watch Prince Louis,[1] and he led them to the brink of war; and it was while the East was what we now call 'a burning question' that the French Government resolved to counteract the popularity of the Republicans by conveying the ashes of Napoleon from St. Helena to the Invalides. Crowe observes that when the French Ambassador asked Lord Palmerston for permission he smiled. 'It was as much as to say: "You Orleanists don't know what you're doing."'

Within half an hour's walk of his Excellency M. Guizot in London, however, there was a very shrewd reader of passing events. He said, speaking from Carlton Gardens, and addressing himself to Louis Philippe's discontented subjects:—

'If the destiny which my birth appeared to indicate had not been changed by events, as the nephew of the Emperor I should have been one of the defenders of his throne, a disseminator of his ideas; I should have had the glory of being one of the pillars of his edifice, or of dying in one of the squares of his guard fighting for France. The Emperor is no more; but his spirit is not dead. Deprived of the possibility of defending his tutelary power by arms, I can at least endeavour to defend his

them. The remedy solemnly proposed to them was *reform*, electoral reform.'—*Crowe.*

[1] The Paris papers state as a reason why General Sébastien is recalled, that he could not, connected as he had been with the Bonaparte family, keep that active *surveillance* over the Prince Louis Napoleon which was desired by the French Government, and that M. Guizot, whose enmity to the Bonapartes was well known, was selected to watch over him in the honourable post of ambassador. The police continued active in their search for proofs of the alleged Bonapartean plot.'—*The Courier*, February 4, 1840.

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memory by writing. To enlighten opinion by seeking out the thought which presided over his great conceptions, to recall to mind his vast projects, is a task that is welcome to my heart, and that consoles me in exile. The fear of clashing with opposite opinions will not stay me; for the ideas which are under the ægis of the greatest genius of modern times may be avowed without circumlocution. They cannot be modified by the changes of the political atmosphere. The enemy of every absolute theory, and of all moral dependence, I have no engagement with any party, with any sect, with any government. My voice is as free as my mind, and I love liberty.'[1]

With these words Prince Louis submitted his first edition of the 'Idées napoléoniennes' to the French people. Under the title he printed a line from his uncle: 'The old system is at an end: the new is not yet established.' In a later edition, published early in 1840, the epigraph was: 'Not only the ashes, but the ideas, of the Emperor must be brought back.'

Between the summer of 1839 and the spring of 1840 events had moved briskly forward in France. Although reform—even the very moderate measure which the Opposition demanded—had been refused, and the King and his Ministers still played at State craft with a high hand, a majority had refused to grant a dotation to the Duke of Nemours on his marriage. It had become the general belief that the King was rich almost beyond the dreams of avarice, and this idea was fostered and widened by the refusal of the Ministers to divulge the state of the royal fortune. The refusal was a blunder, according to some authorities, because the Orleans property was then of moderate extent; but it is clear that it was of an amount which, in the estimation of the King, would have determined the Chamber not to saddle the country with

[1] Preface to the *Idées napoléoniennes.*

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a payment of 20,000*l.* a year to a younger son. The refusal of the Chamber was described by the King himself as a personal humiliation. It was followed by the resignation of Soult and the advent of Thiers to power, pledged against reform. In this Ministry Billault, who was destined to be a minister of the author of the 'Idées napoléoniennes,' first took office, as an Under-Secretary of State.

The breach between the throne and the narrow factions of the upper or richer middle class on which it rested, and the broad mass of the French people, which had been slowly widening down to the time when M. Thiers first assumed the head of public affairs in his country, soon became a chasm. This is to be laid to the account of the obstinate King, and not to that of M. Thiers, who, although pledged not to promote Parliamentary reform when he took office, remained the friend of Barrot and his party, and felt with them that reform must come.

It was to the people as opposed to the middle-class bureaucracy of France—to the people from whom Louis Philippe was obstinately separating himself—that Prince Louis Napoleon addressed the following explanatory preface to the 'Idées napoléoniennes:'—

'For twenty-five years France has been exhausting herself in vain efforts to establish a durable state of affairs. The causes of trouble are for ever recurring, and society passes and repasses from febrile agitation to lethargic apathy.

'This instability of men's minds is common to all periods of transition, when the governors give up to chance the passage from an old to a new system, instead of stamping a firm and regular direction upon it.

'The great movement of 1789 had two distinct characters—the one social, the other political. The

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social revolution has triumphed in spite of our reverses, while the political revolution has failed in spite of the victories of the people. Here is the whole cause of the uneasiness that torments us.

'When, at the opening of the nineteenth century, the great figure of Napoleon appeared, all society wore a new aspect. The popular flood subsided, the ruins disappeared, and people were astonished to see order and prosperity issue from the same crater which had engulphed them.

'It was because the great man was solving for France and for Europe the mightiest of problems. He was effecting boldly, but without disorder or excess, a transition between old and new interests; he was laying in France the broad foundations that were to ensure the triumph of the social revolution and the political revolution. But the Empire had hardly fallen when the ferment of discord began to appear. Superannuated pretensions reappeared, and with them the revolutionary excesses they had originally produced. The régime set up in 1800, guided by a superior genius, had founded everywhere progressive institutions based on principles of order and authority; but the old régime returned in 1814 and 1815 under the mask of Liberal ideas. The body was wrapped in fresh colours, and people mistook the shroud of a corpse for the swaddling clothes of a child full of hopes.

'This disguise produced a dire perturbation in the public mind. Reputations and flags were confused. The foreign oppressor was saluted as the liberator of nations. The glorious remnants of the armies of the Republic and the Empire were called brigands. The admirers of the oligarchical system of England were dubbed Liberals, while an endeavour was made to defame as partisans of absolutism those who regretted the democratic tutelary power of the plebeian hero who assured

the independence of nations, and who was the only true representative of our revolution. CHAP. VI.

'One day we hoped that this state of deception and uncertainty was closed, and that the revolution of 1830 would fix for ever the destinies of France. Vain hope. The revolution has only sown amongst us other elements of discord and trouble, and to-day only confused theories, shabby interests, and sordid passions exist.

'Corruption on one side, falsehood on the other, and hatred everywhere: this is our condition. And in the midst of this chaos of intelligence and misery it would appear as though there were no idea powerful enough to rally a majority, as though there were not a man popular enough to become the personification of a great interest.

'This subdivision of opinion, this lack of greatness, this indifference on the part of the people, prove well enough how all the theories which have been put forward since 1815 have been insufficient to establish a system or give a foundation to a cause.

'French society is not obeying a regular impulse, but is seeking a line to follow. It does not march; it wanders.

'To us, then, who were seeking and wandering also, a way and a guide have appeared. The guide is the extraordinary man who—a second Joshua—held the light and drove back the darkness. The way is the furrow he ploughed from one end of the world to the other, and in which there is fertility and abundance.

'In the difficult time through which our age is destined to pass, instead of taking the doctrines of college rectors, it appears to us more logical to follow the precepts and be the apostles of the man who was even greater as a legislator than he was redoubtable as a captain. When, in the history of the past, a man appeared on the world's stage who had the double character of founder and warrior, the generations who followed him

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took up after his death the institutions which he had sanctioned, the road which he had indicated.

'For centuries the people of the banks of the Jordan followed the law of Moses. The institutions of Mahomet have established that empire in the East which still resists our civilisation. In spite of the murder of Cæsar, his policy and spirit maintained Roman unity for six hundred years, kept back the barbarians, and widened the limits of the empire.

'During eight centuries the feudal and religious system established by Charlemagne governed Europe, and served as a transition between Roman society and that which was broken up in '89. And we, who have had in our ranks and at the head of us a Moses, a Mahomet, a Cæsar, a Charlemagne, shall we seek anywhere, save in his precepts, an example and a political synthesis?

'Great men have this in common with the Divinity, that they do not wholly die. Their spirit survives them, and the Napoleonic idea has sprung from the tomb of St. Helena, as the moral of the Evangelist rose triumphant from the agony of Calvary.

'Political, like religious faith, has had its martyrs. It will have in the same way its apostles and its empire.'

These comparisons may shock many readers; but they express vividly the intensity of the writer's faith in his ideal—his providential ruler—and they explain the unconquerable fixity of purpose with which he travelled through difficulties and hostile influences to his goal.

Prince Louis then succintly explained his conception of the Napoleonic idea:—

'From every political convulsion springs a moral, progressive, civilising idea. The Napoleonic idea started from the French Revolution as Minerva started from the head of Jupiter—helmet on head and covered with armour. It fought to exist, it triumphed to persuade, it fell to arise from its ashes.

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'The Napoleonic idea is that of reconstituting French society, upset by fifty years of revolution, of reconciling order with liberty, the rights of the people with the principle of authority.

'In the midst of divided parties, of which one sees only the past and the other only the future, it takes the ancient forms and the new principles.

'Desiring a solid foundation, its system rests on principles of eternal justice, and it tramples underfoot the reactionary theories which are born of party excesses.

'It replaces the hereditary system of old aristocracies by a system of hierarchy which, while it assures equality, rewards merit and guarantees order.

'It finds in democracy an element of strength and stability, because it regulates it.

'It finds an element of strength in liberty, because it prepares its reign wisely, by laying broad foundations before raising the edifice.

'It follows neither the wavering steps of a party nor the passions of the mob; it commands through reason, and guides because it goes first.

'Soaring above political côteries, free from any natural prejudice, it perceives in Frenchmen only brothers who are to be reconciled, and in the various nations of Europe only the members of one great family.

'It does not proceed by exclusion, but by reconciliation. It reunites the nation instead of dividing it. It gives to each the occupation he deserves—the place to which he is entitled by his merit and his work—without enquiring about his opinions or his political antecedents.

'Having only the general good for object, it does not seek means to prop a tottering power, but how the country is to be made prosperous.

'It attaches importance only to things: it abhors hollow words. It executes in a year the measures others only discuss during two. It travels full-sail upon the

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ocean of civilisation, instead of remaining in a stagnant pond trying in vain all kinds of rigging. It repels the polemics of the day, which resemble the religious discussions of the Middle Ages, in which people fought on the metaphysical question of the transubstantiation of the blood of our Lord, instead of resting on the great evangelical principles. It never blames or welcomes a microscopical law on imaginary guarantees, or reactionary exclusions, or disputed liberties. It is not child's play. A giant itself, it engages only in a war of Titans. Its arms are entire nations, and its triumphs or reverses are a signal to the world of liberty or slavery.

'The Napoleonic idea has as many branches as there are phases of human genius. It vivifies agriculture, it invents new products, it borrows useful inventions from foreign countries; it levels mountains, spans rivers, facilitates intercommunication, and compels nations to shake hands; it gives work to all hands and all capacities; it enters the cottage, not holding forth barren declarations about the rights of man, but with means to slake the poor man's thirst, to quench his hunger, and with a glorious story to awaken his patriotism. The Napoleonic idea is like the evangelical idea. It shuns luxury, and needs neither pomp nor show to make it prevail; it is only as a last resource that it invokes the God of armies. Humble without meanness, it strikes at every door, meets opprobrium without rancour, and moves onward unceasingly, because there is light in front, and the people follow.

'The Napoleonic idea, confident in its strength, casts far away corruption, flattery, and falsehood, as the base auxiliaries of weakness. Although it derives all from the people, it does not flatter them. It disdains those courtly democratic phrases with which the masses are caressed, in order to obtain some petty sympathies—in

imitation of the courtiers who threw incense about the king in his old age, by praising the merits which he no longer possessed. Its object is not to create a passing popularity by rekindling half-extinguished hatred and flattering dangerous passions; it speaks candidly to all, whether king or tribune, rich or poor; it yields praise or scatters blame in proportion as actions are worthy or despicable.

'The Napoleonic idea has long since conciliated the sympathy of the masses, because in the mass sentiment precedes reason—the heart feels before the brain conceives. When the Christian religion spread, nations adopted it before they understood all the extent of its moral.' The influence of a great genius is a fluid that travels like electricity. It exalts the imagination, makes the heart beat, and draws men to it, because it touches the soul before it conquers it.

'This influence which it (the Napoleonic idea) believes it exercises over the masses it desires to use not to uproot society, but, on the contrary, to settle and reorganise it. The Napoleonic idea is therefore, in the very nature of it, an idea of peace rather than of war—an idea of order and reconstitution rather than an idea of dismemberment. It professes, without rancour or hate, the political moral which the great man was the first to conceive; it developes those great principles of justice, authority, and liberty which are too often forgotten in troublous times.

'Seeking above all things to persuade and convince, it preaches concord and confidence, and appeals to reason rather than to force. But if, driven by too much persecution, it became the only hope of the unhappy people and the last refuge of the glory and honour of the nation, then, taking up the helmet and the lance, and ascending the altar of the country, it would say to the people,

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deceived by so many ministers and by so many orators, what St. Remigius said to the proud Sicambri: "Overthrow your false gods and your images of clay; burn what you have adored till now, and adore what you have burnt."'

The figure which the French people were invited to adore was Napoleon. In the first chapter of the 'Idées' the author, in reviewing 'governments in general,' dwells with emphasis on the *rôle* of the predestined—the providential man. He declines to enter upon the relative merits of monarchy and republic. 'I leave it,' he says, 'to philosophers and metaphysicians to solve a problem which I, *à priori*, believe to be insoluble.' Society has advanced upon the shoulders of great men; civilisation has stepped from the shoulders of Alexander to those of Cæsar, from Cæsar to Constantine, from Constantine to Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Napoleon.' He points to the United States and to Russia as the only two Powers that are thoroughly carrying out their providential mission. In the West government is a mere administration, and has only for the present to let the people alone while they people the wilderness; in the East the government is that of a single will, which has for a century and a half been drawing mighty masses of men out of barbarism. Then the Prince appeals to the France of Henri IV., of Louis XIV., of Carnot, and of Napoleon, and asks her whether she—the genius of the pacific arts and of war—has she not also her mission?

'Napoleon, on reaching the theatre of the world, saw that his *rôle* was to be the executor of the Revolution. The destructive fire of parties was quenched; and when the Revolution, dying but not vanquished, left to Napoleon the accomplishment of its last wishes, it must have said to him: "Establish upon solid bases the main results of

my efforts; reunite divided Frenchmen; repel feudal Europe leagued against me; heal my wounds; enlighten the nations; execute in breadth that which I have dug in depth; be to Europe what I have been to France; and even if you should have to water the tree of civilisation with your blood, to see your projects misunderstood and your flesh wandering without a country over the face of the earth, never forsake the sacred cause of the French people, and make them triumph by all the means which genius can conceive and humanity approve."'

This mission, according to Prince Louis, was thoroughly performed by his uncle. He insisted that Napoleon hastened forward more than any other legislator or warrior the reign of liberty, by saving the moral influence of the Revolution, and by lessening the fears which it had inspired. Had it not been for Napoleon all the effects and lessons of the French Revolution would have been stamped out of society by sovereigns and their satellites. He made the new liberties which the men of the Revolution had snatched from between the clenched teeth of feudalism endure beyond the passionate hours in which they were conceived, because he raised authority and order as sentinels over them. Then he defines the reasons why Napoleon succeeded in imposing his will and leadership on his countrymen. He understood, he studied, he mastered them, saying: 'The genius of the workman consists in his knowledge of the materials which he has in his hands.' He gave to the new the order and authority which had belonged to the old. Prince Louis observed that he re-established religion, *but without making the clergy a means of government.* He re-established monarchy, but he asked the people to stamp it; and they did re-establish it in his person and that of his heirs by four millions of votes.

'Behold Rome!' Prince Louis exclaims. 'During

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five centuries her republican institutions placed her at the head of the world. During five centuries the elective system produced great men; and the dignity of the consul, the senator, and the tribune was above that of the thrones of kings, which the Romans had only seen attached to the chariots of the conqueror. Although Rome was no longer capable of enduring the secular institutions which had made her strength and grandeur, she preserved nevertheless during six centuries more, under the emperors, the venerated forms of the Republic. In the same way the French Republic, which succeeded a monarchy of fourteen hundred years, the result of which had been to make a great and glorious France by the sole principle of monarchical centralisation, in spite of the vices and errors of kings, not only clothed itself in the old forms, but from its origin it preserved the distinctive character of monarchy, by proclaiming and enforcing in every way that centralisation of power which had been the vital element of French nationality. Let us add to these considerations that Napoleon and Cæsar, who were both in analogous circumstances, were forced to act from the same motives in different directions. Cæsar must have desired to preserve republican forms, and Napoleon those of monarchy.

'At the beginning of the nineteenth century the general idea was in favour of making the power of the Emperor hereditary. In this was expressed the traditional strength of old institutions, or the prestige of the man who was invested with authority, or the desire for a state of things which gave the best guarantee of stability. But the difficulty in the establishment of the Republic might be explained by another consideration. The France had been democratic since 1789; and it is difficult to conceive of the existence of a republic in a great European State without an aristocracy.' The Prince

slily cites M. Thiers in support. The historian, in his 'History of the French Revolution,' observes that if the authors of the Revolution had reflected a little more, they would have perceived that for a republic an aristocracy was the better governing power.

The 'Idées napoléoniennes' is a thoroughly exhaustive work on Napoleon as a legislator. From the consideration of governments in general and their mission the author passes to general ideas on Napoleon's form and measures of government; protesting energetically against the notion that personal ambition was his motive as a legislator and conqueror, and maintaining that in the end the masses of humanity would do him justice. Then his internal or domestic policy is reviewed. His organisation of the administrative functions of the State is passed in review; and we are called upon to observe his wisdom in the benevolent, commercial, agricultural, industrial, communal, and educational institutions which he founded. The author insists that the policy of centralisation which the Emperor adopted was the only policy which in democratic France could at once offer a successful resistance to unfriendly Europe, and solidly secure liberty at home. It exists to this day almost as it passed out of his creative hand; but liberty has not yet become a tree of large growth under it, because the local institutions—the departmental, arrondissement, and communal centres—which it comprehends have been kept under subjection to the Ministry of the Interior. Napoleon's plan is admirably ordered, either for the exercise of absolute sway from one centre, or for the regular play of local liberties in harmony with a central force; unfortunately it has been used hitherto only as a political engine and for the subjection of local life to the central State authority. It has not yet been put to the use for which, according to his nephew, he designed it.

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The care with which Napoleon sought to foster manufactures and agriculture, by encouraging inventors and the use of machinery; his consultative chambers of *arts et métiers* and his *prud'hommes*; his plans for extending credits to tottering industries—are dwelt upon by Prince Louis with great unction, these being the subjects which had always had a special charm for him, derived probably from the example of his brother Napoleon, who gave up his whole time to the study of the industrial arts, and was a practical manufacturer. Napoleon's schools still exist, but they have not been carried forward in the spirit which presided at their birth. Yet France owes it to him that no child of genius within the lines of her frontier need fail for the lack of school. Art schools, science schools, military and naval and mining schools, sprang up even while all France was a drill-ground; and the high place which Frenchmen have held through this century in the arts and sciences is the gift of Napoleon to them. When Prince Louis reminded them of this in 1840, he appealed to the least objectionable form of their vanity. When he recalled to his readers that Napoleon, so harsh to foreigners as a rule, opened his arms wide to the scholars and men of science of all nations, and bade the inventors and scientific men of Europe compete for his prizes for progress in the knowledge of galvanism, for the best medical treatise on croup, and in other departments of intellectual activity, he struck a chord of sympathy among the cultivated that sounded far afield. Thibaudeau said that after the fall of the Empire it was the scholars of Napoleon's lyceums, scattered over the country, who carried forward the glory of France in arts, letters, and science. This, Prince Louis protested, was the Napoleonic idea. Napoleon hated ignorance as he hated cowardice; and so he raised a ladder to learning the rungs of which were the

primary school, the secondary school the lyceum, while at the top stood the Institute of France. CHAP. VI.

Having dwelt on all that his hero did for France 'in the intervals of battle,' Prince Louis asks what has been done by his successors during twenty-four years of profound peace; and he imagines the questions that Napoleon might address to them from heaven.

Have you given your Chamber of Peers the democratic organisation of my Senate?

Have you given to our electoral system the democratic basis of my cantonal assemblies?

Have not crimes, instead of diminishing, increased?

Have you, as I did, made a hundred new industries spring from the soil?

Have you bettered the condition of the poor?

Have you kept the clergy strictly within the limits of their religious duties and away from political power?

Have you lessened the taxes of the people?

These and many other questions are addressed to the Bourbons, junior and senior, and the reply is: 'No; you have maintained all that was intended to be transitory in my reign, and you have cast out all the advantages which palliated its defects. You have obtained none of the blessings of peace, and you have kept all the evils of war.'

After reviewing Napoleon's foreign policy and his idea of an European confederation, which had a special charm for the sentimental mind of his nephew, Prince Louis concludes. He maintains that the dream of his uncle was to unite the people, not the kings, of the Continent. He declared that the Holy Alliance was an idea stolen from him; but he meant the alliance of nations by their kings, and not of kings against their nations. And all was ruined because the impatient spirit of the great man travelled too fast. He tried to

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do in ten years the work of centuries. Still, the people loved him to the end, and still love him; and twice it required 1,200,000 soldiers to snap the Imperial sceptre.

The form and style of the 'Idées napoléoniennes' are eminently Napoleonic; that is, they exhibit a striking and intimate knowledge of the character of the French people. To the English eye there is a tawdry tinsel look about the whole, but then it must be remembered that the Ideas are dressed not for the contemplation of the statesman in his closet, but to catch the uncultivated mass and the half-cultivated middle-class. Under the glitter there is the fruit of many years spent by the young author in close study; there is close and methodical reasoning. The book commanded the respectful attention of serious thinkers in France, and raised Prince Louis to a respectable place among the political philosophers of his time, and hereby forwarded the object he had in view in sowing it broadcast over his own country. The work struck a serious note in England also.

Prince Louis presented a copy of the first edition to Sir Lytton Bulwer. It is in the library of Knebworth. The title page is inscribed: 'A sir Bulwer Lytton: souvenir de la part de l'auteur, NAPOLÉON-LOUIS B.'

Under this inscription the author of 'Rienzi' wrote:—

'The book of a very able mind; with few ideas, but these ideas bold, large, and reducible to vigorous action. Very much depreciated at this day by the critics of a drawing-room, Prince Louis Napoleon has qualities that may render him a remarkable man if he ever return to France.

'Dogged, daring, yet somewhat reserved and close, he can conceive with secresy and act with promptitude. His faults would come from conceit and rashness; but akin with those characteristics are will and enthusiasm.

He has these in a high degree. Above all, he has that intense faith in his own destiny *with* which men rarely fail of achieving something great, *without* which all talent lacks the *mens divinior*. CHAP. VI.

'E. B. L. 1839.'[1]

The truth and depth of this estimate were singularly verified in the sequel of Prince Louis's life.

[1] Communicated to the author by Robert, second Lord Lytton.

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARATIONS FOR BOULOGNE.

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THE French Government writers found in the Eglinton tournament, which took place at the end of August 1839, admirable material for satire against Prince Louis Napoleon. He suffered in France by his participation in the grand tourney of his friend just as Lord Eglinton and his guests suffered at the hands of contemporary English satirical writers. It was a masquerade in the open, a mediæval parade held in the most prosaic of ages, a costly burlesque. It was to be laughed at as the freak of a number of young men of high birth, high spirits, and abundant means. It took place in floods of pitiless rain, that draggled the feathers, rusted the steel, and stained the satin; and this added to its absurdity and gave a new 'wasp's edge' to the epigram of the satirists. For three days the masqueraders of the age of chivalry bore up against the weather, and the lavish host exhausted himself in devices to lessen the keenness of the general disappointment; but the dampness brought dulness, and the splendid whim was drowned.

The second day's tilting took place in a ball-room.

'Hark! through the ball-saloon the blithe French horn rings its notes, recalls the black forest of Ardennes, the grim wolf at bay, the gory hounds and gallant sportsmen. At its sound Napoleon Bonaparte rushes on his foe; the fleurs-de-lis which emblazon the floor are effaced beneath his mailed tread.

'The tilting on foot between Prince Napoleon Louis and Mr. Charles Lamb, the Knight of the White Rose, both armed cap-à-pié, was sustained with high spirit, and gave great amusement to the numerous dames and cavaliers who crowded round. Their spears riven, they drew their swords, and the armour rings beneath their heavy blows.'[1]

The chronicler tells us how the address of Prince Louis was admired, and how his squire, Count Persigny, 'went through the lance exercise with considerable address and dexterity.' Then we have a description of the Prince's steel cuirass and helmet, his plume and jacket, his evening cassock of green velvet, his gold sword-belt, his crimson cap and jewelled aigrette.[2] His friends were not less fantastically arrayed. The Earl of Malmesbury (then Viscount Fitzharris) was in a green velvet tunic and flesh-coloured hose. After the tourney came the banquet, on which Captain Bulkeley dwells with real enthusiasm :—

'The noble banquet pavilion, 175 by 45 feet, hung with trophies and Gothic embellishments, presented an elevated table of honour surmounted by a dais ; a gold service, and numerous cups, won by the race-horses bred by the Lord of the Tournament and his grandfather, adorned it. Three stem tables, covered with a profusion of the richest plate, ran the whole length of the saloon.

[1] *A Right Faithfull Chronique of the Ladies and Knights who gained Worship at the Grand Tourney holden at his Castle by the Earl of Eglintoun.* London, 1840. By James Bulkeley.

[2] '*Morning costume:*—A highly polished steel cuirass, over a leather jacket, trimmed with crimson satin; a steel-vizored helmet, with a high plume of white feathers; white silk hose and russet boots. *Evening costume:*—A short cassock of dark green velvet, with shirt and sleeves of crimson satin; a sword-belt or girdle of gold confined the waist; cap of crimson velvet, with a yellow feather, fastened by a jewelled aigrette, falling gracefully over the left side; flesh-silk hose, with high boots, turned over red, and bound with gold lace.'—*Bulkeley.*

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The Queen of Beauty, the Lord of the Tournament, the King of the Tournament, Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte sat at the centre seats of the table of honour, which was embayed, and rounded at the ends: a knight, with his banner, occupied each curve.'

This game of heroes and heroines was precious to the wicked tongues of the boulevards, and it was food to anti-Bonapartist writers long after the frolic was ended and forgotten on the British side of the Straits of Dover. Even when Prince Louis had become emperor his biographers thought it necessary to explain and defend, or at any rate to excuse, his participation in a mock tournament, which, after all, was surely a more manly diversion than 'the tournament of doves of the present time.'

According to his friends—and we must be permitted to cite among them his most intimate London friend, Lord Malmesbury—Prince Louis always affected those amusements which required spirit and skill. His Arenenberg and Thun training had made him an adept in the use of arms, but he excelled in the lance exercise, and this probably gave Lord Eglington's tourney a special attraction in his eyes.

Early in 1840 an event happened in which the Prince's skill as a swordsman might have stood him in good stead. Count Léon,[1] a reputed natural son of Napoleon, had arrived in London in February, and had called first upon Joseph, ex-King of Spain, next on Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, and thirdly on Prince Louis Napoleon. All these personages declined to receive him. The Count then wrote a letter to Prince Louis, which the Prince declined to answer, but sent Colonel Parquin to give explanations. These were not deemed satisfactory by the

[1] Count Léon afterwards accepted a pension of 6,000 francs from the Emperor, and was a constant petitioner for help during the Empire.

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Count, and he at once sent the Prince a challenge by Lieutenant-Colonel Ratcliffe. The consequence was a meeting at seven in the morning of March 3, on Wimbledon Common. The Prince was accompanied to the ground by Count d'Orsay and Colonel Parquin, and Count Léon by Colonel Ratcliffe. On the ground the Count refused to fight with swords; but he found the Prince as ready to give him satisfaction with pistols. The delay caused by this change of weapons, however, gave the authorities time to get scent of the impending breach of the peace, and before the seconds could put their men in position the police came up. The affair ended in Bow Street, where the two principals entered into their own recognisances in 500*l.* each, and produced sureties to an equal amount, to keep the peace. The seconds were also bound over. It is noticeable that Mr. Joshua Bates (of Baring Brothers) was surety for Prince Louis and Colonel Parquin, and that the Hon. Francis Baring was Count d'Orsay's surety. Mr. Bates was one of the Prince's most devoted friends, and he not only offered him hospitality at East Sheen, but always kept a credit of 2,000*l.* open to him at his bank.[1]

But in the spring of 1840 Prince Louis had a more important matter on hand than the satisfaction of Count Léon's vanity. He had watched the effect of his 'Idées napoléoniennes' in France, and he had followed up its

[1] 'The deposed kings and princes of the Bonaparte family, and among them the present Emperor of France and the Prince Napoleon, were his guests; and, at a later period, the exiled princes of the Orleans family found an asylum in his mansion at Sheen. He aided them in their pecuniary arrangements when their resources were straightened; and Louis Napoleon, in his days of exile, was always allowed by the house (Baring Brothers) a credit of 2,000*l.*' *Letter of Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, Boston, November* 14, 1864, *to the Hon. Lorenzo Sabine, Secretary to the Boston Board of Trade, quoted in a Tribute of Boston Merchants to the Memory of Joshua Bates, October* 1864. Boston: printed for private circulation.

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success, and the Napoleonic effervescence that was everywhere apparent while the Prince of Joinville was on his way to St. Helena, by entering into correspondence with the chiefs of the Bonapartist party, and also by sending forth emissaries to test the feeling of the French army. In the Strasburg attempt the Prince had been led forward by rash partisans, acting on his youthful enthusiasm as the depositary of a mission. Still he had not been far from success. He read the signs of the times in the commentaries and acts which that attempt evoked. The acquittal of Parquin, Vaudrey, and the rest in the face of undeniable evidence of their guilt, and the popularity of that acquittal; the course adopted by the independent French journals when his expulsion from Switzerland was demanded; the position to which he himself had been elevated as a pretender more popular than the Duke of Bordeaux; the delight with which the Parisians had seen the Little Corporal lifted to the summit of the Vendôme Column; and, finally, the feverish anxiety with which the French people were preparing to welcome home the ashes of their hero—all these events and portents, together with promises of support from officers of high rank, whose names have been successfully hidden to this day, drew Prince Louis to a resolve full of peril and disaster. With the ashes of Napoleon should his family return. This idea entered into the mind of Prince Louis Napoleon and gradually fixed itself there, so that no argument nor check could dislodge it. He had listened to his friends, weighed events for himself, pondered in silence and solitude, and at last had settled the act to be done in that brave and quiet mind which kept its even poise through every turmoil and danger and every misfortune. It was

A pool of treacherous and tremendous calm—

treacherous because the calm concealed the depth.

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Having determined to strike a second blow for the restoration of Napoleonic power in France, or, to follow Prince Louis's idea more correctly, for an appeal to the people, that they might freely declare what should be the future form of their government, the Prince set to work with vigour. The men who had risked all with him at Strasburg still surrounded him, and were ready to go forward a second time. His emissaries in the garrison towns in the north were active and encouraging in their reports. The Prince's house in Carlton Gardens became the centre of active preparations, and Charles Thélin was the faithful servant who directed everything.

Meantime M. de Rémusat's emissaries were not inactive in London; nor was his Excellency M. Guizot. In his Memoirs he says:—

'It has been often said that the Government of Louis Philippe were foolish enough in 1840 not to heed the Bonapartist movements, and to be left uninformed on all points. This is an error; neither M. de Rémusat, as Minister of the Interior, nor I, as Ambassador in England, had fallen into such a state of negligence. On April 2 I wrote to M. de Rémusat: "Understand that I have not the least police power here, and that I cannot know nor learn anything about the Bonapartists or the refugees of April. If you have any agent who corresponds directly with you, put him in communication with me; if you have none, reflect on what had better be done." M. de Rémusat assured me on May. 15: "I have very little doubt but that Prince Louis Bonaparte's head will be excited, and that he will try some adventure. I am pretty well informed in regard to him. However, I recommend him to your attention, and I beg you to warn me, if necessary, about any suspicion you may entertain." Then, on June 8: "Bonapartism is stirring very much. I still recommend his Imperial Highness to your atten-

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tion." I wrote to him June 30: 'You ask me to watch the Bonapartist party; it is not easy. The party is airing itself and making a great stir. Prince Louis is incessantly in the Park and at the Opera. When he enters his box his aides-de-camp stand behind him. They talk much and loudly; they describe their projects and their correspondence. The display of hope is splendid; but when one seeks to look at it closely, and catch what is real and active under this noise of words, one finds almost nothing. On leaving the Park and the Opera the Prince and his party relapse into an obscure and a lazy life. However, I know that there is a question of chartering a ship, and of attacking at sea, on its way back from St. Helena, the frigate bearing the remains of Napoleon. The remains are to be carried off as family property, or the French frigate is to be met, and to be followed into the port of Havre at all risks." In thanking me for this information, M. de Rémusat added on July 12: "The illusions of refugees are wild, and I cannot quite discard, because they are extravagant, the projects which are attributed to his Imperial Highness. The divers communications that reach me represent to me his London court and his Paris court as convinced that the moment to act is approaching, and that the arrival of the remains is not to be waited for. Their wish is to operate on two points at once. They appear to be most active at Metz; Lille is also much worked. But their activity is enclosed within a very narrow circle, and the mass of the population and of the army remains inaccessible. Nevertheless I believe in an attempt."

'The Government of the King cannot, then, in this circumstance be taxed with want of foresight, and they were strictly within the mark when they said in the 'Moniteur' of August 8, 1840: "The Government have known for some time past that Louis Bonaparte and his

agents had a plan for bringing themselves before the public, through some sudden attempt, before the arrival of the ashes of the Emperor Napoleon. Emissaries had been constantly travelling between Paris and London, between London and our fortified places, to study the spirit of our garrisons and to adopt those manœuvres, as vain as they were criminal, which are an amusement to certain minds. For some days past it was no longer possible to doubt that the moment for action had come. Orders and warnings had consequently been given in all the towns to which the chimerical hopes of the *habitués* of Carlton Gardens pointed, and at all the northern shores of the frontier."'

Quite unconscious of the spy-power of MM. Guizot and de Rémusat, Prince Louis laid his plans. It is clear that in the number of his followers, who were lodged roundabout Soho, and who were under the orders of Thélin and the care of Fritz, there was at least one traitor. And this traitor gave only general information—and some misinformation—for the good reason that their destination was unknown to the mass of the men who embarked when the expedition was ready. Hence M. de Rémusat's surmises and beatings about the truth. But both he and M. Guizot should be acquitted of the charge of negligence in the direction of their police.

It was while the Boulogne expedition was being pushed forward in London, while they were casting regimental buttons of the 40th Regiment in Carlton Gardens,[1] and MM. Mésonan, Parquin, Lombard, and others, according to the French Government, were tampering with the troops at Lille, Metz, and other garrison towns, that General Bertrand, believing no doubt that he was acting as the Emperor Napoleon I. would have desired, gave to

[1] Fritz Rickenbach's account, given to the author.

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Louis Philippe the arms of his master, to be placed in the Invalides. The gift of Napoleon's sword to Louis Philippe roused the indignation of every member of the Bonaparte family, and King Joseph directed an energetic protest to the King's Government. This protest was followed up by one from Prince Louis, and at the same time he wrote to his father :—

'London, June 9.

'I sympathise from the bottom of my soul with the protest of my uncle Joseph. General Bertrand, in giving to King Louis Philippe the arms of the chief of my family, has been the sport of a deplorable illusion. The sword of Austerlitz should not be in an enemy's hands; it must remain where it may be again lifted in the day of danger for the glory of France. Let them deprive us of our country, let them withhold our property, let them be generous only towards the dead; we know how to suffer without complaining so long as our honour is not attacked. But to deprive the heirs of the Emperor of the only inheritance which fate has left them, to give to a gainer by Waterloo the arms of the vanquished, is to betray the most sacred duty—is to force the oppressed to go some day and say to the oppressors: "Give us back that which you have usurped."

'NAPOLEON-LOUIS B.'[1]

[1] 'Londres, 9 juin.

'Je m'associe du fond de mon âme à la protestation de mon oncle Joseph. Le général Bertrand, en remettant au roi Louis-Philippe les armes du chef de ma famille, a été le jouet d'une déplorable illusion. L'épée d'Austerlitz ne doit pas être dans des mains ennemies; il faut qu'elle puisse être encore brandie au jour du danger pour la gloire de la France. Qu'on nous prive de notre patrie, qu'on retienne nos biens, qu'on ne soit généreux qu'envers les morts; nous savons souffrir sans nous plaindre lorsque notre honneur n'est pas attaqué. Mais priver les héritiers de l'Empereur du seul héritage que le sort leur ait laissé, mais donner à un heureux de Waterloo les armes du vaincu, c'est trahir les devoirs les plus sacrés, c'est forcer les opprimés d'aller dire un jour aux oppresseurs: "Rendez-nous ce que vous avez usurpé."

'NAPOLÉON-LOUIS B.'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

This energetic protest, accompanied by that of mild and circumspect King Joseph, helped to keep the Bonapartist effervescence alive, and therefore to favour the cause of the conspirators. The preparations were pushed forward vigorously throughout July; a boat was chartered from the Commercial Steam Navigation Company by an Italian named Rapallo, to be absolutely at the orders of the Prince; the uniforms and accoutrements were got together under the discreet eye of Thélin, who had Fritz Rickenbach under him;[1] and by degrees the Prince's horses and carriages and the heavy part of the impedimenta of the expedition were put on board. By August 3 all was ready.[2]

During the progress of the preparations Prince Louis went into society as usual, and received friends to dinner. His fashionable movements at balls, dinners and the Opera were chronicled almost daily in the 'Morning Post.' Sir Henry Holland, in his 'Recollections of Past Life,' says of the Prince: 'I dined at his house in Carlton Gardens, some ten days before the attempt on Boulogne, without any suspicion of the event impending, though the party was chiefly composed of those who accompanied him in this ill-fated expedition—ill-fated, but not ill-advised, as subsequent events have shown. Napoleon III. knew even then the value of the name he

[1] Dr. Conneau had bought a press, and printed the proclamations in the house.

[2] Dr. A. B. Granville, in his *Autobiography*, describes a scene on the deck of the 'Batavia' steamer, bound for Rotterdam, on July 26, 1840, in which Prince Louis is mentioned as having pledged his honour to his uncle Joseph, who was on the point of leaving for Florence, that he would enter into no more plots or expeditions. Dr. Granville's story bears, on the face of it, marks of ridiculous exaggeration, like most of the Doctor's stories. Prince Louis may have tried to quiet a sick and nervous man, who had to be propped up while he spoke; but it is clear that he could not have intended to seriously pledge himself to abstain from plot or expedition at the very time when his preparations for the Boulogne expedition were ready.

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bears—a name which concurred with his own remarkable qualities in giving him the position he attained among the sovereigns of Europe.'

M. Planché brings us down almost to the moment of the Prince's departure :—

'I had been dining at Notting Hill, and was walking home to Brompton between ten and eleven. On arriving opposite Gore House, I thought I would avail myself of my pleasant privilege and "drop in" for half an hour. There had been a small dinner party, and only four gentlemen were remaining. Two of them I knew—Lord Nugent and the Hon. Frederick Byng (familiarly called "Poodle")—the other two were strangers to me, but the youngest immediately engaged my attention. It was the fashion in that day to wear black satin kerchiefs for evening dress, and that of the gentleman in question was fastened by a large spread eagle in diamonds clutching a thunderbolt of rubies. There was but one man in England at that period who, without the impeachment of coxcombry, could have sported so magnificent a jewel; and, though I had never to my knowledge seen him before, I felt convinced that he could be no other than Prince Louis Napoleon. Such was the fact; and his companion was Count Montholon. There was a general conversation on indifferent subjects for some twenty minutes, during which the Prince spoke but little, and then took his departure with the Count. Shortly afterwards Lord Nugent, Mr. Byng, and I said "Good-night," and walked townward together. As we went along one of my companions said to the other: "What could Louis Napoleon mean by asking us to dine with him this day twelvemonths at the Tuileries?" Four days afterwards the question was answered. The news arrived of the abortive landing at Boulogne and the captivity of the

Prince, who had fallen into the trap so astutely laid for him.'[1]

The opinion expressed by M. Planché that the Prince fell into a trap laid by the French police, under the direction of MM. Guizot and de Rémusat, is fortified, as we shall see, by M. Guizot's own account of his activities in London during the summer of 1840. The Prince was undoubtedly led to believe that the troops garrisoned between the northern coast of France and Paris were well affected towards him and were prepared to receive him. The 40th, whose number his followers wore, were quartered, according to some authorities, at Dunkirk, and according to others at Calais; and no doubt was left in the Prince's mind as to their sentiments, or those of several influential superior officers. Lieutenant Aladenize and others must have assured him of the co-operation of the Boulogne garrison. The directions which he drew up for the guidance of his loyal towns of Picardy show how confident he was that he had only to effect a successful lodgment around the column of the Grande Armée in order to command forces which would open to him the gates of Paris.

The Prince was not deceived, as subsequent events proved, as to the vital strength of Bonapartism in France. Had he been successful at Boulogne, and been able to march with a respectable force towards the capital, there is every reason to believe he would have been hailed as a deliverer. But his expedition had not within it the elements of success. His precautions were not sound enough to withstand the penetrating glances of Louis Philippe's *mouchards*. His agents in France were either foolish or dishonest. In short, he was not well served.

[1] *The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché (Somerset Herald).*

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His followers were a motley throng of malcontents and adventurers. Not a score of them were reliable men, and hardly one was discreet or a man of resources. De Persigny was the leading conspirator, but he was rash and headstrong always; Montholon, Voisin, Parquin, were old and tried and valiant soldiers, but they were not of the stuff of which leaders of men are made. Although the Prince could trust his life to their loyalty and affection, he could not put confidence in their discretion. He took counsel with all, but he framed his resolves alone and locked them within his own breast. And so, silent and apart, he embarked on board the 'City of Edinburgh' at Gravesend, about midday of August 4, with a few of his friends. In order to avoid suspicion, the men who formed the expedition were scattered, and picked up at various landing-places as the packet steamed down the Thames, the last batch (which included General Montholon) being taken on board at Margate.

Here also one of the men of the expedition bought an eagle which a sailor on the pier offered for sale, and of which the witlings both of France and England afterwards made plentiful capital.

The house in Carlton Gardens, that had been a busy scene for many weeks, was left a solitude, with honest Fritz as door porter and receiver of all letters and communications.

A d'Orsay
pinxit
1839
Napoléon Louis B

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DESCENT ON BOULOGNE.

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In the first hour of the morning of August 6, 1840, Brigadier Audinet, of the Customs, on duty with two men on the sandy waste before the choked ruins of Napoleon's port of Wimereux, descried through the darkness the outline of a steamer standing off and on about a mile from the shore. The vessel excited no suspicion when she came to anchor, for many ships found anchorage hereabouts on their way up the Channel. But the custom-house officers kept a sharp look-out on the stranger till day dawned, lest some smugglers should land from her.

About two o'clock in the morning a boat was lowered and was filled with men. It stood for the shore, and grounded about twenty-five paces from dry land. Audinet had hailed the boat as it approached. The answer he received was that they were of the 40th of the Line, on their way from Dunkirk to Cherbourg; that the steamer had become disabled, and that they were therefore obliged to leave her. This explanation appeared satisfactory to Audinet and his men; for some fifteen of the boat-load were in the uniform of the 40th. But he was not long deceived. The men in uniform waded through the water to the shore, while the boat returned to the steamer for a second load; Audinet found himself and his men surrounded by an armed band. The bewildered Customs officers were warned at their peril not to oppose the

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disembarcation from the ship. Count Montholon interfered to prevent rough treatment, saying: 'Comrades, these are not enemies. They must not be molested. They are here, like ourselves, for the maintenance of the law and the public weal.' While the parley was going forward on shore, and the Customs officers were held in bondage, a second boat-load approached the shore. In three journeys the boat landed the entire expedition; and the first precaution taken by the Prince's followers was to secure all the Customs men of the Wimereux station, including the lieutenant who commanded them. While this act of precaution was in progress Lieutenant Aladenize, MM. Bataille and Forestier, joined the party from Boulogne, and were received with open arms. The news they brought must have been encouraging, for the expedition at once set out along the heights, past the Napoleon column, for Boulogne. Aladenize, two companies of whose regiment were quartered in the town, and who had sounded the soldiers, was the most confident of the party.

The men who surrounded the Prince were all in uniform. Lombard bore the Imperial standard, on which Napoleon's victories were emblazoned, and which was surmounted by the eagle. Montholon, Vaudrey, Voisin, Parquin, Mésonan, Laborde, Montauban, Bacciocchi, Desjardins, Persigny, Conneau, Bure, Bataille, Bachon, Ornano, D'Hunin, Querelles, Orsi, Forestier, Galvani, and Faure were in the uniform of the rank assigned to them, Montholon being major-general. The way was pointed out by the Customs men, who had been pressed into the service, but who, declining resolutely to join their fortune to that of the Prince, were dismissed at the entrance to the town. The column marched on without interruption till it reached the guard-house on the Place d'Alton, where the guard, seeing superior officers, turned out. M. Parquin

advanced and bade the soldiers follow, but the serjeant on duty peremptorily refused; and this was the first check given in the very heart of the lower town. From the Place d'Alton to the lower town barracks, on the banks of the Liane, is but five minutes' march; yet a second check was met with in the course of it. A lieutenant of the 42nd, who passed sharply, declined the overtures of the Prince. It was five o'clock in the morning when the Prince reached the barrack gates. The drums were beating: the soldiers were hastening into position in the yard, under the orders of Aladenize, who had preceded the expeditionary column. The soldiers of the expedition shouted 'Long live Napoleon!' and, according to some witnesses, 'Long live the Emperor!' and then again 'À Paris!' The Prince meantime addressed the soldiers of the Line, and promised advancement to those who would join him. Their conduct depended on that of their chiefs; and while they were wavering, and the noise and shouting continued at the gates of the barracks, Captain Col. Puygellier, who was in command, and who had been called up by one of his subalterns, arrived sword in hand and with a most uncompromising aspect. One of the officers of the expedition advanced towards him, told him that Prince Louis was amongst them, and that if he would join his fortune was made. But the captain replied only by thrusting forward through the gates in order to reach his men. According to the Crown witnesses at the trial, the Prince's lieutenants scattered proclamations and gold in and around the barracks; but this the accused denied. All accounts agree in ascribing the noise and confusion and hustling at the entrance to the barrack yard to a struggle between the officers and Prince Louis's followers, and it ended in the expedition being thrust back into the street, but not before a very lamentable incident had happened.

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Captain Colonel Puygellier was struggling to get free of the men who surrounded him, shouting 'Vive le prince Louis!' and threatening him with violence, so that even Aladenize had to throw himself into the mêlée to avoid harm coming to the captain, and the soldiers of the 42nd, hearing the voice of their commander, were advancing to rescue him, when the Prince accosted him. The answer was: 'Prince Louis or not, I don't know you. Leave my barracks;' and thus the captain reached his men in the yard.

The Prince's followers hereupon formed in close column, and entered the yard with the Prince at their head. The captain shouted to his men: 'They are deceiving you. Vive le Roi!' and then advanced in a menacing manner, intimating that if the column did not immediately retire force would be used. The Prince had a pistol in his hand, and in the excitement of the moment it went off, and hit one of the soldiers of the 42nd in the face. It was evident by this time that no reliance could be placed on the two companies of the 42nd who constituted the lower town garrison, and on whom, through Aladenize's assurances, the Prince reckoned. An orderly retreat was therefore effected from the barrack yard, and the expedition went on its way to the upper town.

But while the altercation had been going on at the barracks the alarm had been raised in the town. M. Launay le Provost, the sub-prefect, was quickly on foot; and Colonel Sansot was summoning the National Guard to arms. The mayor, M. Achille Adam, was on the alert; and the port authorities had their eye on the 'City of Edinburgh,' which was cruising off the port, waiting the issue. According to the 'Annotateur,' the invaders, on their way up the Grande Rue, knocked at the doors and distributed proclamations, and cast money

about to the crowds of the townsfolk that were rapidly collecting in the streets. They met the sub-prefect, who summoned them, in the name of the King, to surrender. According to this official, he was answered by Lombard, who struck him with the flag he was carrying. Arrived at the ramparts of the upper town, they found the gates already closed against them; and although they plied their hatchets lustily, they failed to break through them. One day was lost! But the column still held together, with the exception of Count Montholon and Parquin, who got separated from their companions and were arrested by a commissary of police. The march was now towards the column on the heights, but for what purpose we have failed to discover. Lombard, who bore the flag, ascended the column, and planted it upon the summit; but when he achieved this act, his companions, pressed on all sides, and followed by Colonel Puygellier's soldiers and Colonel Sansot's National Guard, were in full retreat to the beach. The Prince had declared that he would remain and resist to the last; but Voisin, Faure, Mésonan, Persigny, and D'Hunin, who surrounded him, hurried him by main force to a boat. They had not got half a cable's length from the shore when they were fired upon from the beach. Faure was killed and Voisin was wounded, and the boat was upset. The Prince and the rest then swam out towards the steamer; but they were intercepted by the captain of the port, who bore out to seize the 'City of Edinburgh,' and, with the exception of D'Hunin, who was drowned, all were landed prisoners from his boat at the Pidou jetty.

By nine o'clock the Prince and the more important of his companions were lodged in the upper town castle. A more complete déception and fiasco could not be imagined; for, as the Prince was escorted in a carriage through the town to prison, accompanied by the sub-

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prefect and the mayor, the soldiers and the people, so the local 'Annotateur' declares, shouted 'Vive le Roi!' and were decidedly hostile to the pretender. At Strasburg there appeared to be, for a short time, every chance of success. A regiment declared itself for the Prince, and, but for an error in tactics, the rest of the garrison would have followed the example of Colonel Vaudrey's men. But here, if the soldiers were inclined towards the Bonapartist cause, the officers were hostile. Some of the 40th, whose uniform the Prince had adopted for his men, were in garrison at Calais, and the 'City of Edinburgh' had cruised off that port before making for Wimereux. This was probably a signal to the persons in Calais who were privy to the Prince's designs. But speculation on the hopes and promises which lay behind the Boulogne disaster would be a vain exercise. The Prince kept his own counsel. His first care was to screen all who had put themselves in peril, and it is evidence of the strict sense of honour which prevailed among his friends that the Government were never able to obtain the least clue as to the ramifications of the plot of which the Boulogne expedition was the ridiculous upshot.

As the fugitives were caught they were conveyed to the castle, and thrust into a subterranean chapel—a horrible dungeon, afterwards prepared by M. Thiers's Government for the reception of Communist prisoners—and one by one taken before the *procureur du roi* and the *juge d'instruction.* The Prince (who had been slightly wounded by a spent ball) and his immediate followers, who had been caught in the water, were suffered to divest themselves of their clothes and lie down. While the lawyers and the gaolers were busy at the castle, the sub-prefect was treating the townsfolk to a magniloquent proclamation. By two o'clock the Boulonnais were being thanked from the walls in the name of the King.

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'The King, whom you yourselves have chosen, and who has so well justified your confidence, knows perhaps already what he owes to the good citizens of the town of Boulogne, and in his name I venture to thank you beforehand. Honour to the National Guard! honour to the inhabitants of Boulogne!' The mayor, even more vehement than the sub-prefect, described the Prince as an *insensé*.

But although the officials of the town exhausted themselves in efforts to magnify their own deeds and those of their subordinates in crushing the expedition, and half the persons who had composed the morning mob saw the cross of the Legion of Honour floating before them, the town remained in a condition of general fear for some days. After Prince Louis had been removed to Ham, en route for Paris, reports spread through Boulogne that ships had been seen in the offing laden with soldiers to the extent of 10,000, all sent by perfidious Albion. Then it was rumoured that there were 18,000 muskets on board the captured 'City of Edinburgh.' The fact was that a few brigs and luggers were off the coast, detained by contrary winds, and that the perturbation of men's minds at the moment, in consequence of the disturbed and unfriendly relations between the two countries caused by the duplicity of Louis Philippe's policy, conjured up evil phantoms day by day. As for the muskets, they existed only in the imagination of the excited Boulonnais.[1]

[1] The following are the contents of the 'City of Edinburgh,' as given by *Le Boulonnais*, August 12, 1840:—

Five swords, two sabres, three pistols, and a sword-stick, but not a single musket. It had been reported that the money on board amounted to half a million of francs. There were twenty-one napoleons, six sovereigns, two five-franc pieces, three two-franc pieces, one one-franc piece, and a little medal inscribed 'Perruques perfectionnées.'

There were nine horses, one live eagle (which had never left the boat!), two new carriages, new regimentals, about twenty-four hampers of 'excellent' wine, beer, ginger-beer, soda-water, and brandy; a

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On the morrow of the 6th the two victims of the expedition, viz. D'Hunin (a nephew of the Archbishop of Posen) and Faure, who was killed by a shot from the shore, were buried in the early morning. The incident that fixed public attention was the discharge of the pistol at the barracks, by which a soldier had been wounded. Captain Colonel Puygellier asserted, and maintained in his report, that the Prince fired at him; whereas the Prince solemnly asserted that the pistol went off inadvertently in his hand, in the excitement of the moment. And this appears on all grounds to be the version of the incident which impartial men adopted. The Prince at Boulogne, as at Strasburg, insisted that no blood should be shed. On the 13th, after the prisoners had all undergone an examination, the 'Annotateur' said that it was a question whether the Prince's avowal of the pistol shot was not an effort of his generosity to screen his companions.

As soon as the expedition and its failure became known at the *chef-lieu* of the department, troops were concentrated roundabout Boulogne. Every road and lane was guarded. It was deemed prudent to remove the Prince from the scene of his attempt with all possible speed. He and Montholon had occupied a room looking out upon the castle yard. Suddenly on the 9th the subprefect and other authorities appeared, and commanded the Prince to follow. His leave-taking with Montholon affected all the bystanders; and as he issued from his

lady's *nécessaire*, an album containing Prince Louis's views of Arenenberg, and 'Distances érotiques,' written, according to the Boulogne reporter, by the Prince.

The crew were nineteen in number. Then there were three grooms —the Comtesse d'Aspell's groom, the Prince's, and his valet. In the trunks and carpet-bags there were fine evening clothes which, according to the reporter, were to have been worn at a magnificent ball at the Établissement des Bains in the evening of the 6th.' 'Folly and deception,' is the verdict of the *Boulonnais*.

prison upon the outer steps that led to the yard, leaning on the arm of the colonel of the municipal guard, his companions crowded to the windows of their cells. The Prince paused for a moment, and turning to them said: 'Adieu, my friends. I protest against this removal.' He feared that he was to experience a second time the exceptional treatment he met with after Strasburg, and that he would be unable to cover his friends with his responsibility. His leave-taking was answered by a loud voice from the officers' prison: 'Noble Prince, adieu! The great shade of Napoleon will protect you.' As Prince Louis passed the ranks of the Line and the National Guard, they appeared, according to the 'Colonne de Boulogne,' 'mornes et silencieux.' He was escorted to Ham, which he reached at midnight, by a picket of lancers and a detachment of municipal guards. As they travelled the commander of the escort, who sat behind the Prince, boasted that he had been embraced by Napoleon at Montereau. The sensation produced both in England and France by the Boulogne expedition was profound. On the 8th of August the Duke of Wellington observed to Mr. T. Raikes in Paris:—

'Since I wrote to you last a terrible event has taken place—I mean the expedition of Louis Napoleon to Boulogne. Those desirous of fomenting the existing differences and jealousies between the countries will avail themselves of this event to promote their objects. We have a report here (London), which I learn has already gone to France, that both Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston had recently received Napoleon, each of them at an audience. This may be true; but, if I can answer for anything where I can know nothing, I should say that those Ministers had never heard of his intentions.'[1]

[1] *Private Correspondence of Thomas Raikes with the Duke of Wellington, &c.* Dedicated to Napoleon III. Edited by his daughter, Harriet Raikes. 1861.

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The Duke was right. Writers in Paris did their utmost to turn the Boulogne expedition to account against England; and one pamphleteer, who called himself 'an old minister plenipotentiary,' went the length of asserting that Prince Louis Bonaparte was nothing more than a creature of the Quadruple Alliance,[1] who had entered into a treaty in London, under which he had been paid a large sum in advance, and was to be recognised as Emperor of the French. The writer impudently asserted that he had positive knowledge of all the articles of the treaty, and was only prevented from publishing them by consideration for the Prince in the lamentable position to which he had reduced himself. It was stated, moreover, that the Prince, on his side, had misled the secret agents of the Alliance by representing that the troops in garrison along the northern coasts of France, and in the strong places between Boulogne and Paris, were ready to join him. The shameless scribe even went the length of stating that before leaving London the Prince had been received by the Queen.[2] The first part

[1] M. Guizot had just been foiled and confounded by the treaty of July 15, 1840, signed by England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, which gave Mehemet Ali, if he accepted within ten days, Egypt hereditarily, and the pachalic, with the citadel of Acre for life, the frontier to extend from thence to the northern littoral of the Lake of Tiberias. Mehemet was to give up the rest of Syria, as well as Crete, Arabia, and the holy cities. This treaty, signed under the nose of Louis Philippe's illustrious Ambassador, came, as Crowe observes, like a thunderclap upon Louis Philippe and M. Thiers; and under the influence of it the Minister hastened to put the frontier fortresses in a state of defence, and to get many additional votes for the services.—*Le Prince Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte à Boulogne.* Par M. de C.

[2] 'Il a eu des conférences avec le ministère britannique, et un traité a été signé. On pourrait en faire connaitre les articles principaux; mais la position imminente et périlleuse de l'imprudent qui a pu consentir à troubler l'homogénéité de sa patrie défend là-dessus toute révélation. . . . Le prince Napoléon, reconnu à l'avance empereur des Français, et ayant reçu pour ses premiers frais une somme considérable, a, de son côté, trompé son ardent allié en se targuant d'avoir déjà rangé sous sa bannière la majeure partie des régiments échelonnés depuis Boulogne jusqu'à Paris. Il s'est aussi

of this infamous publication was pushed before the Paris public a few days after the *coup de main* happened.

Its falsehood is made manifest not by any of Prince Louis's friends, but by his austere political enemy M. Guizot. But before turning to M. Guizot's account of the manner in which Louis Philippe's Government received the news, let us cite the proclamations which Prince Louis distributed at Boulogne. The first was addressed 'to the French people,' and ran as follows:—

'Frenchmen,—The ashes of the Emperor shall reach only a regenerated France. The manes of the great man should not be soiled by impure or hypocritical honours. Glory and liberty must stand by the bier of Napoleon. The traitors to the country must have disappeared.

'What have those who rule over you done to have claims on your love? They promised you peace, and they brought civil war and the disastrous war of Africa; they promised you diminished taxes, and all the gold you possess could not quench their avidity. They promised you an honest administration, and they reign only by corruption. They promised you liberty, and they protect

vanté du concours d'un grand nombre de maires, comme aussi de l'assentiment d'autres administrateurs, de propriétaires riches ou influents, et surtout de l'amour des populations rurales; car sans ces assurances et ces co-opérations indispensables nos ennemis n'auraient pas consenti aussi légèrement à son coup de main. Dès le moment où le prince Louis s'est vu appuyé par des alliés dont la puissance ne peut être niée, il s'est cru sacré à Paris, il a hâté ses préparatifs, et, ayant obtenu en secret une audience d'une très-grande dame, il lui a promis d'être à jamais son meilleur allié. . . . Sa position actuelle, je le répète, ne permet pas à la délicatesse de raconter ce qu'il croit ignoré de tous, ce que l'on sait cependant.'—*Le Prince Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte à Boulogne. Révélations historiques et diplomatiques sur cet Événement et sur ses Rapports avec la Quadruple Alliance.* Par M. de C——, maréchal de camp en retraite, ancien ministre pléinipotentiaire, etc. 1re livraison. Paris: Auguste le Gallois.

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only privileges and abuses. They oppose all reform, and produce only authority and anarchy. They promised stability, and in ten years they have established nothing. In short, they promised they would conscientiously defend our honour, our rights, our interests, and they have everywhere sold our honour and abandoned our rights. It is time that an end should be put to so much iniquity; it is time to go and ask them what they have done with the great, generous, unanimous France of 1830.

'Agriculturists, they have left you, in time of peace, with heavier taxes than Napoleon raised in war time.

'Merchants and tradesmen, your interests are sacrificed to foreign exigencies. The money which the Emperor used to encourage your efforts and to enrich you is employed to corrupt.

'In short, all of you poor and laborious classes, who are the refuge of all noble sentiments, remember that it was from among you that Napoleon chose his lieutenants, his marshals, his ministers, his princes, his friends. Support me, and show the world that neither you nor I have degenerated.

'I hoped with you that we should be able to correct the bad influences of the Government without revolution; but to-day there is no longer any hope. In ten years the Ministry has been changed ten times. If it were changed ten times more the evils under which the country suffers would remain the same.

'When one has the honour to be the chief of a people like the French, there is an infallible way of doing great things, and that is to resolve to do them.

'To-day there is in France only violence on one side and license on the other. I desire to establish order and liberty. I desire, by surrounding myself with all the great men of the country without exception, and by resting on the will and interests of the masses, to lay the basis of an unassailable edifice.

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'I desire to give to France real allies and a solid peace, and not to throw her into the hazards of a general war.

'Frenchmen, I see the brilliant future of my country before me.

'I feel behind me, impelling me forward, the shade of the Emperor. I shall pause only when I have taken back the sword of Austerlitz, replanted the eagles upon our standards, and reinstated the people in their rights.

'NAPOLEON.'

The following was addressed

'*To the Army.*

'Soldiers,—France is made to command, and she obeys. You are the élite of the people, and you are treated like a vile flock; you are made to protect the national honour, and your arms are turned against your brothers. Those who govern you would degrade the noble profession of a soldier. You were indignant, and you sought to know what had become of the eagles of Arcole, of Austerlitz, of Jena. The eagles are here—I bring them back to you; take them. With them you will know glory, honour, fortune, and—which is more than all—the gratitude and esteem of your fellow countrymen.

'Soldiers, your acclamations when I presented myself before you at Strasburg have not been forgotten by me; I have not forgotten the regrets you manifested at my defeat.

'Between you and me there are indissoluble ties; we have the same hates and the same affections, the same interests and the same enemies.

'Soldiers, the great shade of the Emperor speaks to you with my voice. Hasten, while it is crossing the

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ocean, to drive away the traitors and oppressors. Show him when he comes that you are the worthy sons of the Great Army, and that you have taken back those sacred emblems which, during forty years, made the enemies of France tremble—and among those were the men who govern you to-day.

'Soldiers, to arms!

'Long live France! 'NAPOLEON.'

Beside the accounts of the Boulogne expedition as given in the papers these proclamations looked like the ridiculous emanations of a weak and vainglorious young man. They were used to great advantage against Prince Louis, as his Strasburg proclamations had been—and not unfairly. A general's address to his soldiers on the morning of battle is likely to appear grotesque bombast when the evening has closed on defeat.

M. Guizot left his post in London to meet the King at the Château d'Eu on the day which saw Prince Louis's discomfiture at Boulogne. The Ambassador remarks on the subject in his Memoirs that Prince Louis Napoleon landed about four o'clock in the morning, with his name only for an army, to attempt a second time the conquest of France.

'What would not now be the astonishment of a rational man who, after having slept from that day the sleep of Epimenides, should see, on awaking, this prince on the throne of France, and invested with supreme power? I do not read without some embarrassment what all the world was saying in 1840, and what I wrote myself about that which we called a "folle et ridicule aventure," and about its hero. If I might freely do it, I would not, for myself, reproduce to-day the language that was common then. Providence seems to be pleased sometimes to confound the judgments and conjectures of

men. There is, however, in the strange contrast between the incident of 1840 and the Empire of to-day nothing which is not natural and clear. No event ever shook the faith of Prince Louis Napoleon in himself and his destiny. In spite of the successes of others and his own reverses, he has remained a stranger to doubt and discouragement. He has twice, quite wrongfully[1] and vainly, sought the accomplishment of his fortune. He has always persisted in reckoning upon it, and he waited the propitious occasion. It came at last, and found him confident and ready to risk everything—a great example of the power that keeps, in the darkness of the future, a persevering faith; and a great lesson to any who doubts and bends easily under the blows of fate.'

M. Guizot then gives us an exact, and on the whole an impartial, account of the way and the humour in which the Boulogne *coup de main* was received, estimated, and acted upon by Louis Philippe's Government: 'At first, and embarrassed to find a reason for this strange adventure, the suspicion was propagated in Paris that the English Government, in a bad temper with the French Government, might have been privy to it. This suspicion had not the smallest foundation. Baron de Bourqueney, Chargé d'Affaires in London in my absence, wrote on August 7 to M. Thiers: "The great incident of yesterday is the news of the landing of Louis Napoleon at Boulogne. The account arrived by an express at the 'Morning Post' office, which published a third edition. The first impression was absolute disbelief in the folly of such an enterprise, and all the people I met were convinced that the news was a Bourse speculation. This night details have arrived; and I myself have received, by messenger, the official telegraphic despatches of the sub-prefect of

[1] Which he fully acknowledged when he afterwards visited Ham.

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Boulogne to the Minister of the Interior. All the papers contain accounts more or less correct of the incidents which followed on the landing of Louis Napoleon. You must have lived a long time in England to be persuaded that an enterprise of this nature can be prepared and perfected in the port of London without the least official knowledge of it reaching the English Government. This is the truth, however, and my conviction is that Lord Normanby [then Home Secretary], I will not say on a formal warning, but even on a simple suspicion, would not have lost a moment in informing the French Government through their Ambassador in London. The Ministerial organ of this evening, the 'Globe,' contains an official denial that Lord Palmerston had paid a visit to Louis Napoleon, or received one from him. From the French papers this rumour—on whose authority spread I don't know—had passed into the English press. I deemed it my duty to provoke this denial by a confidential letter which I addressed this morning to Lord Palmerston." On the morrow, August 8, M. de Bourqueney added: "Lord Palmerston, who had answered my letter of yesterday morning by publishing in the 'Globe' the official denial of his pretended visit to Louis Napoleon, sent to me begging me to call at his house in the evening; and then, in terms more explicit than those of the short denial of the Ministerial journal, he gave me his word of honour that, for more than two years, neither he nor Lord Melbourne had caught a glimpse of the face of Louis Napoleon. 'I speak thus to you,' he said, 'certainly not to repel even the appearance of our initiation in the projects of this *insensé*; I would not deign to defend myself on this ground.' 'The accusation,' I replied, 'is at least as distant from my thoughts.' 'But,' Lord Palmerston continued, 'the facts of the case should be well established. You know the *laisser-aller*

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of English official habits, and you are aware that I and my colleagues might have given a rendezvous to Louis Napoleon, or met in the house of a third party, or have had some accidental or social relations with him. Well, this is not so. I repeat to you, on my honour, that we have not had a glimpse of the face of Louis Napoleon, or of even one of the adventurers who accompanied him. It has been proved to me that the news of a visit paid or received has been imagined here and transmitted to the French papers, either to give indirect credit to the falsehood or in order to embitter and compromise the relations of our two Governments.'"

'On arriving at the château of Eu on August 7, I found the King, M. Thiers, and all the circle at once very animated and very tranquil about what had just happened. They saw in it at once the explosion and the end of Bonapartist intrigues. They were laughing and mocking at it. "What a strange spectacle," they said—"Louis Napoleon swimming to a wretched boat in the midst of shot from the National Guard of Boulogne, while the King's son and two French frigates are sailing across the ocean to fetch from St. Helena the remains of the Emperor Napoleon."'

The laugh was changed eight years later, when the King had crossed to England as Mr. Smith; and Louis Napoleon had gone to Paris—to the Assembly, the Presidency, and the Empire. M. Guizot himself, who had been among the laughers at Eu, had made his escape from France in livery.

The last, the French proverb tells us, are the hearty laughers. The King saw in the Boulogne fiasco not only an opportunity of ridding himself for ever of a dangerous rival, who undoubtedly had the nucleus of a formidable party in the country, but also an occasion for airing his own popularity opposite the shores of the

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perfidious Albion that had lately entered into a formidable alliance to check his crooked policy in the East. He determined to show himself to his loyal Boulonnais. He was preceded on the 18th by the Queen, Madame Adélaïde, and the Princes and Princesses, and arrived himself off the port in a storm. Unable to land, he was compelled to repair to Calais, whence he made a triumphant progress to the port whence Prince Louis had been forwarded to the Conciergerie in Paris and to the cell of the infamous Fieschi. The Boulonnais gave the King a hearty greeting. His Majesty reviewed the National Guard, and addressed them as 'mes camarades,' distributed crosses of the Legion of Honour to the heroes of the 6th, and speaking to the British Consul Hamilton, observed that he hoped the cloud which hung over England and France would break and disappear like the storm of yesterday. When creating Colonel Sansot of the National Guard, his Majesty observed that he was happy in being able thus to reward the old soldier's services under the Empire and those he had just rendered at the head of the National Guard. By this crafty little speech the Citizen King appeared at once as the constitutional sovereign and the beneficent patron of the old soldiers of Napoleon.

Much has been said and written about the consignment of Prince Louis to the cell of Fieschi, in which he was placed at midnight, six days after his landing at Wimereux, with three gaolers who had orders never to leave him for a moment. The news of this indignity, which appeared to be dictated by a design to place the prisoner in the same class with Fieschi, Alibaud, and other infamous criminals—a design which had peeped through at the Strasburg trial—reached the ex-King of Holland at Florence. On August 24 he published the following vehement remonstrance in the French papers:—

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'Permit me to beg that you will publish the following declaration:—I know that it is unusual and improper to have recourse to publicity; but when an afflicted father, old, sick, and expatriated by the law, can in no other way assist his unfortunate son, such a means can but be approved by all who have a father's heart.

'Convinced that my son, the only one who is left to me, is the victim of an infamous intrigue and has been seduced by vile flatterers, by false friends, and perhaps by insidious counsels, I cannot remain silent without failing in my duty and exposing myself to the bitterest reproaches.

'I declare, then, that my son Napoleon Louis has fallen for the third time into the most fearful snare, into the most frightful trap; since it is impossible that a man not utterly devoid of common sense should have thrown himself with a light heart down such a precipice. If he is guilty, the guiltiest, the real culprits, are those who have seduced and misled him.

'Above all, I declare with a holy honour that the indignity which they have put upon my son in locking him up in the cell of an infamous assassin is a monstrous cruelty;[1] it is anti-French; it is an outrage as vile as it is insidious.

'As a profoundly afflicted man, as a good Frenchman tried by thirty years of exile, as the brother, and I dare add the pupil, of him whose statues are being set up again, I commend my misled and betrayed son to his judges, and to all who have a father's heart.

'LOUIS DE SAINT-LEU.'

The Ministerial papers replied to this touching protest of the old and paralysed king that the chamber in

[1] M. de Chateaubriand said that Prince Louis's imprisonment in the Conciergerie had only placed him near the illustrious prisoners who had preceded him there—near Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

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which 'Louis Bonaparte' was imprisoned had in truth been Fieschi's lodging, but that it had been completely changed, and had since been inhabited by the chief warder of the female section of the prison, who actually vacated it on Louis Bonaparte's arrival. This was no answer to the alleged reasons why the name of Prince Louis had been brought into juxtaposition with that of Fieschi to-day, as it had been with that of Alibaud after the Strasburg *coup de main.*

The prisoners were kept *au secret* till September 4, but as soon as the Prince was again enabled to acquaint himself with public affairs, he wrote to his father to thank him for his interference on his behalf:—

'In the Conciergerie, September 6, 1840.

'My dear Father,—I have not written to you before, fearing to distress you. But now that I have heard of the interest that you have shown in me, I approach to thank you, and to ask your blessing, as the only thing to which I shall attach any value henceforth. In my misfortune my sweetest consolation is to hope that your thoughts are turned sometimes towards me. I shall bear my fate with courage to the end. Proud of the mission which I imposed upon myself, I shall always show myself worthy of the name I bear and of your affection.'[1]

During his solitary confinement the only indulgence which was extended to the prisoner was that of having

[1] 'À la Conciergerie, le 6 septembre 1840.

'Mon cher Père,—Je ne vous ai pas encore écrit parce que je craignais de vous affliger. Mais aujourd'hui que j'ai appris l'intérêt que vous m'avez témoigné, je viens vous en remercier et vous demander votre bénédiction comme la seule chose à laquelle j'attache du prix maintenant. Dans mon malheur ma plus douce consolation est d'espérer que vos pensées se tournent quelquefois vers moi. Je supporterai jusqu'au bout avec courage le sort qui m'attend. Fier de la mission que je me suis imposée, je me montrerai toujours digne du nom que je porte et digne de votre affection.'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

books from without; and he passed his time in reading and writing. On the 18th he translated Schiller's ode 'Die Ideale.' He remained as calm and studious in his cell, surrounded with soldiers who stood at every door and filled every court, as he had been with only his mother overlooking his study window at Arenenberg.[1] He had failed once more, but his conscience was calm and his faith was unbroken. Madame Cornu, who visited him as soon as he was no longer *au secret*, describes his placid face, and the calm voice in which he said: 'You see I am the chief of the family now; it was my duty to do what I have done.' He was the predestined man. They might take his life, but to this he would adhere with his last breath. His father believed that he had been the sport of rogues, that he had been led astray by a set of ambitious adventurers with De Persigny at the head of them, while the Government had laid a trap for him and his companions; but he had held counsel with himself, and had not been the dupe. In the new prison of Strasburg, in the citadel of Lorient, at Ham, and in the

[1] 'La préfecture de police, aussitôt que le prétendant et la plupart de ses co-prévenus y furent renfermés, fut occupée militairement par plus de trois cents hommes de la garde municipale, sans compter un bien plus grand nombre de sergents de ville et d'agents déguisés sous tous les costumes. La prison fut cernée par une ligne de sentinelles placées à des distances très-rapprochées, et toutes les portes d'entrée du Palais de Justice furent rigoureusement observées. Enfin au milieu des cours qui avoisinent la prison et le siége de la préfecture de police stationnaient des piquets à pied et à cheval prêts à se porter en avant au premier signal. Une chose à remarquer et qui prouvait, jusqu'à un certain point, que le pouvoir se proposait de prendre de très-grandes précautions pendant la durée du procès, c'est que plusieurs petits postes, qui avaient été jusqu' alors occupés par la garde municipale, furent relevés par la troupe de ligne, afin que toute cette garde fût spécialement chargée du renfort des postes du Luxembourg, du Palais de Justice, ainsi que de l'effectif des casernes qui avoisinent la Cour des Pairs, principalement celles des rues de Tournon, des Gris et Mouffetard.' —*Boulogne d'après les Documents authentiques.* Réunis et mis en ordre par Albert Fermé, avocat à la Cour de Paris. 1868.

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Conciergerie he was in his place. These were stations on the way to the position which destiny had assigned him. He wore his talisman upon a tranquil heart.

His faithful servant Thélin was as confident as his master. In his letters from prison to Fritz Rickenbach, who remained the solitary guardian of the Prince's house in Carlton Gardens in London, Thélin speaks of the good spirits and confidence of himself and his companions. In a note written in pencil upon a scrap of yellow paper, the morning after the Prince's departure from the château of Boulogne, he says: 'Our courage does not fail us, and each will bear his fate without complaining. We have thought only of our good Prince. God will protect him and give him back to us.' Then Fritz receives minute directions to pay everybody, and to gather the effects of the various gentlemen in the Prince's suite and pack them up. The faithful Madame Salvage de Faverolles, who accompanied Queen Hortense to Paris after the Strasburg expedition, was still at her post watching over her departed friend's son. We have her letter to Fritz before us, in which he is told to pack the effects of all the members of the expedition and to forward them to her, under the address of M. Noël, notaire, Rue de la Paix, 13, according to the Prince's order. She adds that the Prince is well, and that she is starting for the Procureur-Général's office to obtain an order to visit him.

On arriving at the Conciergerie the authorities had refused the Prince permission even to be attended by his valet; but the prohibition must have been soon withdrawn, for on the 21st Thélin addressed the following letter[1] to Fritz, which illustrates that care for all about him and that generosity which were unfailing in Prince Louis:—

[1] The original is in the possession of the author.

Paris, à la Conciergerie 21 août 1840

Mon cher Fritz. Tu as dû remettre à Mr Farquhart la lettre que le Prince t'a laissé en partant. Elle contenait ses instructions pour tout vendre. Il faut en excepter les effets de toilette de S. A. et de chacune des personnes qui en ont laissé. Quant au cabriolet avec le cheval & les deux harnais & le fusil de Chasse, Mr Farquhart t'aura sans doute déjà dit que le Prince lui en a fait cadeau. Le Prince pense aussi que les filles de chambre & de cuisine ont été congédiées & qu'elles ont eu un mois de gratification. Tu resteras seul jusqu'à nouvel ordre dans la maison avec la fille de chambre de Lord Ripon. Le Prince t'accorde 4 livres St par mois en plus de tes appointemens, pour la nourriture. Tu conserveras tous les journaux anglais depuis le départ du Prince, pour les lui remettre lorsqu'il les demandera. Retire tous les effets des personnes qui étaient logées en ville, mets le nom sur les malles ou paquets & conserve les dans la maison. Arrange les effets de chacun de manière à pouvoir les envoyer dès que tu en recevras l'ordre. Tu feras en sorte que les logemens de ces messieurs soient payés. Préviens aussi tous les fournisseurs de la maison de s'adresser à Mr Farquhart pour ce qui peut leur être dû.

Tu achèteras 2 malles en cuir du prix de 3 livres St l'une. Tu y placera tout de suite tous les effets que tu trouveras dans l'armoire de la

chambre à coucher de Son Altesse, avec les deux paires de draps, les 2 taies d'oreiller & les serviettes de la même chambre et qui sont marqués N couronné. Tu y joindras aussi les 2 petits nécessaires de toilette, tous les rasoirs, les Paletots, les bottes, souliers &c. Ces deux malles doivent être prêtes pour partir au premier ordre. Tu prendras pour toi le vieil habit de chasse rouge, la culotte de peau & les culottes blanches, les grandes bottes, la grosse rédingote verte, le pantalon pareil & les souliers de chasse, la grosse rédingote brune, les deux vieilles du matin & les chapeaux. Tu en trouveras un tout neuf dans le Dressing room.

J'ai laissé dans ma chambre une malle en cuir qui contient mes effets. Tu trouveras dans un tiroir de commode une petite boite où sont renfermés des papiers et autres choses auxquels je tiens beaucoup. Prends en bien soin [redacted] J'ai aussi dans mon armoire de la toile pour chemises. conserves moi mon paletot, mes pantalons s'il y en a et mon petit nécessaire. Fais du reste ce que tu voudras.

Adieu mon cher ami, le Prince se porte bien. Ch. Thélin

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'My dear Fritz,—You have of course given to Mr. Farquhar the letter which the Prince left on leaving. It contained directions to sell everything. The toilette things of his Highness, and the other persons who left any, must be excepted. As to the cabriolet, with the horse, the two sets of harness, and the gun, Mr. Farquhar has, no doubt, already told you that the Prince had made him a present of them. The Prince thinks that the chamber and kitchen maids have been discharged, with the gift of a month's wages. You will remain alone in the house until further orders, with Lord Ripon's chambermaid. The Prince gives you four pounds sterling a month in addition to your salary, for your board. You will keep all the English papers from the date of the departure of the Prince, to give him when he asks for them. Collect all the luggage of the persons who lodged in town, and keep them in the house. Arrange them so that they can be sent on receipt of an order. You will arrange to pay the rent due by these gentlemen. Tell all the tradesmen to address themselves to Mr. Farquhar to receive what is due to them.

'You will buy two leather pormanteaus for three pounds each, and you will pack in them, at once, all the effects you will find in the wardrobe in his Highness's bedroom, together with the two pairs of pillow-cases, and the towels of the same room, which are marked N with a crown. You will add the two little *nécessaires de toilette*, all the razors, coats, boots, shoes, &c. These two portmanteaus must be ready to go directly an order is received. You will keep for yourself the old red hunting-coat, the leather breeches, and the white breeches, the top-boots, the big green redingote, the trousers, and the shooting-boots, the big brown redingote, the two old morning ones, and the hats. You will find a new one in the dressing-room.'

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Then follow directions for the disposal of Thélin's old clothes. In another letter (August 26) Fritz is ordered to bring all the English and French newspapers he has received with him, but not to take charge of a single letter. He is also asked to address Thélin at a certain place ; but the name of this place was blotted out carefully by the prison authorities, as the facsimile shows. Everything packed and everything paid, Fritz Rickenbach was to leave, with a Swiss passport, viâ Boulogne and Paris ; watch the Customs examination of his forty-three cases, boxes, and portmanteaus, and report himself to Madame Salvage de Faverolles, 'to wait the orders of his Highness.' By way of *bonne bouche* Thélin told the trusty old *valet de pied* that the Prince intended to make him concierge of the château of Gottlieben.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRINCE BEFORE THE CHAMBER OF PEERS.

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Louis Philippe's Government carried the Boulogne conspirators before the Court of Peers for the identical reason which had led them to put the pamphleteer Laity on his trial before the same obsequious jurisdiction. The immorality of the proceeding must strike every impartial mind. They knew that a jury picked from the middle class would not convict the writer for having defended his chief against the attacks of a hireling ministerial press; they remembered the Strasburg jury who had acquitted Colonel Vaudrey and his co-accused amid the cheers of the citizens; but they knew they were safe in the hands of the Peers, although a large proportion of them owed the honours which they wore to the uncle of the chief among the accused of Boulogne. The three Peers who interrogated Prince Louis in his prison, and sought to make him reveal the names of those who had promised him help, were Marshal Gérard and MM. Decazes and Pasquier. The latter asked the Prince by what right he wore the Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and the prisoner answered: 'I found it in my cradle.' He had it, as a child, from the hands of the author of the order.

Louis Philippe treated Prince Louis Napoleon mercifully after Strasburg, as his supporters maintain; he was severe after Boulogne. Nor, indeed, had Prince Louis any cause to expect clemency. He had provoked his

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enemy to the utmost. He had almost brought about war between France and Switzerland, and had succeeded in lowering the prestige of Louis Philippe's Government by proving it to be a bully towards the weak and a coward towards the strong. For M. Guizot and his master had looked on quietly while the Prince perfected his arrangements for the Boulogne expedition, and had never ventured to address even a remonstrance to the British Government. M. de Rémusat had contented himself with keeping his *mouchards* vigilant and with writing despatches to the Ambassador, in which he jeered at the Prince as his 'Imperial Highness,' and thought the joke so good that he could not refrain from repeating it again and again, although he knew that Prince Louis's rank rested upon a better title than that of the son or the grandchildren of Philippe Égalité, viz. one given by the entire French people.[1]

Prince Louis had chosen M. Berryer to defend him. On the day when, for the first time, the Prince was permitted to communicate from the Conciergerie with the outer world, viz. September 4, he addressed a letter to M. Berryer, requesting the illustrious advocate to undertake his defence. After two or three conferences with the prisoner M. Berryer accepted the office. The offer was an honour rendered by the Prince to the advocate; the acceptance of it was a compliment paid by the advocate to the character and position of the prisoner. A Committee of Defence was formed, in which M. Berryer was associated with MM. Marie and Ferdinand Barrot, and, thus fortified, the nephew and heir of Napoleon I. met his judges.

[1] Prince Louis was interrogated as Monsieur Louis Bonaparte, and he was so styled in the original draft of the *arrêt de mise en accusation* of the Court of Peers; but finally *prince* was substituted for *monsieur*. The correction, according to B. Renault, in his *Histoire du Prince Louis-Napoléon*, is to be seen on the document.

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The trial was opened on September 28. The aspect of the court was striking. The old men, Peers of the régime of July, were chiefly relics of the Empire—personages whose fortunes the Empire had made. They had a worthy chancellor in Duke Pasquier. When the Prince entered, followed by M. Berryer and the venerable Montholon, they assumed a magisterial air of ease and indifference, as though the name of the *monsieur* to be judged was utterly unknown to them. But the court was crowded with Deputies and Councillors of State, and there was a strong movement of curiosity as the Prince, wearing the great plaque of the Legion of Honour, passed to his seat, somewhat apart from the rest of the accused.

The report of the Committee of Instruction had been read to the Court on the 15th, so that when the accused were introduced and the trial began there was no reason for a prosecutor to go over the facts alleged against the prisoners. This report was a wordy and bombastic document drawn up by M. Persil. It opened with the statement that indignant public opinion had so condemned the Strasburg attempt that its legal punishment was not necessary. It declared that the second attempt was an act of utter folly, since the actual dynasty and Government had taken deep root in the affections of the people. The Prince's followers were described as a few retired officers, a few men without name, and a posse of soldiers disguised as servants and servants disguised as soldiers. There was, of course, a slight panegyric on Napoleon, but it was tempered with the observation that he gave France only glory, and was careless about the liberty or equality or rights of her citizens, and therefore his was not a system to be revived. Then one of Prince Louis's answers to the Committee of Instruction was cited. Questioned as to the origin of his Boulogne expedition, he had answered :—

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'It is hardly more than a year or eighteen months ago since I began again to hold a correspondence with France. So long as I believed that my honour bound me not to undertake anything against the Government I remained quiet; but when I was persecuted in Switzerland, under the pretext that I was conspiring, which was then false, I began to think again of my old projects.'

The Peers were asked to stigmatise this statement as false, on the ground that the Prince sanctioned the preparation and appearance of M. Laity's pamphlet, and that before Laity's pamphlet was written he had been privy to the printing of one by his companion De Persigny directly after his return from America. Neither pamphlet was anything more than an act of defence against the calumnies of Louis Philippe's official press, but it served the turn of the prosecution to describe them as aggressive weapons. Had they known the reason which prompted Prince Louis when he supported M. Laity's publication, they might have made this assertion with a sound conscience. The report then passed to the action of the French Government in Switzerland, justifying it on the ground that Prince Louis was then actively plotting a second time against the Government of July—a position which they were unable to fortify with a single fact. On the contrary, the Prince's testimony in regard to the establishment of the Bonapartist journal 'Le Capitole' went to show that he had refused to help the enterprise while he was in Switzerland, and that the sum which he spent in supporting it was disbursed while he was in London, and consequently after he conceived himself free to act against the Government.[1]

[1] M. Crony-Chanel, to whom the money was remitted, stated the amount to Chancellor Pasquier at 140,000 francs. *Le Capitole* ceased to appear on December 3, 1840. In a parting address the editor observed that the journal represented at first merely the *émeute* of Strasburg, but

As regards 'Louis Bonaparte's' co-conspirators, M. Persil admits the Chancellor could get no information from the Prince. He insisted obstinately that he alone was responsible—that his secret remained locked in his own breast until the moment had arrived for acting. In his zeal for his friends, however, he stated 'on his word of honour' that Colonel Vaudrey and M. Bacciocchi had refused to march with him; and on this the reporter fastened, saying it showed that at any rate he had confided in some of his friends. At the same time he could not but admit that it was evidence of Louis Bonaparte's honour and delicacy towards his friends. The report showed that the Prince had carefully studied the northern departments. Maps of them were found among his effects, with the distances marked between the towns, the regiments in garrison and the number of men, and the arm of the service to which they belonged. It was alleged that all these points of information had been collected on the spot by the Prince's emissaries. In addition M. Persil set forth the plan of operations as described in orders, &c., found among Colonel Voisin's papers. Each officer had his functions assigned to him, so that all the official places of the town, as well as the gates and barracks, should be occupied rapidly. Mésonan was charged with the duty of sending messengers with general orders and proclamations to Calais, Dunkirk, Montreuil, and other neighbouring towns—a proof that, in the belief of the Prince, these places were only waiting the signal to join him.[1]

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that it had created a great political party. He warned the people against the hypocrites who were about to pay homage to the ashes of the Emperor and had consigned the young and imprudent Prince, his nephew, to a perpetual imprisonment, embittered with cruel and useless acts of rigour.

[1] 'Montholon evidently expected a large assemblage of Napoleonists to meet him, and it was in reference to this expectation he exclaimed:

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The report then rapidly described the descent, paid a high tribute to the bravery and energy of the Boulonnais, and concluded that the day furnished only a striking proof of the attachment of the nation to the Government and dynasty of 1830. With this the accused were handed over to the justice of the Court of Peers, in the assurance that they would judge them with complete independence. M. Persil, by way of peroration, stigmatised Louis Bonaparte's second attempt against his royal master's dynasty and Government as an act of 'incredible audacity, adventurous presumption, and delirious ambition.'

The Peers, having been in possession of all the evidence which the Committee of Instruction could collect against the prisoners, after having separately interrogated them in their cells for nearly a fortnight, were on the 28th ready to listen to their public examination.

The Chancellor therefore opened the proceedings by addressing Prince Louis as 'First accused,' and bidding him stand up. In reply to the Court he gave his name and age; and when asked his profession replied: 'A French prince in exile.' When M. Pasquier was about to proceed with his examination the Prince in reply said that before giving his answers he desired to address a few observations to the Court. Having obtained permission, he unfolded a paper, and in a firm voice, and amid breathless attention, read the following statement:—

'For the first time in my life I am at last able to make my voice heard in France, and to speak freely to Frenchmen. In spite of the guards who surround me, in spite of the accusations to which I have just listened, in finding myself within the walls of the Senate, in the

"Mon Dieu! nous sommes trahis! Que sont devenus nos amis?" My impression is that the landing was made in the wrong place, and that, had it been either at Dunkirk or Furness, a very different result might have followed.'—*Times*' correspondent at Boulogne, August 7.

midst of you, gentlemen, whom I know, I cannot think that I need justify myself, nor that you can be my judges. A solemn occasion offers itself to me to explain my conduct, my intentions, and my plans, what I think, what I desire, to my fellow-citizens. (Marks of attention.)

'If, without pride as without weakness, I recall the rights deposited by the nation in the hands of my family, it is only to explain the duties which those rights have imposed on us all.

'For the fifty years during which the principle of the sovereignty of the people has been consecrated in France by the most powerful revolution the world has ever seen, the national will has never been so solemnly proclaimed, nor ratified by so large and free a suffrage, as in the adoption of the constitutions of the Empire.

'The nation has never revoked this great act of her sovereignty, and the Emperor said: "All that has been done without her is illegal."

'Therefore do not let yourselves believe that, yielding to a personal ambition, I wished to attempt in France, and against the nation's will, the restoration of the Empire. I have been here inspired by higher lessons, and I have lived near nobler examples.

'I was born of a father who descended from a throne without regret on the day when he found it impossible to reconcile with the interests of France those of the people he had been called upon to govern.

'The Emperor, my uncle, chose to abdicate rather than to accept by treaty the restricted frontiers that were to expose France to the disdain and the menaces which the foreigner shows to-day. I have not lived a single day forgetful of such teaching. The cruel and undeserved proscription that for twenty-five years has dragged my life from the steps of a throne on which I was born to the prison which I have just left has not been able to

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deject or irritate my heart. It has not made me for a day a stranger to the dignity, the glory, and the rights and interests of France. My conduct and my convictions explain themselves.

'When, in 1830, the nation reconquered her sovereignty, I thought that the morrow of victory would be as honest as the conquest itself, and that the destinies of France were settled for ever. But the country has undergone the sad experience of the last ten years. I have thought that the vote of four millions of citizens which elevated my family imposed upon us the duty of making an appeal to the nation, and of consulting the popular will. I have even thought that if in the midst of the national congress, which I desired to convoke, any pretentions should be admissible, I should have the right to reawaken the striking memories of the Empire, and to speak of the eldest brother of the Emperor—of that honest man who, before me, is his worthy heir—and to place before France, now weak and passed over in the congress of kings, the France of that time, so strong within and without so powerful and respected.[1] The nation would have replied: Republic or monarchy, empire or royalty. On her free decision depends the end of our troubles, the close of our misunderstandings.

'As for my enterprise, I repeat I have had no accomplices. I determined all alone. Nobody knew beforehand either my projects, my resources, or my hopes. If I be guilty towards anyone, it is only towards my friends. However, let them not accuse me of having lightly abused their devotion and their courage. They will understand the motives of honour and prudence that will not permit me to divulge even to them how widespread and powerful were my reasons for anticipating success.

[1] The Prince expressed this enthusiasm, at the time, in his letters from Thun to his mother.

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'A last word, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause is that of the Empire; the defeat, Waterloo. The principle you have admitted; the cause you have served; the defeat you wish to avenge. No, there is no difference between you and me, and I will not believe that I shall be made to bear the penalty of the defections of others.

'The representative of a political cause, I cannot accept as the judge of my wishes and my acts a political jurisdiction. Your forms deceive nobody. In the struggle which is about to open there is only the conqueror and the conquered. If you be the men of the conqueror, I have no justice to expect from you, and I repudiate your generosity.'

This address made a strong impression on the Court; and although M. Pasquier observed, in his usual style, that he did not think it would serve the prisoner's cause, there could be no doubt that it favourably influenced public opinion. It was an answer to the Government allegation that the Prince had conspired to seize the reins of power and have himself proclaimed emperor; and it was in harmony with the decree found among the papers of the expedition at Boulogne, in which he appealed to the people against the Government of Louis Philippe, which had stifled the voice of the people and restricted the suffrage to the 200,000 voters whom it could command, and which had never received the public sanction.

The examination of the Prince lasted but a short time, for he persisted in his refusal to answer leading questions tending to criminate others, and obstinately maintained that he had kept his own counsel to the last. He admitted that proclamations, but not money, had been distributed. He declared that the pistol went off accidentally in the excitement of his parley with Captain

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Colonel Puygellier. He explained his insertion of M. Thiers's name in his decree by saying that it was his wish while appealing to the people to retain the services of the most eminent men in the country, without regard to their antecedents.[1]

General Montholon and Colonel Voisin denied that they were privy to the Prince's designs, and accounted for the presence of their uniforms in Carlton Gardens, and afterwards on the boat, by saying that they had been invited with the Prince to a fancy-dress ball at Almack's. M. Mésonan denied that he had endeavoured to win over officers at Lille and elsewhere in the north, or that he had offered large sums of money to General Magnan on the part of the Prince, or that he had distributed Bonapartist pamphlets. Parquin avowed himself the friend and aide-de-camp of the Prince, observed that he was free from all military obligations, and when re-

[1] The name of M. Thiers was frequently mentioned in connection with the Boulogne expedition, one writer going the length of asserting that he obtained from the King of Holland (as compensation for property left in the country by Queen Hortense) the very money with which the expedition was fitted out. We have received the following note on the subject from M. Thiers:—

'Monsieur,—Je réponds immédiatement à votre question, où je n'hésite pas à vous dire que l'écrivain que vous me citez a avancé une imposture en écrivant que j'avais procuré, par le concours du roi de Hollande, à Napoléon III les fonds nécessaires pour son expédition de Boulogne en 1840.

'1°. Je ne connaissais pas alors Napoléon III.'

'2°. Je n'avais pas l'honneur de connaître sa majesté le roi de Hollande, ou en tout cas je ne me serais pas servi de son obligeance pour un tel objet.

'3°. J'étais président du Conseil, où je n'aurais pas employé ma relation à procurer des fonds à ceux qui conspiraient contre le prince que je servais avec un dévouement sincère pour lui et pour la France.

'En verité, quand on se mêle d'écrire l'histoire, surtout contemporaine, on devrait ne pas afficher une si grossière ignorance des hommes et des choses dont on parle.

'Recevez, monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

'A. THIERS.

'Paris, 29 août 1874.'

The reader will observe M. Thiers's distinction. He did not know Napoleon III.; he had not the honour of knowing the King of Holland.

minded by the Court that his duty as a French citizen remained, answered: 'I was with a French prince.' He also proved that he had not seen the Prince from 1837 till 1840, and denied that he had endeavoured to tamper with French officers. M. Bouffet-Montauban explained his share in the expedition by saying: 'His Imperial Highness was the relative of Prince Eugene, my benefactor, and I owed him gratitude.' Lombard declared that the two companies of the Line in the barrack yard first saluted the flag surmounted by the eagle which he carried with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive le prince Napoléon!' M. de Persigny avowed his complicity in the plans of the Prince, and avowed that he attempted to attack Captain Colonel Puygellier; and when asked how he came by the name of Persigny, answered that it was his grandfather's name, and that his great-grandfather was a count, at which the Court laughed. He protested moreover that he was the object of infamous calumnies. M. Bataille had followed the Prince out of respect for his character and the national cause which he represented. He had been a contributor of articles on the Eastern question to 'Le Capitole.' Laborde explained his presence in the expedition by saying that he was an old Elba officer, and that he felt his duty to follow his chief, General Montholon. Desjardins, an old officer, could not live on his pension; he was in distress. An old comrade sent him over to the Prince, who received him with his accustomed kindness, and he was bound to be grateful. Dr. Conneau replied to the Court that he was led by the gratitude he owed to Queen Hortense, who had loaded him with favours. The Prince ordered him to print the proclamations at a press which he had bought, and he was proud to obey him. Orsi had known the Prince since 1827. The courage he showed in the Italian cause, with his brother, who died for Italian liberty, had inspired

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him with gratitude. When the Prince said 'I want you,' he was ready to march. Bure[1] had been actuated by his devotion to the Prince. He was his *frère de lait.*

An incident in the course of the trial afforded an idea of the temper of the Peers. Colonel Voisin complained that the National Guard fired on defenceless men in the water. He himself received three wounds in the back. Colonel Sansot and the sub-prefect of Boulogne tried to justify the firing; but M. Ferdinand Barrot persisted in blaming an obviously cowardly act, amid the impatient interruptions of the Court, which at last compelled him to resume his seat, with the protest that the defence of the prisoners was not free.

The evidence of General Magnan was the chief incident of the third day of the trial. He deposed that Lombard had been called to his notice by the prefect of the North as going among the officers of the garrison, probably to seduce them from their duty. The officers' names were given, but they were under the forgiveness of the King, and therefore he would not name them. But the General showed they were well disposed towards the Bonapartist agent, and that Lombard had been introduced to the officers' mess. After Lombard, Parquin arrived at Lille. Parquin enjoyed a high reputation in the city as a brave soldier; and the General ordered the officers neither to visit nor to receive him. Mésonan arrived also, and was received by the General very cordially as a popular officer in the army. Mésonan complained of having been put *en retraite* after his valuable and loyal services in 1830, &c., and he (the General) had a long and intimate conversation on his griefs. Then Mésonan, to the General's surprise, returned frequently to Lille; and at last, without prefatory observation, having men-

[1] During the Empire he was Trésorier-Général de la Couronne.

tioned Prince Louis Napoleon's name, handed him a letter, in which the Prince offered him a hundred thousand francs, and to place three hundred thousand francs at a banker's, if he would join his cause. The General described himself first as dumb with astonishment, and then as full of indignation. He protested, he reasoned with his old friend, and assured him that the army was true to the King; to which Mésonan replied by naming a number of men who were in the conspiracy. Then, in pity to his old friend, he implored him for God's sake to give up his guilty courses and to leave France. Mésonan ended by saying he would go. The General then swore before God and men, and 'on the head of his five children,' that this was the exact truth, and that it was all he knew on the subject. He added that he told the prefect, who was very anxious about the activity of the Bonapartist party everywhere, and this official communicated with the Minister of the Interior. For himself, he could not have complained to Mésonan of his treatment. For ten years he had never been to the Tuileries except to thank the King for his kindnesses. Mésonan formally denied the truth of General Magnan's version of their relations.

The evidence having been brought to a close, M. Franck-Carré, the Procureur-Général, addressed the Court for the prosecution. He described the expedition as the ridiculous work of obscure men; he asserted again that Prince Louis deliberately fired at Captain Colonel Puygellier, and voluntarily spilled the blood of a French soldier; that the prefect had been assaulted; that all the authorities of Boulogne had acted with equal courage and devotion to the King; and that it was impossible to believe that the companions of the Prince, old and experienced officers, had risked their lives in the dark. The Procureur singled out Aladenize as deserving condign punishment, for he had become a rebel while under

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the flag of his regiment. The Procureur's peroration was a powerful denunciation of Prince Louis. His hand was too weak to hold the sword of Austerlitz. He had appeared to France surrounded by his domestics in masquerade. He had a second time put himself at the mercy of a liberal and generous government by his puerile ambition. The veritable depositaries of the glory of Napoleon were his exalted captains who were now serving the dynasty which they themselves had established. Repentance would best become the Prince.

The Court retired for twenty minutes on the conclusion of M. Franck-Carré's speech, and then reassembled to listen to one of the noblest orations that ever fell from the lips of a French advocate.

M. Berryer said: 'M. le Procureur-Général exclaimed just now, "Here is a sad and deplorable trial!" and I too have not been able to take part in this grave contention without feeling doleful recollections spring up in my heart. How great is the misfortune of a country where, in a few years, so many successive revolutions, violent, upsetting again and again rights which had been proclaimed established, acknowledged by oath, have cast so profound and afflicting an uncertainty in men's minds and hearts with regard to the sentiment and constancy of their duties. What! within the compass of a man's life we have been subjected to the Republic, to the Empire, to the Restoration, and to the royalty of August 7. Has not this acceptance of governments which have been so rapidly broken one upon the other happened to the great detriment of the public conscience, of the dignity of man, I will even say of the majesty of the laws?

'Forgive me this reflexion, which forced itself upon me. Is it, then, true that among a people where such events have succeeded one another so rapidly, the men most endowed with energy, who have the most elevated sense of duty,

the most profound respect for their oath, the most religious fidelity to their engagements, the most invincible fidelity to the obligations they have contracted, are precisely the men who are most exposed to the charge of being bad and factious citizens; and that they are reckoned the purest and most virtuous citizens who, in these various revolutions, are weak enough in mind and heart not to have a faith or a principle? What a blow, gentlemen, is this to the dignity of justice, when she finds herself called upon to condemn as a crime that which she was once enjoined to impose as a law and to protect as a duty!

'In such a social situation statesmen and moralists may be afflicted, and must be alarmed; but administrators of justice, judges and advocates, when they find themselves thrown into one of these political trials, of these criminal accusations, where men's lives are at stake, should arm themselves with truth and justice, should protest with energy; and before granting society, or the "powers that be," the satisfaction or the vengeance demanded, should remember the part these men themselves have borne in the actions, enterprises, and resolutions which they seek to punish.'

This exordium was received with strong marks of approval.

'At the outset of my career I fulfilled the same duty that is imposed on me to-day. In 1815 ministers, misunderstanding the real strength of legitimate royalty, and faithless to its august character, brought before the tribunals the men who landed in France with Napoleon, and who had escaped the disaster of Waterloo. I had adopted the political principles which I have defended all my life. I was ardent and sincere in the convictions which the spectacle then offered to my sight strengthens day by day. Royalist, I defended the men who had remained

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faithful to the Empire. To save their lives I criticised events, the laws, the treaties, even the faults, of the Government; and the King's judges acquitted Cambronne. To-day the accused, who has honoured my independence and good faith by seeking me out in a party so opposed to his to defend him, will not find me betray his confidence. Thus, although the questions which this trial calls up pierce deeply the fundamental points of one of our political struggles, pray believe, gentlemen, that I shall approach them only in regard to the power you are called upon to exercise here—that is, the judicial power.

'On August 6 last Prince Louis Bonaparte left London without having divulged his plans or his resolutions. Accompanied by a few men on whose devotion he could rely, he embarked, and as they approached the French coast he armed them. He disembarked in France. He cast upon the territory his proclamations, and a decree proclaiming that the House of Orleans had ceased to reign, that the Chambers were dissolved, that a national congress would be convoked, that the actual president of the ministry would be the chief of the provisional government. All these deeds are acknowledged; you are called upon to judge them; but I ask you, in the personal position of Prince Napoleon, after the great events that have happened in France, and which are your own work, in presence of the principles which you have proclaimed, and which you have made the laws of the country, do the acts, the enterprise, of Prince Napoleon, his resolve, wear a criminal character which it is possible for you to punish judicially? Is the question one of applying to a rebellious subject, and one convicted of rebellion, the provisions of the penal code? The Prince has done more than attack the territory. He is not only guilty of having invaded the soil of France; he came to

contest the sovereignty of the House of Orleans, and to claim the rights of sovereignty for his own family. He did this by the same title and in virtue of the same political principle as that on which you have grounded the royalty of to-day. In this state you have not to decide between the two principles the struggle between which has so profoundly agitated and torn our country for fifty years. It cannot be a question, for the defence of the principle which now dominates the authorities in France, of applying existing laws to a contrary principle: your own principles are invoked. Two words of explanation.

'While the princes of the elder branch of the Bourbons were on the throne the sovereignty in France resided in the royal person. The transmission was regulated in a certain and invariable order known to all, and kept above all rival pretensions by fundamental laws against which nothing could be done that was not null and void. Thus consecrated by time, by the laws, by religion, the sovereign right was at once the title and the guarantee of all the rights of the citizen in the State; it was the patrimony of the past promised as the inheritance of the future. Legitimacy is apart from this trial; but in 1830 the people proclaimed their sovereignty; they declared that it resided in the rights and will of the majority of citizens. You acknowledged this, and consecrated it in the front of the new fundamental law.

'We were told just now that for five-and-twenty years France has been pursuing her mission. She desires the reign of law, the defence and maintenance of her institutions. Gentlemen, are the events of 1830 nothing, or is it the general wish to forget them? Is it nothing to change the whole system of the public rights of a country? Is it nothing to upset the principle of the fundamental laws and to substitute another? What has Prince Napoleon said? "The national sovereignty is proclaimed

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in France; and how can this sovereignty be transmitted? How can this transmission be asserted if it be not by an undoubted manifestation of the national will?" In your presence he says: "This incontestable manifestation is the expressed will of the citizens. I do not recognise it in the resolution of 219 Deputies and part of the Chamber of Peers in 1830." '

According to the reporters, this passage of M. Berryer's speech caused a 'prolonged sensation.'

'"The principle which now governs you, which you have placed over all the powers of the State, is the principle of '91; it is the principle which reigned in the year VIII.; it is the principle in virtue of which I appealed to the nation to pronounce her will formally. By the votes taken on the adoption of the constitutions of the Empire, 4,000,000 of votes, in 1804, declared that France desired the hereditary principle to prevail among the descendents of Napoleon, or of his brother Joseph, or, in default, in the descendents of his brother Louis. Here is my title."

'The Senate, in 1814, abolished this succession; but what happened in 1815? What did the Chamber of Representatives do? What was done on the Champ de Mai?'

Then, amid much agitation, M. Berryer declared that, according to the principles of his judges, the principle by which they had become his judges, Prince Napoleon represented a right. He asked, was the establishment of the Empire a dream, an illusion? The renown of its deeds had embraced the world. No, the establishment of the Empire was not a dream. And when the Emperor died, did all die with him? His dynasty had been founded, established, sworn to, in the name of the national sovereignty. Was it to last only the life of one man? The Peers must look at this question, for the

national will had been consecrated and expressed in 1804, as it had not been in 1830. It was they who had re-established the dogma of the national sovereignty which fell with Napoleon. It was they who had restituted that sovereignty which constituted an hereditary right in the Imperial family.

'The heir,' M. Berryer continued, 'is before you, and in a country where all the powers of the State are under the principle of the national sovereignty you are about to judge him—without interrogating the people. This is not a question that can be solved by a decree. A verdict, a condemnation, death, some heads cut off; but this will be nothing. So long as a drop of blood is transmitted by this family, the pretension to an hereditary claim, based on the political principle of France, will be transmitted also. You will have frightful and unjust punishments; you will be usurpers in the exercise of your quality as judges; and all this will have been completely useless.'

M. Berryer insisted at great length and with infinite ingenuity on this part of his argument. An incontestable heir, whose pretensions rested on the political dogmas which they themselves had recognised, was before them; and they were not competent to be his judges because he had made an attempt to recover his rights.

'There is between him and you,' M. Berryer insisted, 'a victorious and a vanquished cause: there is the holder of the crown and the dispossessed family.' The vehemence with which the advocate argued against the competency of the Peers to judge his client; his appeal to them to leave the fountain of justice pure in their country, which had been worn out with revolution; his argument that they could not, from the very origin of their position, be impartial, created agitation along the Peers' benches. They could not put the Monarchy of July in one scale

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and the sovereignty of the Empire in the other, and say they would be impartial judges, for they were the creatures of the former. Their judgment, if impartial, would be equivalent to the dissolution of Peers and Deputies. But they were there to defend the Government, and not in the quality of judges.

As for gratitude, M. Berryer asked whether the Government had not deprived Prince Louis of his rights as a French subject. He had himself twice demanded in 1830 that the law of proscription should be abolished, but the Government based on the national sovereignty had maintained it against the Prince and his family. More, they had coerced a neighbouring State to drive him out when he was by the bedside of a dying mother. They had left him no rights, no liberty, no country; but they had laws under which they could put him to death. 'This was revolting to reason, to common sense, to logic, to justice—in a word, to all ideas of right.' Then M. Berryer dwelt on the actual political condition of France. 'Power in France is now in the hands of a Ministry of recent origin. For several years before they obtained office the Ministers were engaged in a vigorous and sharp political contest. They deeply deplored the foreign policy which the Government of France was pursuing. They saw timidity—I will not use another word—in all our relations with the States of Europe. They groaned at the abandonment of Belgium even in the Luxembourg question. The Ministers of to-day grieved over the unconditional surrender of Ancona. They condemned the unfortunate pressure put upon Switzerland, which destroyed the sentiment of attachment felt in that country during so many centuries for France. They attacked that desolating policy which, concentrating all the thought of France on material interests and the calculations of private interest, trembled at the idea of war, and allowed

the great influence of France over Spain to be effaced by the inimical influence of England.'

Here applause interrupted the advocate.

'What happened? The present Ministry had hardly reached power when they found preparations and plans in the wind that affronted the dignity and threatened the interests of the country. They saw something like a preparation for a meeting of nearly all the States of Europe against France, which was isolated and cast out of the congress and transactions of kings. They were alarmed at such a situation. They felt that they must emancipate this France which had been devoted to egotism, to individualism, to the material burden that put aside every idea of sacrifice, and that other sentiments must be evoked in this proud and glorious country. They wished to awaken memories, and they went and invoked that of him who had carried the sword of France from the extremity of Portugal to the extremity of the Baltic. They desired that this great sword, which had almost bent the Pyramids, and which had almost cut off England from the European continent, should be shown to France. Imperial sympathies and Bonapartist sentiments were profoundly stirred to revive this warlike spirit in France. They have gone to open the tomb of the hero: they have gone to stir his ashes to carry them to Paris, and to lay his arms upon a bier.

'You are about to judge, gentlemen. Do you not understand the effect which such manifestations must have produced in the young Prince? Is it in this place, where I see so many men decorated with titles which they did not receive with their birth, that I shall be prevented from saying what feelings this great revival of the memory of the Emperor has stirred in the heart of the inheritor of a heroic name? Let us be men, gentlemen, and as men let us judge human actions. Let us examine matters.

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How far have we gone? Under a prince[1] who, in other days, had asked to bear arms against the Imperial armies, and to fight against him whom he called the Corsican usurper, the need of reviving the pride which hangs about this name in France and the sentiments which are linked to the remembrance of the Empire has been so great, that the Minister[2] has exclaimed, "He was the legitimate ruler of our country!"'

This remark was received with applause in the court.[3]

'It was at this moment that the young Prince saw realised that of which the men of the Government had felt a presentiment. He saw the Treaty of London signed. He found himself in the midst of the men who were privy to this combination against France; and can you not understand that this young man—foolhardy, blind, presumptuous as much as you please, but having a heart with blood in it, and in which a hatred has been transmitted—should have said to himself, without calculating his resources: "This name which they are trumpeting about belongs to me. It is for me to carry its living image across the frontier. It will reawaken faith in victory." And these arms, who shall lay them upon his tomb? Can you refuse the soldier's arms to the soldier's heir? No; and for this reason: without premeditation, without calculation, without a plan, but young, ardent, feeling his name, his destiny, his glory, he said to himself: "I will go, and I will lay the arms upon his tomb, and will say to France: 'Here I am; will you have me?'"'[4]

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[1] Louis Philippe.

[2] M. Thiers.

[3] 'Mouvement d'assentiment.'—*Albert Fermé.*

[4] When Napoleon was on his death-bed he gave his arms, including the sword he wore at Austerlitz and afterwards, to General Bertrand, commanding him to deliver them to his son, then King of Rome. When the ashes of Napoleon were on their way to France, King Joseph and Prince Louis Napoleon proposed to offer the great captain's arms to the

This interpretation of the Prince's enterprise created, the reporter notes, a strong sensation. M. Berryer resumed:—

'Let us be of good courage: let us speak before we judge. If crime there has been, it is you who have provoked it by the principles which you have laid down, by the solemn acts of the Government. It is you who have inspired it by the sentiment with which you have animated Frenchmen, and, among all Frenchmen, the heir of Napoleon himself. You are bent on judging him, and to strengthen your resolution, so that you may the more readily constitute yourselves judges, you are told of wild projects, of mad presumption. What, gentlemen, has success, then, become the basis of moral laws, the foundation of right? Whatever weakness, illusion, or foolhardiness the enterprise may exhibit, it is not to the number of the soldiers we must look; it is to the right, to the principles, on which action was taken. Of this right and these principles you cannot be the judges.' ('Vive adhésion!')

'And I do not believe that the right in the name of which the enterprise was attempted can fall under the disdainful words of the Procureur-Général. You allude to the feebleness of the means, to the poverty of the expedition, to the absurdity of the hope of success. If success be everything to you who are men, who are even among the first in the State, who are members of a great political body, I will say there is an inevitable and eternal arbiter between every judge and every prisoner. Before

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nation, to be laid upon his coffin. General Bertrand was ordered to hand them, for this purpose, to the governor of the Invalides. But Louis Philippe would not receive them from the Emperor's family, and he prevailed upon General Bertrand to give them to him, that he might bestow them upon the nation, and so prevent the intervention of any member of Napoleon's family in the ceremony which he intended to reflect glory upon himself alone. Hence the protest of Prince Louis, described in a previous chapter.

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judging in the presence of this arbiter, and in the face of the country, which will hear your judgments, say to yourselves, without weighing the feebleness of the means, the right, the laws, the constitution: "My hand on my conscience, before God and my country, if he had succeeded, if he had triumphed, I would have denied his right; I would have refused to participate in his power; I would have disdained, I would have repulsed him." I accept this supreme arbitration, and whosoever, before God and before the country, will say to me: "If he had succeeded, I would have still denied his right," that man will I accept as his judge.'

This home-thrust created an uneasy stir along the benches of the Peers.

'Shall I speak,' M. Berryer continued, following up the ground he had gained, 'of the punishment you might pronounce? There is but one if you constitute yourselves a tribunal, and if you apply the penal code. It is death. Well, in spite of yourselves, in constituting and calling yourselves judges you wish to do a politic act. You would not jar upon the sympathies, the passions, the sentiments, that you are endeavouring to exalt; you would not on the same day place the same name—that of Napoleon—on a glorious tomb and on a scaffold. No; your sentence will not be death.'

Cries of 'Bravo!' were raised in the body of the court.

'Then you will do a politic act; you will bear political considerations in mind; you will put the law aside. This is no longer a question of mercy; a political reason will govern a political body. Can you, according to your laws, pronounce a sentence of perpetual imprisonment? An infamous punishment! Gentlemen, I cast away all I have said; I put aside the authority of a political principle; I speak no longer of the impossibility of judging without having appealed to the people; and

until they have decided between the right constituted by you and that consecrated by the constitutions of the Empire, and renewed during the Hundred Days, I put away considerations derived from the acts of your Government. I speak no longer of the true and natural sentiments which forbid a condemnation, and I restrict myself to the remark that you will not lay an infamous punishment on this name. It is not possible before the country; it is not possible in these days—in these times.

'An infamous punishment on the name of Napoleon—is this the first pledge of peace you have to offer to Europe? Step out of general considerations of right and of the legislator, become men again, and believe that France still attaches an immense price and honour to the natural sentiments of man. They wish to make you judges; they wish you to pronounce judgment against the nephew of the Emperor. Who, then, are you? Counts, barons—who were ministers, generals, senators, marshals—to whom do you owe your honours? To your admitted merits doubtless, but it is not less to the munificence of the Empire that you are indebted for your presence here and your position in the judgment seat. Believe me, there is something grave in the considerations which I submit. A condemnation to an infamous punishment is not possible. In the presence of the benefits of the Empire it would be an immorality. In the presence of the duties which are imposed on you by the memories of your lives, of the causes you have served, of your oaths, of the favours you have received, I say that a condemnation would be an immorality, and it should be seriously pondered. There is a terrible and inevitable logic in the intelligence and instincts of the people, and he who, in the government of human affairs, has violated a single moral law, should expect the day when the people will break them all upon himself.'

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At the close of M. Berryer's address the excitement of the Court created a pause in the proceedings. The manner in which the advocate had attacked the Government and recalled the glories of the Empire and the rights of Napoleon's descendents, according to the very principle by which Louis Philippe occupied the Tuileries, must have led the King, his astute President of the Council, and his famous Ambassador at the Court of St. James's to a different conclusion from that which prevailed all round at the château of Eu on the morrow of Prince Louis's enterprise. They could not make capital out of the Napoleonic legend at the Invalides and deck it with a *camisole de force* at the Conciergerie.

After the effect of M. Berryer's address had calmed down M. de Montholon rose, and in a feeble voice explained how he made part of the Prince's expedition. He had gone to England on family affairs. There he met the Prince often. The Prince confided to him his ideas on the state of France, on his project for convoking a national congress, and his hope that he should be able some day to give back to Frenchmen the political unity which the Emperor had so gloriously founded. 'All his ideas,' said the venerable general, 'showed an ardent love of France, a noble pride in the great name which had descended to him; and I found again in him a living memory of the long meditations of St. Helena.' The old Imperial follower concluded: 'I received the Emperor's last breath. I closed his eyes. This is explanation enough of my conduct. Without regret I find myself to-day accused for having taken a resolution of which the good opinion I have of men convinces me that you, Messieurs les Pairs, would have been capable.' M. Berryer rose, repeated these last words, and said: 'These constitute M. de Montholon's defence.'

The Committee of Defence had resolved upon a

general system, to embrace all the accused, which was submitted to the Court by M. Ferdinand Barrot, who also specially pleaded for MM. Voisin, Parquin, Desjardins, and Bataille. But in his general review of the Boulogne expedition M. Barrot repudiated vehemently the charges urged by the Procureur-Général against the Prince, and his endeavour to lower him, by representing him as a vain and brainless young man, who had blindly engaged in a puerile enterprise. M. Barrot described the studious youth of the Prince, the years he had given to the meditation of his uncle's genius, and the passionate earnestness with which from his life-long exile he had watched varying developments of political France. The act of Boulogne could not be glorified, neither could it be, with justice, despised. It was Quixotic. The tilting was against a windmill possibly, but the knight was stirred by a noble and patriotic ambition which had burned in his breast from the time when, a schoolboy at Augsburg, he had wept over the death of the chief of his race. The advocate then dwelt on the honourable career of Colonel Voisin, who appeared before the Peers with the scars of twenty fights, a soldier whom Napoleon had decorated with his own hand, and a hero who had saved the life of the Marshal Duke of Reggio, now among his judges. Desjardins also was an old soldier who had eight wounds, was officer of the Legion of Honour, and had been cruelly treated by the authorities. Then there was M. Bataille, who had been a Polytechnic boy, and had become an engineer of repute. He had deeply studied the Eastern question, and had written on it, favouring the Russian alliance, in the Prince's paper 'Le Capitole.' He had offered the result of his studies to the 'Débats;' but this journal had refused them, although they were recommended by Peers who were now among his judges. And so he had found his way

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to Boulogne on August 6; for on arriving in London on business, and being presented to the Prince, he found him studying this same Eastern question, and saw that he and the Prince had come to an identical conclusion on the subject—one, moreover, to which Napoleon tended in his St. Helena Memorial. The Prince and M. Bataille travelled over all the grounds of this complicated subject together, and the young engineer became entirely devoted to the Prince. Hereupon M. Barrot made a remark on all the Prince's companions that is worth noting. 'We have seen them in prison, and they have, one and all, a real affection, an absolute devotion, a profound respect, for the person of the Prince.'

Parquin added a few affecting words to his advocate's address: 'Messieurs les Pairs, I promised an illustrious princess, dying in exile, never to leave her son in the difficult position in which fate had placed him. This explains my reappearance. I have fulfilled a pious duty. And if from heaven above, to which her religion, her virtues, and her charity have raised her, Queen Hortense casts a glance here below, and sees with sorrow her son before you, I shall be seen, I hope—I, who share the misfortune of this young prince, who has for many long years honoured me with his friendship, and to whom I have vowed to give all the devotion of which I am capable.'

The advocate of M. de Mésonan energetically denied the main points of General Magnan's testimony, and particularly the offer of money on the part of the Prince. He proved that the General had made two or three contradictory statements, and that his figures were wild when he stated on different occasions the sums which had been offered to him. M. de Persigny read a paper in his defence, in which he said that it was in 1833 that his study of the Consular and Imperial epochs led him to

devote his life to the Napoleonic cause; but his explanation was so long, and travelled over ground so wide of the question, that the Chancellor called him to the question before the Court; and, protesting against the Chancellor's ruling, he sat down.

Procureur-Général Franck-Carré, in his reply, laboured to refute the position taken up by M. Berryer, but showed too much zeal when he argued that the Government of July, in its dealings with the prisoners, had shown itself to be the most liberal that had ever existed. When he endeavoured to destroy the deductions made by M. Berryer from the principle of the national sovereignty, he only presented this principle in a new light, claiming for his Government that it was based upon it, while all the world knew that it was not. His endeavour throughout was to lessen the personal dignity of 'the first among the accused' by calling him Louis Bonaparte. But he did not go the length of M. de Rémusat, who mocked at the Prince's title in his despatches to M. Guizot.

When M. Berryer rose to reply to the Procureur-Général the Prince rose, and begged that he might himself be allowed to say a few words. He protested that the eloquence of the Procureur-Général was unnecessary. He added: 'In begging Maître Berryer to be good enough to explain my misrepresented intentions and my rights before the Court I desired to do my duty to my birth and my family; but, now that my fate alone is at stake, I wish to share that of the men who did not forsake me in the hour of danger, and therefore beg Maître Berryer to desist from further debate.'

M. Berryer merely said that the noble sentiments which Prince Napoleon had just expressed only made the honour which he had done him in choosing him for his advocate more precious to him, and he was the happier

BOOK IV.

in remembering that he had thrown all his zeal and all the energy of his convictions into his defence.

It was on October 6 that the Court gave their judgment. Princes Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in a fortress situated on the continental territory of the kingdom;[1] Count de Montholon, MM. Parquin, Lombard, and de Persigny to twenty years' *detention*, and De Mésonan to fifteen years'; Voisin, Forestier, and Ornano to ten years of the same punishment, and Bouffet-Montauban, Bataille, and Orsi to five years. They were to be afterwards subjected to the surveillance of the police for the remainder of their lives, and they were deprived of their titles, military rank, and decorations. Dr. Conneau and M. Laborde were sentenced to five years' imprisonment. The prisoners were further sentenced to pay the costs of the trial.

The sentence was delivered by the Court in the absence of the prisoners, and immediately after its delivery M. Cauchy, secretary of the archives, accompanied by M. Desmons, the chief usher, repaired to the Conciergerie and read it to the prisoners severally.

At four o'clock on October 6, 1840, the officers of the Court of Peers entered Prince Louis's cell, and in a tremulous voice M. Cauchy read the decree that condemned the nephew of Napoleon to pass the remainder of his life in prison. He bowed calmly, and answered: 'At least, sir, I shall die in France.'

Alexandre Dumas describes M. Nogent Saint-Laurent as entering the Prince's cell before the officials.

'You are condemned to perpetual imprisonment, Monseigneur,' said Nogent Saint-Laurent.

[1] This punishment did not exist in the penal code; it was created by the Peers to meet the case. The sentence was imprisonment, and not *detention*, the latter being a punishment *afflictive et infamante*.

'How long does perpetuity last in France, Monsieur Saint-Laurent?' the Prince replied, with a quiet smile. CHAP IX.

M. Dumas answers the Prince's *mot*:—

'It lasted five years at Ham—two years less than the perpetuity of M. de Peyronnet and of M. de Polignac.'

BOOK V.——HAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNIVERSITY OF HAM.

CHAP. I.

On the day—October 7, 1840—on which Prince Louis, accompanied by General Montholon, started for perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham, the 'Belle Poule' cast anchor before St. Helena to receive the ashes of his uncle and bear them to the Invalides. Fortune was favouring the House of Orleans, and the star of Napoleon was suffering a complete eclipse.

The Boulogne expedition had created a bad impression in every part of Europe. An opinion had become general, save among Prince Louis's friends, that the head of the House of Bonaparte was a vain and foolish young man, and that he had been rightly served for his second act of folly. Even the effect which the trial must, in ordinary times, have had in his favour was almost neutralised by the completeness with which public attention was at the moment absorbed in the trial of Madame Laffarge. The Government papers dismissed Monsieur Louis Bonaparte with compliments to the Government which he had endeavoured, with ridiculous means, to overthrow. It was the hour for resignation. It is true, papers like the 'National' said: 'This young man bears a magical name, which appears to the country as a symbol of power, a national guerdon. The most faithful memories encompass and protect it.' But the triumph was with the King and his Ministers, and nothing was

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left for the young man but to bear with dignity the horrible night he had brought upon his life.

When sentence was passed upon Prince Louis he had completed his preparations for the worst. As soon as his friends or men of business were admitted to the Conciergerie, the Prince set to work to set his worldly affairs in order. He so arranged his property that every pension which his mother bequeathed to her *service d'honneur* and to her servants should be duly paid. He stripped himself almost bare in order to protect those who had stood by him. Not the humblest claim was forgotten. We have seen with what care he thought of his serving-man Fritz, left behind in London. Every possible issue was faced; his life might be taken, and it was necessary, for the benefit of others, to place his property beyond the grip of the law. This was effectually done; and when Prince Louis left the Conciergerie for Ham he was, as Thélin has observed to us, 'as poor as Job.'

Poor in purse, but not in courage, nor in hope. The Bonapartist party was beaten and scattered; and they who a few weeks ago had been ready to ensure the Prince a triumph, had he made his footing good in France, were only anxious to keep themselves quite clear of the *fiasco*.[1] When the papers dwelt on the trial, and

1 "To satisfy you that I had good reason to count upon a satisfactory result, I will mention some facts and names which, out of regard to the interests of these parties, I must beg of you carefully to conceal." The Prince here entered into some relations, sustained by indubitable proofs, of the voluntary offers of service which had been made him by personages of the highest rank and influence, and of the various forces put at his disposition. It was made clear enough that, if he could only succeed in effecting an entrance into France, he might, on reaching the first garrison town on the road from Boulogne to Paris, count on the most effectual support. It is with no small regret that I yield to the request of Prince Louis to suppress revelations that would infallibly settle the question so much mooted —of the want of due consideration alleged against this apparently hare-brained attempt. . . . After leaving

CHAP. I.

ridiculed the pretensions of Monsieur Louis Bonaparte, very few dared, and not many cared, to take up the cause of the captive who had been removed from the political scene for ever.

It was now that the simple and studious habits which the Prince had formed early in life, and from which he never swerved, even when the palace of the Tuileries was his home, stood him in good stead. He had infinite resources within himself; and the mean lodging to which the Government consigned him for the remainder of his life—making him suffer within a hundred miles of Paris hardships infinitely greater than those which chafed upon the spirit of his uncle at St. Helena[1]—evoked no complaint from him until the damp brick floors of his prison had racked him with rheumatism.[2] As he entered the dismal

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Ham I felt greatly anxious to be allowed to mention a distinguished person, whose recent death, occasioned in no slight degree by his chagrin in consequence of these painful events, would, I thought, sanction the veil being removed from his name. I saw all the advantage that would accrue to the Prince from its being known that an individual so high in command was one of his warmest partisans, and I wrote to him for this privilege; but his answer was decisive: "Mais je désire autant que même les morts ne seraient pas indiqués, car cela aurait des inconvénients pour ceux qui vivent."'—*A Visit to Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in the Castle of Ham in* 1845. By Henry Wikoff. New York, 1849.

[1] 'From his person my glance wandered over the room, which surprised me by its extreme rudeness. It was very small, the walls bare, and the floor without covering. Three or four wooden chairs, a single table, on which, among other objects, stood a simple student's lamp, constituted its principal furniture. In a recess on either side of the chimney were shelves running to the ceiling filled with books, and here and there around the apartment were suspended several engravings, with some miniatures of the Prince's family. On the low wooden mantlepiece stood a common clock, and a small, plain looking-glass above it. The whole had very much the appearance of a common kitchen in some unpretending private house.'—*Wikoff's Visit to Ham.*

[2] 'That which grieves me most is to think that the Emperor at St. Helena was less ill-treated by the English than his nephew is in France by the French.'—*Letter from General Montholon. Histoire du Prince Napoléon, Président de la République.* Par B. Renault. Paris, 1852.

BOOK V.

fortress, centred in a bleak, level, treeless country, he merely said: 'Here I am in my right place,' and sat him down with an unbroken spirit and an undisturbed faith, still to work in the direction of his destiny. The fortress was hemmed roundabout with soldiery. Four hundred *fantassins* guarded him within the fortress; a vigilant police was backed by a strict military *consigne*; the Ministry of the Interior in Paris watched every traveller who passed near the perpetual prison of the Bonaparte. Escape appeared to be impossible, and there was no hope of mercy, for nothing was to be gained by magnanimity when the ashes of the Emperor had been placed in the Invalides, without affording the scattered followers of the Prince the least opportunity for any movement more serious than cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' and 'À bas Guizot!' as the stately procession moved along the Champs Élysées to the asylum of the invalids of the Grande Armée.

But while friends grieved bitterly to see a young prince of brilliant promise lost to the world, the Prince himself turned his back upon his prison doors, and resolved to prepare himself by a severe course of study for the great day—as sure to come as the round of the gaoler on the morrow of his incarceration—when the sun of Austerlitz would break again over the fortunes of his race. He saw straight through the clouds which mantled about him as the doors first closed behind him in his prison. He had made, in his own words, an *épouvantable catastrophe*, and he was under the heaviest pressure of it. He could wait for the rebound.

Since 1833, when Napoleon's son died, he had through difficulties and disasters shown the world at any rate that all the Bonapartes were not dead. His faith had borne him along, and it supported him now. He felt that there was some of the stuff of the martyr in him. Quietly,

therefore, almost contentedly, he begged to have some rough bookshelves nailed against the walls of his cell; and, with two or three devoted friends in Paris to supply him with books and take notes, he resumed his studies where he had left them on the morning when he departed from Arenenberg for Strasburg.

The two friends who were his constant correspondents from without, and who supplied him with the books, notes of references, plans and drawings, chemicals, and samples of arms and ammunition necessary to the various studies with which he filled the monotonous round of time, were Madame Hortense Cornu and M. Vieillard. The one had been his playmate at Malmaison, and he called her by turns his god-daughter and his sister; the other had been the teacher of his beloved and brilliant brother Napoleon, and since the disaster at Forli had been to him an intelligent counsellor and a trusty friend.

Sûr des roses l'amour sommeille;
Mais quand s'obscurcit l'horizon,
Célébrons l'amitié qui veille
À la porte d'une prison.

The steadfastness with which Madame Hortense Cornu devoted herself during the years of Prince Louis's imprisonment to all his literary wants, the devotion with which she travelled hither and thither in quest of the rare books, the MSS., the drawings and tracings necessary to his work on artillery, the care with which she corrected his proofs, and the unfailing tact and courage with which she besieged persons of authority far and wide for the material her prisoner required, are exhibited (and in the language of gratitude) in the scores of letters from the Prince that are in her possession, and from which we have been permitted to make copious extracts illustrative of the activity of the Prince's mind while he was

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Louis Philippe's prisoner. Madame Cornu was the adviser as well as the literary helpmate of the Prince. He sought her opinion and deferred very often to her judgment. The warmth with which he thanked her again and again for her zeal and her intelligent execution of his literary and scientific commissions, the delicacy with which he endeavoured repeatedly, but always in vain, to compel her acceptance of some of the pecuniary results of his writings, testify at once to the high value and thorough unselfishness of her work.

M. Vieillard was the friend in whose judgment Prince Louis had thorough confidence, and in whose loyalty he trusted implicitly. It has been seen, and it will be seen again, that the Prince was never afraid of baring his bosom to his friend. M. Vieillard was a Deputy under Louis Philippe, and mixed much in political life. Moreover he never engaged in any of the Prince's plots or plans. He never scrupled to blame that which he disapproved. In the Prince's letters to him are frequent protests against his adverse judgments. Yet he held his ground; and it was this courageous candour that made the Prince value him before all others as his counsellor. His advice was specially useful in the subject upon which the Prince worked most ardently, viz. his 'History of Artillery,' for M. Vieillard was an old artillery officer.

M. Mocquard and M. Ferdinand Barrot were among the Prince's constant correspondents, and they helped also to supply the material with which he might occupy his mind. 'I am fully occupied,' he wrote to M. Barrot shortly after his arrival at Ham, 'so that I forget my prison, and am able to laugh at human perplexities. Happiness lies much more in the imagination than in the real world, and as I carry my imaginary world with me, composed of memories and hopes, I feel as strong in soli-

tude as in the crowd.'[1] Let us not forget two gentlemen who, albeit of the régime of July, respected the student in the Prince; MM. Villemain and Salvaudy placed at his disposal all the treasures of the national libraries.

Thus comforted by the devotion of friends, and favoured by the respect which his literary quality inspired, Prince Louis entered upon a course of reading and thinking and writing which, in the judgment of his nearest friends, made a new man of him. He was quite conscious ever after of the immense advantages which he derived from the years of intellectual training he had the courage to give himself behind the walls of the famous fortress of Picardy. This training comprehended not only historical studies, not only scientific investigations, industrial enquiries, and surveys of such social subjects as the extinction of pauperism; it included also a keen and unfailing outlook upon the activities of the living present, and frequent commentaries on them. Through all those subjects, in all the letters to which they gave rise, in the records of the visits which the pale student received, there stands out from the grey background of the prison scene the man of faith—the man of destiny who is travelling, by devious paths it may be, towards the goal. The one idea is ever present. While he pores over the story of Charlemagne, while he plays with magnets or makes experiments on the condensation of gases, or dwells on new forms for percussion caps, or works upon his plan for connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific, or casts up figures for his argument on beetroot sugar, or writes a philosophical article on the proper conduct of a parliamentary opposition, the star of the House of Napoleon twinkles through the barred window of his cell, or pierces the metres of solid granite which lie between

[1] *Les Gloires de l'Empire.* Par E. Muraour. Lebigre-Duquesne Frères. Paris, 1861.

BOOK V.

him and the outer world, and the prison lamp has the radiance of a meteor.

'I took my honours at the University of Ham,' Napoleon III. would say to his son in after years by way of pleasantry, when the boy showed him marks of his progress. Ham was the stern college in which the serious manhood of the future emperor was formed for that high career of state craft which has left indelible marks in the history of the world. The prison gave him moral and intellectual strength and steady poise; but it was at the price of shattered health and a saddened spirit.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHÂTEAU OF HAM.

CHAP. II.

THE ancient fortress of Ham on the Somme is from some points of view a picturesque object. There is a grand old tower, the walls of which are some ten metres in thickness. The winding steps of stone lead through great gloomy, chilly chambers to utter darkness in cavernous places where men have lain prisoners. From the banks of the river that winds round the outer walls, the grey and red towers and battlements present an impressive appearance of age and strength. The spacious courtyard within the second drawbridge has for central point and ornament a widely-branching elm-tree, which the imprisoned Deputies of the Convention planted, and in the shadow of which the soldiers smoke and lounge. The approach to the château from the town is by an avenue of noble trees, with other avenues to the right and left. On the left there is the open place where the townsfolk have held their fêtes and games and dances for many a long year; on the right a rude weather-beaten calvary, to which the roots of the surrounding trees afford easy steps. Every part of the Count of St. Pol's[1] fortress is in a fair state of repair; but the fortune or dignity of the place has dwindled. It was the prison of great prisoners; but its historical chambers are now the workshops of military tailors and shoemakers, and

[1] The fortress of Ham was built by the Count of St. Pol in 1460.

BOOK V.

the bars are about to be wrested from the windows because they cast shadows across the awl and the shears.

In the farther right-hand corner of the yard the visitor perceives, as he enters through the massive walls from without, a range of low one-storied buildings. Within this range the Prince de Polignac and his colleagues were confined, and were succeeded in their tenancy by Prince Napoleon Louis and the companions of his imprisonment. Here also Caprera was a prisoner, and finally the same rooms served as the prison of Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Charras, and others in 1851. Situated in a well, with damp walls and mounds roundabout, the place looks fever-stricken and gloomy. When the Prince reached Ham, the entire building was in a dilapidated condition—windows, roof, doors, and floors. Ham is a damp place, in the midst of a marshy country; the mists are frequent. Low-lying rooms in this situation—and these out of repair—must therefore be trying to men of feeble health. The entrance to Prince Louis's prison is by a narrow door into a whitewashed passage. On the right, immediately on entering, is the sitting-room of General Montholon, and beyond it his bedroom. They are the two rooms which French officers occupy; and the furniture given to the Prince and his two companions was that which is supplied to officers—plain walnut-wood. Opposite to the General's sitting-room are the bath-room and the chapel. At the end of the ground-floor passage is the guard-room. Ascending a short flight of stairs to the upper story, the Prince's corridor—a long whitewashed passage—is reached. On the left, overlooking the courtyard, is the sitting-room, and opposite is the bedroom, with a wall of grass before it. These are two low, square, whitewashed rooms with brick floors. By the Prince's bedroom is that of Dr. Conneau, and in the same corridor is that of Charles

Thélin. Beyond, in the passage, is the *salle-à-manger*, and beyond that, at the end of the passage, is the laboratory.

The only exit from the two passages, in the Prince's time, was through the guard-room, at the end of the lower one. The door on the courtyard was rigorously closed. When the prisoners took their walks on the rampart before the windows of the prison, they passed out through the guard-room door along a narrow walk at the end of which was a barrier and a second guard-room. When they reached the broad walk on the rampart, about a hundred and fifty feet in length, they found sentinels posted at every point commanding it from within and without. The river was below, and soldiers were on guard on the opposite bank, to prevent townsfolk from loitering on the tow-path or exchanging signals with the captives. Along the inner slope of the mound the Prince laid out his garden—about the size of a single flower-bed at the Tuileries—and raised a bower and built a rude seat. After a time he was permitted to take horse exercise round the Conventionnels' trees in the yard; but the two corridors and the little dilapidated rooms to the right and left, with the few feet of rampart for exercise ground and the perch of land for flowers, were the world to Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte for more than five years of his life.

He made the most of this world, as the reader will see. In his sitting-room he built himself book-shelves; in his bedroom he adjusted planks against the wall for his dressing-table. He turned his passage into ground for experiments with projectiles.[1] A spare room became

[1] The concierge of the château describes the amusement with which the Emperor noticed, when he visited his old prison accompanied by the Empress, that a window over a door midway in the passage, which he had broken with a bullet, was still as he left it.

BOOK V.

a laboratory, in which he spent many days with M. Acar, a chemist of the town, making investigations in electro-magnetism and other fields of experimental chemistry.[1] His companions Montholon and Conneau had likewise their amusements or employments. Dr. Conneau gave up his time to his birds, and constructed an aviary in the window at the end of the passage. As for Charles Thélin, the most devoted of servants and friends, time never hung idly on his hands when once he was permitted to go out into the town.

The Prince rose early and went at once to the work he had in hand, and remained at it till eleven o'clock, when breakfast was served from the canteen. After breakfast he took up his red kepi and went to his corner of the ramparts for exercise, the sentinels being on the *qui vive*, and under strict orders never to salute him, and the police agent following him, and keeping his eye fixed upon him while he trimmed his flowers, or paced up and down with that same bound of river, towing-path, and trees for his prospect month after month and year after year. A passing barge was a diversion, and the passers-by, who raised their caps to the nephew of the great Emperor, formed little bright spots in the dull round of the day. Wearied of the sentinel's walk allotted to him, and of the shadow of the policeman, he went back to his study and his laboratory, where he worked till five o'clock, when dinner was served. The time after dinner he spent in company with Montholon and Conneau; the governor made his last round; and then the three prisoners and their chief custodian, M. Demarle, played a rubber of whist.

There was no break in these habits, except when the

[1] The Prince sent M. Arago a series of observations on electrical currents, which were accepted with thanks by the Academy of Sciences, and ordered to be entered in their Transactions.

CHAP. II.

Prince fell ill; and there was little change in the scene except when Madame Cornu, Omani, or Laity, or some friend from England or America, obtained permission from the Minister of the Interior to pay the Prince a visit. Thélin brought gossip from the town, where he soon became known as Monsieur Charles, and the incidents of his day were welcome to men who never saw anything of the outer world save a strip of towing-path and a bit of the green, where the townsfolk now and then made holiday. From one end of his walk the Prince could look upon the people *en fête*; and when he appeared on these occasions they contrived to greet him with marks of respect and sympathy.[1] The chief gossip of the place was about the nephew of the Emperor, and everybody was delighted to be on speaking terms with Monsieur Charles, whose head-quarters were at the 'Hôtel de France,' on the Grande Place. He gossiped with the country-folk under their crimson umbrellas at their stands on market-days; he was welcome in every shop; he was, in short, the most popular figure of the place, and lives in the memory of many of the inhabitants to this day. In the evenings a young lady could be seen walking before the château in the shadow of the trees, with a parrot upon her shoulder, waiting for the popular valet.[2] In the mornings and afternoons men watched his coming and going, anxious to be in his good graces. At the same time the police seldom lost sight of him. But he was the discreetest as well as the most popular and devoted of valets, and during the years his

[1] 'I spoke of Prince Louis, and found the topic highly congenial to mine host (of the 'Hotel de France'). He was copious and eloquent in his praises, and said how impossible it was to express the interest the whole town took in the welfare of the unfortunate prisoner.'—*Wikoff's Visit to Ham.*

[2] Thélin became engaged to this young lady. She died, however, of consumption before they were married, and left her betrothed a fortune of 40,000 francs.

BOOK V.

service kept him in Ham the emissaries of the Ministry of the Interior never found the least excuse to interfere with him. They dogged him to Paris and back again when he went on an errand for his master; but he eluded their vigilance without awakening their suspicions, and returned, his mission duly accomplished.

The rooms which the Prince occupied were, as we have observed, in a bad condition when the prisoner arrived; but it was not before his health had sensibly suffered, and his doctor had entered a strong protest, that M. de Rémusat, Minister of the Interior and former chamberlain of the Emperor, placed 600 francs at the disposal of the commandant for repairs. This sum was inadequate to the work which was absolutely necessary; new floors, new ceilings, new windows, and new doors were wanted. The Prince was at last asked to complete the repairs out of his own purse. 'It is not for me,' he answered, 'to keep the State prisons in order.' The repairs were never completed, and when Chevalier Wikoff visited the Prince in 1845 the room in which he sat had the appearance of a common kitchen. The tailors and shoemakers who inhabit the prison now are far better cared for than the Prince and the aged General Montholon were in the reign of Louis Philippe and under the home ministry of MM. de Rémusat and Duchâtel. The food of the prisoners was served from the canteen, the daily sum allowed by the State for it being seven francs[1] a head. Thélin was excepted. He was left to support himself.

The condition in which Prince Louis's prison remained is described by Wikoff in his account of his visit paid to the Prince towards the close of 1845, when he had already spent five winters in it. He found the flights of

[1] Two francs a head was the sum allowed for the table of M. de Polignac and his colleagues.

narrow stone stairs 'half crumbled away.' He had last met the Prince in London at the table of his uncle King Joseph in the spring of 1840. Then he was 'forcibly struck by his military aspect, affable manners, intelligent face, pale and slightly tinged with melancholy.' He was now pained to see that he was sadly altered. 'He had grown much thinner, was very pale and sickly-looking; and his manner, how different from the gay, martial air he wore in London. Though ever simple and affable, his appearance betokened deep dejection and a spirit bruised and sinking under constant reverses.' The room the visitor likened to a common kitchen in some unpretending private house. He observed to the Prince that the Government could not in his case be accused of a want of the most rigid economy, for nothing could well be more illiberal or vindictive than the spirit which had assigned to him those miserable quarters. CHAP. II.

'Oh, I am very well off now, I assure you,' answered the Prince, 'since they have ordered the removal of the damp brick floor, which in this wet climate and decayed old building seriously impaired my health. I am affected with a violent rheumatism, which you see has lamed me, but I trust it will pass off with time.'

Then the Prince led the way to the walk allotted him on the ramparts. The visitor observed: 'The view of the surrounding country from the top was commanding; but as my eye wandered over the vast expanse of table-land (invisible until the leaves have fallen from the trees), which spread out to the skirts of the horizon, it failed to encounter a single object of interest or of beauty. All was flat, monotonous, and cheerless. I never remembered a landscape so dreary and repulsive. Even the dull town of Ham, which might have served as a diversion to the prospect, was out of view from the spot purposely assigned to the Prince, and there was nothing

BOOK V.

to relieve the general sterility without but the old decaying pile of buildings within the fortress. For the greater part of the year, in this inhospitable climate, the sky is clouded and menacing, and at this moment the gloom of surrounding objects was enhanced by the humid air and cold shade which dwelt on all around. It was really a relief to turn from this chilly survey and watch the gambols and sportive pranks of a pet dog who accompanied us, and who did his best to enliven our walk. The Prince pointed with some satisfaction to a meagre collection of flowers and plants, which had been arranged with taste along the sides of the acclivity we had just mounted, and which he dignified with the sounding title of "his garden" adding how much pains and time he had given to their cultivation. Certainly no other proof was wanting of the distressing activity of his prison life.'

Then the Prince pointed to a 'couple of men in plain clothes' who were walking up and down at a short distance, and explained: 'Their especial business is to keep me constantly in sight when I am out, as now, walking on the ramparts, to see that no one approaches or addresses me.' He explained how the windows of the soldiers' rooms had been nailed down to prevent them from saluting or cheering him; nobody might speak to him. Then he added: 'I have fallen into the hands of the Philistines, and must bear my lot.'

'"But here," he said abruptly, as if anxious to break off an unpleasant train of thought, "is an object of great curiosity;" and we stopped in front of a huge tower which raised its ponderous head over the lower end of the promenade we had been traversing the while. It was indeed in every way interesting, both from its singular dimensions and its romantic history. It was built in 1460 by the Count St. Pol, Constable of France in the reign of Louis XI. This powerful feudal lord was but on

indifferent terms with his wily sovereign, and fearful that matters might go the length of an open breach, he bethought him of building this gigantic tower of 100 feet in height, the same in diameter, with walls of 30 feet in thickness, in whose capacious sides were constructed various chambers. A wide ditch formerly surrounded it, adding to its security. Proud of his *chef-d'œuvre*, he engraved on its massive portals the words, still legible, "Mon mieux," and confidently relied on its strength to protect him in case of need against the worst assaults of his formidable enemy. He calculated without his host, poor fellow, and with a strange blindness to the character of his foe. The Louis of that day was notorious for his exceeding craftiness, and of choice preferred always a trick to simpler means. Instéad of bringing his terrible artillery to bear on the impregnable sides of "Mon mieux,"[1] which would have laughed a siege to scorn, he expressed in dissembling language his admiration of its noble masonry, and not long after, in affectionate terms, invited its projector to Paris, whither the confiding St. Pol betook himself, little dreaming that the structure he had erected to preserve his life would only serve as a monument to commemorate his death. He was seized, imprisoned, and beheaded on reaching the court of his treacherous master.'

The walk was brought to an abrupt close. The visitor—such were the precise orders from M. Duchâtel, then Minister of the Interior—was to remain at the château exactly four hours, and only one visit was to be permitted. The four hours had expired, and military law reigned in the prison. The Prince led the way to his 'decayed abode,' and 'up the same chilly, time-eaten

[1] The Prussians tried to raise a gun to the summit in 1870, but failed, and contented themselves with thrusting stove-pipes on the battlements, which at a distance looked like artillery.

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stone stairs, now almost veiled in darkness,' and along 'the same narrow passage, to his comfortless little room.' 'I retired,' the visitor records; 'and as I reached the head of the staircase, I turned round instinctively for a last look at the spot I had just quitted, when, to my surprise, I found the Prince had followed me to the door and was looking after me. Nothing could have conveyed to my mind a keener sense of the desolation into which he was about relapsing than this single act. His face and attitude both bespoke the dreariness and melancholy which surrounded him.'

M. Louis Blanc, who visited the Prince about this time, has described [1] his rooms as spacious, well furnished, and provided with every domestic comfort. At a glance it was obvious to the republican that the prisoner was kindly treated, and he records this to the honour of Louis Philippe. But M. Louis Blanc's account of his visit to the fortress, written after the *coup d'état*, under the smart of recent proscription, bears traces in every paragraph of prejudices unworthy of the historian and the man.

[1] *Révélations historiques.* Par Louis Blanc. Bruxelles, 1859.

CHAPTER III.

'HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS, 1688–1830.'

CHAP. III.

THE nervous irritability produced by strict confinement found vent with Prince Louis in the treatment of a rapid succession of subjects. Some time passed before he could settle down to a definite task. The many themes and questions on which he had thought and touched in the course of his changeful and adventurous life crowded upon his mind. In the earliest days of his imprisonment the excitement of the trial and the commentaries of the newspapers on it, the arrangement of his private affairs, the adjustment of his papers and books, even the novelty of his position and the change in the mode of his daily life, helped to keep his mind active. The arrival of the remains of Napoleon in Paris (December 15, 1840) even stirred him to write an address[1] to the manes of the Emperor. It was only when the turmoil without and the arrangements within were finished, and the days began to succeed each other with the regularity and monotony of dripping water which wears a hollow in a rock, that the prisoner felt the terrors of his position creeping over him. The sole escape from moral and intellectual deterioration was through work, work that would not only give a special and separate colour and interest to each day, but that would throw out feelers beyond the walls of the fortress by which he could touch the minds and hearts of busy men in the free world. Although his body was

[1] See *Œuvres de Napoléon III*, tome premier, p. 435. Henri Plon: Paris, 1869.

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caged, he might cast his mind among the scenes of active life, influence the march of politics, and from his narrow cell mend even the swift flight of steam.

On January 13, 1841, Prince Louis wrote to the Countess of Blessington :—

'I have received only to-day your letter of January, because, being in English, it was necessary to send it to the Ministry in Paris to be read. I am very grateful for your remembrance, and I think with grief that none of your previous letters have reached me. I have received from Gore House only one letter, from Count d'Orsay, which I hastened to answer while I was at the Conciergerie. I bitterly regret that my letter was intercepted, for in it I expressed all the gratitude at the interest he took in my misfortunes. I will not describe to you all I have suffered. Your poetic soul and your noble heart have guessed how cruel the position is where defence is restricted within impassable limits and reserve is placed on justification. In such a case the only consolation against all calumnies and strokes of fate is the voice that speaks from the bottom of your heart and absolves you, and the reception of marks of sympathy from exceptionally gifted natures, that, like yours, madam, are separated from the crowd by the elevation of their sentiments, by the independence of their character, and never let their affections or judgment depend on the caprices of fortune or the fatalities of destiny.

'I have been for three months in the Fort of Ham, with General Montholon and Dr. Conneau. All communication from without is refused to me. Nobody has yet been able to come and see me. I will send you some day a view of the citadel, that I have drawn from a little lithograph; for, as you will understand, I don't know the outside of the fort.

'My thoughts often wander to the place where you

live, and I recall with pleasure the time I have passed in your amiable society, which the Count d'Orsay still brightens with his frank and *spirituel* gaiety. However, I do not desire to leave the place where I am, for here I am in my place. With the name I bear I must have the gloom of a cell or the light of power. If you should deign, madam, to give me sometimes news of London society, and of a country in which I have been too happy not to love it, you would confer a great pleasure on me.'

'As, in order to make time pass,' he wrote to M. Vieillard (January 13, 1841), 'I think of fifty things at the same time, I write to ask you to do me a service.' He wanted 200 of the percussion caps used in the army for experiments. He thought he had found a new method for the rapid adjustment of the cap. Within a month the Prince had found another pastime.

'I thank you very much,' he writes (Feb. 20), 'for the percussion caps you were kind enough to send me. I have now completed the few experiments I have been able to make; and I have written a note on them which I am thinking of sending to the Minister of War. What occupies me very much now, and has taken the place of the capsules, is gardening. I have been able on a courtine to dig up a little space of ground, and I am planting seeds and shrubs. The pleasure I find in turning over a few cubic mètres of earth makes me think that our nature has many resources and consolations which are unknown to those who have always been happy. When we lose one sense Providence has willed that the loss shall be compensated by the perfection which the senses that remain to us attain. In the same way he who has lost his liberty finds within the walls of his prison—within its confined atmosphere—sources of pleasure which he despised when, free, he trampled carelessly under his feet the germs of sorrow and the germs of pleasure.

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'I hear that our good M. Dupaty is seriously ill. Be good enough to make enquiries for me, and tell him, if you be able to see him, how interested I am in his health.

'P.S. Have the kindness to let me know how much I owe you for the articles you have sent me.'[1]

A month later (March 20) the Prince wrote—still about a fresh topic, but to this he had settled: 'It is arranged that each time I write to you I shall trouble you with a new subject, and that this subject shall be one just then engrossing my thoughts. I have put my military ideas aside; my garden is planted, and I have embedded myself in the history of England, on which I am writing a work that interests me very much. I have read Hume and Smollett, Guizot, Villemain, and Boulay de la Meurthe; but I now want a detailed history of the reign of William III. Try, I beg of you, to get it for me; but if you cannot manage it, have the kindness to look out the period at which the trial of Lord Stafford, who was executed under Charles II., was annulled, and whether the memories of Sidney and of Lord Russell, put to death at the same epoch, were rehabilitated by subsequent Parliaments. I should like to have also a verbatim copy of the opening speech of William III. in Parliament on December 13, 1701. . . . I want these facts for the work on which I am engaged, and to which I am devoting myself with ardour—as I do to all that I undertake with pleasure.'[2]

Two months later this work ('Historical Fragments, 1688–1830') was published. The Prince's copy lies before us. It is one of the second edition. The publishers in a prefatory note observe: 'When we solicited the honour of publishing the writings of the prisoner of Ham he was in England, and no political

[1] In the possession of the Imperial family. See Appendix.

[2] In the possession of the Imperial family. See Appendix.

idea influenced us. We saw in Prince Napoleon only the distinguished writer to whom Switzerland owed Considerations on her constitutional organisation, and on the defence of the territory; military science, the Manual of Artillery; history, the Napoleonic Ideas, which have been translated into every language—English, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian—and which ran rapidly through four editions in France. The "Historical Fragments" which we now submit to the meditation of France are the product of the conscientious historian and the statesman. Prince Napoleon, in drawing together 1688 and 1830, upsets all the ideas that have been preached by the Doctrinaire school. To him these two great social convulsions are divergent in their causes and in their results. For England 1688 was the beginning of an era of prosperity and greatness; for France 1830 is the beginning of an epoch of sacrifices and troubles, of which nobody can predict the end.' M. Sainte-Beuve had maintained in 'Le Globe' that the two revolutions were in few respects analogous, that of 1688 having been a religious movement, and that of 1830 a purely political one.[1] The Prince sent his MS. to his publishers by M. Frère, an old and faithful servant of Napoleon, who had been permitted to visit him in his prison. In a note he said it was the fruit of the long hours of his captivity. He declared his reason for publishing it to be his desire to prove that he was not, as his enemies had painted him, one of those wrecks of fallen dynasties who have preserved of their ancient rank only ridiculous pretensions. 'A weak offshoot of that immense oak which has been felled, but the vigorous roots of which could not be torn from the soil of France,' the Prince added, 'my only strength is in the esteem of

[1] See Sainte-Beuve, *L'Angleterre en* 1688 *et la France en* 1830.' (*Le Globe*, 24 août 1830). *Premiers Lundis.* Michel Lévy Frères, 1874.

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my fellow-citizens, and my sweetest thought lies in the conviction that I have always remained worthy of it.'

These Fragments fill only 133 loosely printed pages. The frontispiece is a lithograph of the fortress of Ham, by Dr. Conneau, with the Imperial eagle stretched over it. It has the appearance of a political manifesto rather than that of a sober historical treatise, although the publishers, doubtless with the Minister of the Interior in their mind, protest that they have been influenced by the position of the historian, and not the antecedents nor the predicament of the Prince. The author, however, is not at the pains of hiding his reason for publishing. His object is reply to unjust attacks, by submitting his ideas and convictions to the candid judgment of the public.

'I know,' he notes in his preface, 'that silence becomes the unfortunate. It is useless for the vanquished to appeal to Fortune against the verdict of men; when, however, the victors have so abused their victory as to use it as though they were avenging a defeat, calling to their aid calumny and falsehood—those weapons of weakness and fear—resistance becomes a duty, and to be silent would be cowardly.

'It is far from my mind to re-open a polemical discussion in which passion always plays a greater part than reason. To avenge my honour it suffices to prove that if I embarked audaciously on a stormy sea, it was not without having deeply pondered beforehand the causes and effects of revolutions, the rocks of success as well as the gulfs of shipwreck.

'While in Paris they are deifying the mortal remains of the Emperor, I, his nephew, am buried alive in a narrow prison; but I laugh at the inconsequence of men, and I thank Heaven for having given me as a refuge, after so many cruel trials, a prison on French soil. Sustained by an ardent faith and a pure conscience, I fold

myself with resignation in my misfortune, and I console myself for the present by watching the future of my enemies written in ineffaceable letters in the history of my nation.' CHAP. III.

The contrast which the Prince drew between the Stuarts and William III., and the effect which they respectively produced on the English people, was evidently the *raison d'être* of his work. It was *the* fragment among his historical pieces in which he clothed his political ideas, and sought to show his fellow-countrymen how they stood ten years after the Revolution of 1830, and how they were likely to stand presently. He aspired to be regarded through it as a serious political thinker, and so to free his name from the ridicule that had been cast upon it after the Boulogne event. Indeed, he avows this purpose, as we have seen, in his preface.

'The descendents of the unfortunate Queen of Scotland,' says the author, 'had received brilliant qualities from nature. They had even those affable manners which win people's hearts. William was dry, cold, and reserved. The reigns of the Stuarts began always under the happiest auspices. Everything seemed to smile upon them. William, on the contrary, was from the first surrounded with innumerable dangers and difficulties. Why did the former fall with so many chances of success, while the second triumphed against so many risks of death? The Stuarts reached the throne at an epoch when the progress of civilisation had divided England into two distinct parties—ancient interests strong by the consecration of time, new interests strong by the growth of reason. Instead of combining these two interests they supported only ancient rights, and thus opened the struggle. The general good, however, could result only from the close fusion of the two causes; and, as all fusion must have fire to complete it, it was civil war that undertook to

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accelerate, under the Stuarts, a result which William obtained by his patriotism and his genius. The Stuarts perpetually found themselves in a false position. The official representatives of Protestantism, they were at the bottom of their hearts Catholics. Compelled to be the representatives of a system of liberty and toleration, they were absolutists by instinct. The custodians of English interests, they were devoted or sold to France.

'William, on the contrary, was truly, by nature and by conviction, all he represented on the throne. By the manner in which the Prince of Orange established his authority, he was bound to have a marked advantage over the Stuarts. He was not Charles I. or James II., inheriting a power already lowered and contemned; nor was he Charles II., called by the passing agreement of hostile parties, obliged to be either their plaything or their oppressor. He was the founder of a new order of things, the establishment of which had been hastened by his courage and his skill. The origin of a power influences all its existence, just as an edifice braves centuries or crumbles in a few days, as its foundation is well or badly laid. Generally, revolutions led and executed by one chief[1] turn altogether to the profit of the masses, because, in order to succeed, the chief is obliged to throw himself entirely upon the national sentiments, and, to maintain himself, he must remain faithful to the interests to which he owes his triumph; while revolutions made by the masses, on the contrary, often turn to the profit of the leaders only, because the people believe their work to be finished on the morrow of their victory, and it is of their essence to rest for a long time from all the efforts that were necessary to success.

'Thus William III., who, by his illegitimacy, was free

[1] 'It is evident that I speak only of revolutions that take place in free countries, where moral power has the better of physical force.'

from solidarity with the preceding reigns, who by his deeds was the chief of the revolutionary cause, and who, in short, had acquired by his election an incontrovertible right, had established the basis of his throne deep in English soil.

'Let us now consider the personal conduct of these sovereigns.

'The Stuarts had courage, mother-wit, perseverance; but they employed these qualities in opposing the wants of their people and against events. They resisted where they should have yielded, and they yielded where resistance was a duty. They had perseverance only in their hate, never in their affections, and once drawn upon the revolutionary slope they always lacked that virtue which can alone save men in great perils—the inspiration of the heart. A tranquil and regular society may be governed by gifts of mind alone; but when violence has replaced the law, and the methodical march of civilisation has been broken, a sovereign recovers the ground he has lost only by taking those great and sudden resolutions which the heart alone inspires.

'When Charles I., resisting the revolutionary torrent, was blockaded in Oxford in 1644 by the Parliamentary army, it was not by minutely discussing the prerogatives of the Crown and the rights of Parliament that he could regain his influence, but by adopting one of those great resolutions which astonish by their audacity and delight by their grandeur; as, for example, by throwing himself alone upon London, and confiding his person to the generosity of the people.[1]

[1] 'The fears of our enemies sometimes show us our true interests more clearly than our own sentiments. In 1644 the people thought the King intended to place himself at the head of the London citizens, who were devoted to him. It was seized with a panic, and took the most energetic measures for preventing Charles from executing a project which, by the way, he never entertained.'

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'When James II. heard of the hostile intentions of the Prince of Orange, it was not by imploring the help of Louis XIV. that he could strengthen his throne, but by making an appeal to the fidelity of a free Parliament, and by holding forth that noble language which vibrates so far from the height of a throne. A struggle can be maintained only between equal forces, and when in the whirlwind of revolutions vice and virtue, truth and error, are confounded in their mutual vehemence, it is only by the generous passions of the soul that the hateful passions of party can be subjugated. The Stuarts had upon their lips that which William had in his heart. They possessed the politeness of vice which imitates virtues which we do not possess, while William had that roughness of virtue which disdains all paint or borrowed plumes. Protestantism had become in England, since the sixteenth century, the emblem of every national interest. In order to be powerful within and without, the Stuarts had only to place themselves frankly at the head of this cause; but instead of this they forsook it abroad and did their utmost to defeat it at home.

"There has never been, among free nations, a government strong enough to suppress for a long time liberty at home without giving glory abroad. The march of the government of the Stuarts manifested itself in daily contradictions that violated at one time the rules of justice and at another the rules of good policy. While Charles I. forsook the Protestant cause in Europe, he could not prevent partisans and soldiers from being recruited within his realm for Gustavus Adolphus—that hero of Protestantism. Charles II. was compelled, in order to satisfy public opinion, to give his niece to the Prince of Orange, the chief of the Protestant line. James II., although a Catholic and a persecutor, was obliged to give an asylum to the victims of the revocation of the Edict of

Nantes. But the logic of the people is not violated with impunity. To maintain peace while awakening the symbols of war, to protect the persecuted while making common cause with the persecutors, to load the people with taxes in order to make the fleets and armies be parties to infamous treaties, to stretch every day all the springs of power without even securing the public peace —were the inconsequential acts of which the people, sooner or later, were to ask them an account.

'Always in a position of hostility towards the nation, the Stuarts had recourse by turns to the laws and to men, to the most sacred or the most profane things, as arms for attack or for defence. Employing Protestant ministers to re-establish Catholicism, and sending Catholics to the scaffold; using statesmen to debase Parliament, and then leaving them to Parliamentary vengeance, they were constantly frustrated in their designs, constantly drawn in a direction opposed to their desires, and they appeared to have no direct object, because they could not avow it. The Stuarts never enquired by what great principle or system they could assure the prosperity and preponderance of their country, but by what mean expedients, by what secret intrigues, they could sustain their always embarrassed power. They never sought by *what*, but by *whom* they could maintain themselves, putting their private interest thus in the place of the general interest, the question of persons in the place of the question of principles, and intrigue in the place of high political conceptions.

'William, on the contrary, cast all obstacles under his feet, and made all opinions and all individuals work to one end—the interest of the country. The Stuarts made war only to support their tottering power with a little glory. William went to war to increase the influence of England. After defeat the Stuarts sued for

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peace; William accepted it only after victory. The greatest reproach that can be directed against the last two Stuarts is that they were always the slaves of Louis XIV. When they were in a difficulty they appealed to the foreigner for help, forgetting that a people will often forgive anything in a sovereign except his bringing a stranger to his country.

'All men, great and small, place their honour somewhere. The Stuarts placed theirs as a relic under the sacred arch of royal prerogative. William placed his in the national pride. Here below all men are more or less actors; but each one chooses his theatre and his audience, and bends all his efforts and his ambition to obtain the suffrages of the pit of his adoption—like Alexander, who, on the banks of the Indus, thought of the approbation of the Athenians as the proudest reward of his labours. The Stuarts coveted only the praise of a faction and of a foreign prince. William, on the contrary, placed his glory in deserving the approbation of posterity. While the former could not profit by the gifts of the earth under a cloudless sky the latter could gather his harvest in a tempest. The Stuarts assembled Parliament only to deceive it; William called it together to convince it. The former dissolved or prorogued the chambers each time they spoke of national honour or of liberty; the latter dispersed them when they were animated with reactionary passion or sentiments opposed to the glory of the country. The Stuarts reigned by dissimulation and intrigue; William governed by frankness. The Stuarts always exaggerated their alarms in order to hide their guilty hopes; William proclaimed his hopes in order to dissipate alarm. While the Stuarts hesitated, William marched. While the Stuarts, dominated by the mob, saw only confusion around them, William had already descried the end, had thrown

himself forward, and had drawn the crowd along with him.

'The example of these unhappy kings proves that when a government opposes the ideas and wishes of a nation it produces results in contradiction with its design. The Stuarts wished to re-establish Catholicism; they destroyed it for centuries in England. They desired to raise royalty, and they compromised it. They wanted to assure order, and they brought about convulsion on convulsion. It is true, then, that the greatest enemy of a religion is the man who endeavours to impose it, that the greatest enemy of royalty is the man who degrades it, and that the greatest enemy of his country's peace is the man who makes a revolution necessary.

'William III. succeeded in closing the gulf of revolutions and in assuring the destinies of England by a conduct exactly opposed to that of the Stuarts; for if he had committed the same errors and walked in the same path he would have compromised all he consolidated. Let us consider what would have happened if the Prince of Orange, after having dethroned James II. and violated the hereditary principle, had accepted the crown from James's last Parliament, and if, instead of convoking a national convention—the free expression of the popular will—he had held his authority only from a bastard assembly which had no right to bestow it upon him. Let us suppose that instead of tearing up the treaties of the Stuarts he had, like them, implored the support and goodwill of a foreign Power. Let us suppose that instead of supporting, weapon in hand, the Protestant cause on the Continent he had forsaken it. Let us suppose that, instead of revenging England for all the affronts she had received, he had maintained in London a standing army more numerous than the troops of James II., to intimidate Parliament and to submit to humiliation from abroad; that,

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instead of pursuing a noble end, he had, like the Stuarts, engaged only in useless expeditions in order to cheat military ardour and to divert public opinion. Let us suppose that, instead of defending the general interest, he had wounded alike the old interest and the new; that he had, like the Stuarts, perjured himself to the men who had seconded him, and in the promises which he sanctioned in his manifesto; that instead of holding a dignified attitude towards the chambers he had appealed only to vulgar sentiments, to base passions and the fear of anarchy, taking with them the responsibility of the tyrannical acts of the preceding reigns.[1]

'Let us suppose, in short, that instead of maintaining the cause of the revolution of 1688 he had betrayed it; that instead of raising the English name he had degraded it; that instead of comforting the people he had loaded them with taxes, without increasing their glory, their commerce, or their industry; that he had restricted liberty without assuring public order. Surely another revolution would have become an imperious necessity. For societies do not endure those upsettings which often place their existence in jeopardy merely to change their ruler; they break up to change a system, to heal their wounds; and they imperiously demand the price of their struggle, nor do they become calm until they have obtained it.

'William III. satisfied the exigencies of his epoch, and re-established tranquillity; but if he had followed the policy of the Stuarts he would have been overthrown, and the enemies of the English nation, seeing again a new disposition to change, would have accused the people of lightness, and in consequence, instead of accusing their

[1] 'If, for example, Parliament had claimed the responsibility of the judicial murder of Lord Russell and Sidney, instead of rehabilitating their memory, as it did.'

governors of blindness and perfidy, they would have said that the English were an ungovernable nation; they would have called her, like James II. in his Memoirs, a poisoned nation. But, in spite of these accusations, the national cause would have triumphed sooner or later, for God and reason would have been on its side. CHAP. III.

'Let us observe, in conclusion, that from the study of the epochs we have made there follow clear and precise principles which are applicable to all countries. The example of the Stuarts proves that foreign support is always impotent to save the government which a nation will not adopt. The history of England says forcibly to kings:—

'*March in the van of the ideas of your time, and these ideas will follow and support you.*

'*March in the rear of them, and they will drag you after them.*

'*March against them, and they will destroy you.*'

The reception which the French public gave to the first work which Prince Louis sent forth from his prison was, the condition of parties and the shortness of its date after the Boulogne fiasco considered, a good one. Chateaubriand thanked him for it.[1] It was a political manifesto veiled in an historical form, and so lightly veiled that it is strange that M. Guizot and his colleagues did not stop the circulation of it, for M. Guizot regarded his royal master as the William III. of France. In the character of William the Prince embodied the form and spirit of a policy which, according to him, was necessary to close the era of revolutions in France. The line of conduct pursued by the Prince of Orange was that which the heir of

[1] 'Your love for public liberties, your courage, and your misfortunes would, in my eyes, put every right on your side, if, in order to preserve your esteem, I did not feel that it was my duty to remain faithful to Henri V., as I am to the glory of Napoleon.'—*June* 5, 1841.

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Napoleon was prepared to pursue. The clearness and brightness with which the characters and conduct of the Stuarts were contrasted with the singleness of mind and heart of William, and the sharp form of the argument, were well calculated to seize upon the touch-and-go French mind. If the work did not obtain adherents to the Bonapartist cause, it helped to dissipate the idea which the Ministerial organs had been industriously promoting since the autumn of 1836, that he who pretended to inherit the sovereignty conferred upon the family of Napoleon by the plebiscitum of 1804 was a dunderheaded young man, with no intellectual claim whatever to the consideration of his countrymen.

The treatise was written under grave disadvantages. The Prince, from the time of his arrival at Ham, had been subjected to the most galling treatment. He saw his two devoted friends Montholon and Conneau subjected to the same harsh prison régime as that which was deemed necessary for the safe keeping of his own person. Thélin, although under no sentence, was at first as closely confined within the fortress as his master. Not only were sentinels posted at every turn, but a police agent was installed in the prison whose duty consisted in dogging the Prince's footsteps from the moment he left his room until he returned to it. So bitter, indeed, was the prisoner's confinement made that, when he had sent off his treatise, and his mind was no longer absorbed in an object apart from his bolts and bars, he found the severity of the regulations intolerable. Even his calmness and patience were stretched until he could be silent no longer, and he addressed a vigorous letter of remonstrance to the Minister of the Interior on May 22, 1841. This effected, at any rate, a change in Thélin's situation. He was permitted to go in and out on his master's errands. By this concession the prisoners were enabled to obtain little

daily necessaries to their comfort; but the dull monotony of the days and nights remained unbroken, and the *mouchard* continued to follow the Prince as closely as his shadow.

His garden continued a source of pleasure to him. He had always loved flowers. Quaglia had painted him as a child laden with the wild beauties of the field. At Ham he read Picciola, and was delighted with the elegant simplicity of the story, which he contrasted with the convulsive romantic literature of the time. He found himself a happier prisoner than the hero of Saintine's romance, since his flowers were scrupulously respected. In a letter dated May 22, 1841, and addressed to an English correspondent, he says: 'I could already gather a bouquet worthy of Lady ——'s garden.' He pleasantly adds: 'But perhaps I am boasting, for I know I regard my onions with paternal eyes.' Three months later he still alludes to the garden in a letter to England:—

'My life passes here in a very monotonous manner, for the rigour of the authorities remains the same. However, I cannot say that I am dull, because I have created occupations for myself that interest me. I am writing reflexions on the history of England; and then I have laid out a little garden in a corner of my walk. But all this occupies the time without filling the heart, and sometimes one finds it empty.

'I am very sensible to the good opinion you tell me I have left behind me in England, but I do not share your hope as to the possibility of my seeing that country again soon. In spite of the happiness I felt when I was in it, I do not complain in any sense of the position which I have created for myself, and to which I am completely resigned.' [1]

[1] *Napoléon III.* Par Albert Mansfeld.

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It was while resting after a completed work that the Prince felt some of the terrors of his position. We find a weariness of spirit in some of his letters to Madame Cornu and M. Vieillard, written in the intervals of study. He had weak health always, and the severe confinement told rapidly upon it as soon as his mind began to brood. But the brooding never lasted long. In a letter to Madame Cornu,[1] asking her to accept a copy of his 'Historical Fragments,' and to present one from him to M. Edgard Quinet, he says that his mind could not rest—indeed, that it was bound to work for the heart as well as the head, since the heart had no pasturage in prison.

'You are right,' he continued, 'in saying that childhood and youth are the two great saints who are canonised only after their death; but allow me to add that the persons we have known in the early years of life are like the precious relics of those great saints, which we surround with attachment and veneration. Among other flattering things, you tell me that we must give our esteem only to those who have received the grand consecration of misfortune, and that your proverb is—Tell me how you have suffered, and I will tell you who you are.

'As for me, my dear Hortense, I hold that there is a truer touchstone of the human character, and it is to examine the conduct of men towards those who are suffering, and to ask this question: Tell me what face you have shown to suffering, and I will tell you what you are. And, in expressing myself thus, I tell you what I think of you, and what of others in an opposite sense.'

And then he breaks off into a new project:—

'I have now a great project in my mind; it is to write a life of Charlemagne. You might render me a

[1] In the possession of Madame Cornu. See Appendix.

great service in this; it is to ask Professor Schlosser, at Heidelberg, for a list of the German works, or of the chronicles, that should be collected for such a work. I shall accept also, and with gratitude, all the notions you can give me on the subject.'

Madame Cornu hastened to send James's history to the Prince, and he wrote on July 30 to thank her, and to say that he was delighted with it; but on August 8 he had modified his opinion on the merits of the book, and he wrote to say so, and to explain his reasons for persisting in his idea:—

'You have not understood my intention with regard to the history of Charlemagne.[1] I persist still in writing it. If I had found my object accomplished in that of James, it is clear that I should have given up my work. But the idea which guides me is very different. I wish to set up a great political and philosophical example as a proof of a great truth. Moreover, I was wrong in saying that Dr. James's history was superb. It is very well written; it is full of profound and true ideas; the author exhibits great erudition and perspicacity, but there is a complete absence of reflexion and of philosophical deduction. It is not only the actions of a great man which it is important to know, but rather the influence of those actions on contemporaries and on the epoch which followed them.

'My history of Charlemagne will tend to the solution of the following questions:—1. What was the state of Europe before Charlemagne? 2. What were the modifications of that state made by Charlemagne? 3. What influence did this great man exercise over the generations that succeeded him? I can treat of modern historical questions only by telling the truth. Now, this truth

[1] In the possession of Madame Cornu. See Appendix.

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would shock public opinion, for people hate any truth that contradicts the system of their adoption. It is therefore more politic to throw myself into a past which no longer excites men's passions.' Two months later, when Madame Cornu was starting for Germany, the Prince was still eager about his subject, and begged her to bring him back all the books she could collect, and above all not to forget Schlosser. Moreover, he wanted observations on another point which, as we shall presently see, had been in his mind for some time past. 'You know,'[1] he wrote, 'that Charlemagne conceived the project of uniting the Rhine to the Danube, by joining the waters of Reidnitz and the Altmühl by a canal. This project, James says, appeared to be a very easy one, for the condition of the Danube at this time was very different from its present condition. In what does this difference consist? This is what I want to know. Has its course altered by Bamberg?'

The figure of Charlemagne had captivated the Prince's imagination. He was to the young Bonaparte the great figure in history that stood in a line with Napoleon. They were the two giants among men who appeared many centuries apart, and yet were closely related as warriors and lawgivers of heroic mould. It appeared to Prince Louis fit that he should become the historian of his illustrious uncle's only prototype. But he was slowly dissuaded from the enterprise by the men of authority to whose judgment he appealed. Among others he wrote to Sismondi, whom he had visited when passing two winters with his mother at Geneva, and against whom he bore no ill-feeling, although the historian had been among the few Switzers of note who were prepared to expel him from Switzerland. Sismondi's reply to the

[1] October 3, 1841. See Appendix.

CHAP. III.

Prince not only bears testimony to the high place which intellectually the young pretender held in the opinion of the men of culture and discernment whom he knew; it is proof of the elevated character of the writer. The letter is dated from De Chênes, in Switzerland, June 22, 1841:—

'Prince,—I have been deeply touched and flattered by the letter which your Imperial Highness has done me the honour to write. I feared that after the obstinacy I displayed in our councils in 1838 I had lost my place in your regard. I felt, indeed, that I differed fundamentally from your Highness in politics. As for the democratic principle which you admit to the fullest extent, while I love liberty in harmony with the various existing elements of society; and as for the development you would give to military instincts, while mine are all for peace; and as for the happy results which you expect from violent revolutions, while I regard the maintenance of an existing order of things as in itself a great good; I little expected that you would candidly admit these differences of opinion when they took the form of action, and when they had brought upon your Imperial Highness consequences so painful. Permit me now to congratulate you, Prince, on the energy of character with which you return to study, to seek the consolations it is so well calculated to give. The name of Napoleon has been long associated with that of Charlemagne, and a thousand years apart the two histories of the Empire must often be compared.'

As for documents for the work on Charlemagne, the historian told his correspondent that they were few in number, and had been collected long ago. 'I doubt,' he remarked, 'whether there be anything to add to the contents of the fifth volume of Don Bouquet's "Scriptores Rerum Gallicarum et Francicarum." That which is valuable about Charlemagne is to be found, translated

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from the "Scriptores," in Guizot's Mémoires relating to the history of France. The student was referred also to S. Michel Lorent's 'Summa Historiæ Gallo-Franciscæ' (Argentorati, 1790), in which he would find indications of the sources of Carlovingian history, arranged with German erudition and method.

'But,' Sismondi added, 'there is another point to be studied in order to describe this great man. Nothing new can come out of these short chronicles. You must fully understand the state of the provinces of the Roman empire, with their mixture of races, each living under a distinct and separate law; the organisation of the German races at home and in the midst of conquest; the state of property, the condition of the land, the relations of the masters to the cultivators; the extravagant growth of slavery, which, to my mind, was the principal cause of the ruin of the Carlovingians; and, lastly, the military discipline and the successive changes that were made in it, from the Roman legion to the armies of Charlemagne. By following these various branches of study, and by climbing through centuries from Charlemagne to Augustus, your Imperial Highness will be enabled to understand and to explain the singular phenomenon of a barbarian who strives to renew civilisation, who transfers sovereignty to knowledge, from the conquering to the conquered race; who accomplishes in a single reign what the Romans could not effect in several centuries—the subjection to, and incorporation with, civilisation of all those proud and independent races who dwelt in the north and east of Europe, even to the Frozen Sea; but how, at the same time, he wears and exhausts the human nature subjected to him, so that from the day of his death the most rapid, shameful, and hopeless decline begins. You see, Prince, that if the splendour of conquest has led men to compare Napoleon with Charlemagne, I

feel that it is in this only there is a relation between them, and that the influence of these two great men on the times which succeeded them was absolutely different.'

It was with reluctance that Prince Louis afterwards abandoned his subject. It shared the fate of the monument which the First Consul designed in honour of the representative monarch of France. Napoleon I. wished to set the figure of Charlemagne upon a column like that of Trajan in Rome ; [1] but his own glory paled that of his prototype, and where Charlemagne was to have been the Little Corporal presently stood. Napoleon III., like his uncle, only designed a monument to the hero of his dreams.

[1] The first decree for the erection of the Vendôme Column, dated October 1, 1803, described the design as similar to that of Trajan in Rome. It was to be ornamented with bronze figures representing the departments of the Republic. The pedestal was to be adorned with olive leaves, and the column was to be crowned with a statue of Charlemagne.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEET-SUGAR QUESTION: 1842.

BOOK V.

At the close of 1841 Prince Louis was deeply engaged with M. Acar in a series of chemical experiments. On December 17 he wrote to M. Vieillard to ask how much liquid carbonic acid gas there was in a certain tube; and he drew a tube, to explain his question thoroughly. He remarked in his letter that he was not experimentalising in quest of a new motive power, but making a simple observation on the condensation of gas. He was in a philosophic mood, and while paying his compliments of the season to Madame Vieillard, entreated his friend not to pity him. 'I have no right to accuse fate. My misfortunes are of my own making, and to deplore them would be to revolt against myself.' Then he went into a pleasant discussion on the *que retranché*, and excused the many *ques* in his letter by attributing the repetition to a fault in the French language, citing English and German in support of his view. And then he broke off: 'But, alas! I foresee that 500,000 laws will enrich our code (I say enrich because you are a legislator, or I should have said encumber) before the *que* is put beyond the pale of the law. It is inviolate, like the King, and this is perhaps why they cling so close together.'[1]

Early in 1842 the Prince had put away his experiments, and had returned to the study of artillery, remarking in a letter to Madame Cornu:[2] 'On revient toujours

[1] In the possession of the Empress Eugénie. [2] See Appendix.

à ses premières amours.' But his mind was in a state of unrest, and he flitted from subject to subject until he reached one that would wholly engross him. Such a subject must have at least a distinct bearing on his future —his mission. When he was most deeply engaged on a work, he still gave part of his day to his correspondence and to the study of passing events. He conceived that his first duty was to master thoroughly the current of political life in France, to become intimately acquainted with the moral and intellectual worth of the public men of his time and country, and to gain a thorough knowledge of the institutions of France. It should be remembered, in forming an estimate of the character and of the acts of Prince Louis at this time, that until he became a prisoner at Ham he had had very few opportunities of studying the country he was destined to govern. It is true that a prison is not a good school for study, and that he had no opportunities of contact with the French statesmen of his time; but at Ham he felt that he was in France, and to his sensitive and sentimental nature this was much. It led him to that course of reading and reflexion on the needs and desires of France, and the manner in which the Government of July was running counter to them, which compensated, in a measure, when taken with his course of historical enquiries, for the defects of his early training. His mental exercises gave him intellectual vigour and precision. It was remarked by the friends who visited him that his thoughts came quicker and in closer order, and in his writings at and after this time there is abundant evidence of bracing culture.

As the years dragged on the Prince showed almost alarming signs of shattered health. He had long fits of depression, arising from physical feebleness; but he was never fretful, and never angry with fate. We have seen that he said contentedly that he was the author of

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all he had to suffer. He would write that a man who bore his name must live either in the shade of a dungeon or in the light of power. The battle he had to fight was with time. Should he leave that prison for the cemetery or for the Tuileries? He could not tell; but he was assured of this, that it would be for the one place or the other. He watched himself with some anxiety when he fell ill, because the sickness brought upon him the fear that he might not live till destiny had prepared for him the sceptre and the crown. Every visitor who entered his prison went forth afterwards to bear witness to his calmness and gentleness, and to that slow, deliberate, enduring courage which was the main characteristic of his moral nature. He raised with his own head and hands an enduring monument to this courage in the series of grave works, covering a vast extent of ground, which he executed. If they cannot be ranged with the inspired productions of genius of the highest order, they will endure as examples of what a brave man, battling with the storms of fate, may accomplish. They form, moreover, an extraordinary instance of tenacity of purpose, which no adverse circumstance could shiver or slacken. The writer may go astray on many points of his enquiries; but his one conviction is immovable, and his object never grows dim before him.

Before he entered his prison Prince Louis, as we have stated, almost stripped himself in order to fulfil the testamentary desires of his mother, and to place those who had linked their fortunes with his beyond the reach of want. But demands were made on him even long after he had reached Ham. Importunate people broke in upon his studies. His good-nature had already become proverbial; but in the spring of 1842 his means had become exhausted.

On April 10 he wrote to M. Vieillard:—

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'I very much regret that I cannot help the publication to which you refer, but my means will not permit me. I have a sacred duty to fulfil; it is to support all who have made sacrifices for me, and unfortunately the pensions which I am paying are more than my fortune will bear. I comfort also, as far as I am able, the unfortunates who surround me; and in order to meet all this I have cut down my pleasures, for I have even sold my horse, and I don't think I shall buy another.[1]

'I am writing a pamphlet on beetroot sugar. . . .

'P.S. Conneau has lost the female of a *galfa* or *calfa*, a grey and black bird from St. Helena, which M. Saulnier had sent him. If you could send him another you would please him very much and delight me.'[2]

The Prince's readiness to help, and his loyalty to all who served him, have been set down to calculation by his enemies, just as his line of political conduct has been attributed to his advisers; but his private correspondence confutes his detractors in regard to both charges. Faith, unstudied impulse, and sentiment swayed the Prince in his relations with his friends; but, as a rule, he drew on his own resources alone for his resolves. This question of beetroot sugar, which tempted him away from his laboratory and from his artillery studies, was one the importance of which to the country, and to that political change in the country, of which his name was to be the guiding star, he was the first to perceive. M. Vieillard endeavoured to dissuade him from touching it, as well as from undertak-

[1] When the Prince's health had suffered by the severity of the confinement to which he was subjected, it was insisted that horse exercise was absolutely necessary to him. He was permitted hereupon to ride round the courtyard of the fortress. All the soldiers were under arms, the commandant posted himself in the centre of the yard, extra gaolers would turn out to see him, and the absurdity of the position led him to abandon it after a few trials.

[2] MS. in the possession of the Imperial family. See Appendix.

BOOK V.

ing a review which he meditated, and it was in the course of his reply that he made the following exposition of his method of action:—

'I will begin by telling you how much I was grieved by the tragic death of your poor Finette. Nobody understands better than I how the loss of a dog one loves can sadden us, for I was a long time consoling myself for the loss of a dog I had in Rome. But we must resign ourselves. . . . Your letter has grieved me. It has proved to me what I know too well, alas! already, viz. that in all the steps which I may consider useful or necessary I can rely only on myself, and that even the friendships which are as solid as yours will fail me when a project emanating from me is in question. I have already been called obstinate, but I declare to you that this is a completely false description. I listen to all opinions, and after having weighed them in my scales (everybody has his own) I decide. If it had not been thus, what would have become of me? I had no path laid out before me. My friends, instead of receiving from me an impulsion, which would have been unique, wished each to impel me. If I had consented I should have been drawn every day by two hundred different forces: not a shred of myself would have remained. It is this necessity of choosing and of keeping my choice fixed that has formed my character. Now you tell me I am seeking to advance my cause by puerile efforts. *Eh, mon Dieu!* success depends on an immense number of little efforts, which, in the end only, form a body that counts for something. If you saw a man forsaken, alone on a desert island, you would say to him: "Dont try to build with the bark of trees a skiff which will founder in the tempest; wait till chance brings you a ship to carry you off." I should say to him: "Employ every effort to create for yourself instruments with which you will be able to build a ship. This

occupation will be a moral support to you, for you will always have an object before you. It will develope your faculties by giving you difficulties to conquer. It will prove to you, if you succeed, that you are above destiny. When your vessel is finished, throw yourself boldly into it; if you manage to reach the continent you will owe your deliverance only to yourself. If you fail—well, you will have made a better end of it than if you had allowed yourself to be devoured by wild animals or by ennui." No, there is nothing puerile in the feeblest efforts, when they spring always from one momentum and tend always to one object.

'In 1832 I wrote a pamphlet on Switzerland in order to win the good opinion of those among whom I was compelled to live. Then I applied myself for three years to a work on artillery, which I felt to be beyond my strength, in order to win some hearts in the army, and to prove that, if I did not command, I had at any rate acquired the knowledge necessary to a commander. By these means I reached Strasburg. Afterwards I caused the Laity pamphlet to be published, not only to defend myself, but to afford the Government an excuse to demand my expulsion from Switzerland. This did not fail, and the hostility of the Government gave me back my moral independence, which I had in a manner lost by my forced liberation. In London I published, against the advice of everybody, the "Idées napoléoniennes," to form the political ideas of the party, and to prove that I was not merely an adventurous hussar. I tried, by means of the newspapers, to prepare men's minds for the Boulogne event, but it did not suit the editors; they wanted to live by polemics, and nothing more. I wished to profit by them. Here I failed at once; but I could not help it. Boulogne was a horrible catastrophe to me; but at last I am rising out of it, through the interest which people feel in misfortune,

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and through the inherent elasticity of all national causes, which, although often compressed by events, retake with time their old position. What is left of all this chain of little wants and cruel sufferings? Something of immense value to me. In 1833 the Emperor and his son were dead; there was no heir of the Imperial cause. France knew none. A few Bonapartes appeared, it is true, here and there in the background of the world, as bodies without souls—petrified mummies or imponderous phantoms. *All the Bonapartes were dead.* Well, I re-tied the thread. I resuscitated myself alone, and with my own strength, and I am to-day, within twenty leagues of Paris, a Damocles's sword over the Government. In short, I have built my canoe with real bark of trees, I have spun my sails, I have lifted my oar, and I now only ask the gods a wind to carry me.

'To return to my publication, I have decided upon it because I see no drawback. The author not being known, I do not descend into the arena of polemics. I do that which all the world might do in my place: I put forth my ideas. I began a similar review in London, and it did not entangle me. On the other hand, I may succeed in spite of what you say. In short, do you know the difference there is between you and me in our appreciation of certain things? You proceed with method and calculation; I have faith, the faith that makes one bear everything with resignation, that makes one trample underfoot those domestic joys which are the envy of so many — that faith, in a word, which is alone able to move mountains. Those men appeared stone-blind indeed who, shut up in the prisons of Rome, believed that with a few humanitarian principles they could overthrow the power of the Cæsars—and yet they overthrew it.

'I admit without hesitation that there are a hundred writers more skilful than I am. But ask Bastide, Louis

Blanc, George Sand—all, in short—if, in developing their ideas, they have ever so touched their readers as to draw tears from them. I am certain this has never happened to them, whereas I have seen and known a thousand examples where my writings have produced this result. And why? It is because the Napoleonic cause goes to the soul; it moves, it awakens palpitating memories—and it is always through the heart, and never through cold reason, that the masses are stirred. In conclusion, I am going to begin my review.[1] I shall reckon upon you as my first subscriber. I will do without the names I wished to put at the head of it; it will be easy to recognise the flag. As for the name of the author, it may be avowed, but it must not be proclaimed.

'Here is a long letter. I value your advice too highly, I feel too pained when I disagree with you, even in matters of secondary importance, not to do my utmost to convince you. Have I succeeded? I cannot tell. But I am certain of this, that you will do justice to the sentiments which have dictated this letter.'[2]

The review came to nothing, but the Prince proceeded with his analysis of the beet-sugar question. It was a plank of his raft. He had already set the faithful Madame Cornu to work, and as the subject grew in his hands he appealed to M. Mocquard and others to collect materials. Moreover, some of the leading sugar-growers of the north, and authorities on the subject, were enabled to reach him and confer with him in his prison. In May he wrote to Madame Cornu to ask M. Fouquier d'Herouël—an important sugar-grower—to lend him all the documents for and against the beet-sugar manufac-

[1] *La Revue de l'Empire*, established in 1842 by M. C. E. Tremblaire, to be 'the interpreter of the grand epoch of the Consulate and the Empire.' The King headed the list of subscribers.

[2] In the possesssion of the Empress Eugénie. See Appendix.

BOOK V.

ture which the Government had distributed to the members of the Council of Agriculture and Commerce.[1] He added that he wanted them directly, for he was absorbed in the question. On July 27 he required more books, statistics of French agriculture, and reports on the colonies. On August 3 he wrote to say that he had seen M. d'Herouël, that he must finish his pamphlet by the 18th, and that he would accept Madame Cornu's offer to work up various points for him. He enumerated nine. He required the area of land given to hemp and flax, tobacco, the mulberry, and beet; and how many head of cattle had been slaughtered in the departments of the north in 1830–32–33. He had asked Mocquard for statistics of the navy, but Mocquard had failed. He must have recourse to his most devoted friend for figures on the sugar production of the colonies, as well as their production of coffee, cotton, &c. 'Here is a hard task for you, my dear Hortense,' he observed, 'but you compel me to confide it to you. I begin to be pleased with my work, which had not, I own, down to this time satisfied me.' Six days later Mocquard had sent the statistics of the colonies, so poor Madame Cornu was relieved of half her task. On August 10 the writer was in a difficulty. He wrote: 'The agricultural statistics have thrown me into the greatest perplexity. Here all my calculations are upset, and the statisticians who have gone before me are—pardon the expression—*enfoncés*. Instead of 20,000 hectares of beetroot I find that there are 57,000.' He had come, in short, upon so many contradictions in the material before him that he was utterly discomfited. But by the 29th he had set all the contradictions in order, and finished his work. On this day he wrote to his faithful secretary in Paris: 'My pamphlet is finished, and the first copy belongs of right

[1] See Appendix.

to you, for it is to you I owe several precious facts. I await your judgment with impatience. As for the new work, I am not of your opinion, although several of your reasons are good; but I cannot and will not become a pamphleteer.[1] The present occasion was unique. The origin of the question explains my participation in it; and if you only knew how many letters I have received, where the best reasons were used to turn me from it! I resisted because I thought the advantages outweighed the disadvantages. As for the other question, it is different, inasmuch as there is nothing to be said except: *Open the frontiers, diminish duties, and as for the Treasury, arrange to the best of your ability.* Believe me, in my position my intervention should be on rare occasions, and always susceptible of an explanation. One must not spend one's capital in small change.'

The beet-sugar question had been agitating France for years. It was a contention between home-grown and colonial and foreign sugars. Prince Louis was drawn to it primarily because the cultivation of the beet-root in France was a creation of the Empire, the result of the Continental blockade. When Achard, a Prussian chemist, had extracted good edible sugar from the beet-root, and France could get no sugar from abroad, Napoleon, in 1811, decreed that the cultivation of the saccharine root should be begun on a large scale, and he placed a considerable sum of money at the disposal of the authorities to encourage the new industry. It flourished apace, and, unlike his attempts to spread the growth of cotton in Italy, has continued to flourish and increase. But after the Restoration home-grown sugar came into competition with colonial sugar, and afterwards a second competition appeared in the shape of foreign sugar. In 1842 the

[1] On the taxes generally, and the reforms that should be made, which Madame Cornu had advised the Prince to consider.

BOOK V.

competition had brought about a ferment in the commercial world, and the condition of foreign affairs tended to quicken it. A quarrel between England and France on the right of search impended. The English Government were moving to render the right, which had existed in common between England and France since 1831, general, and the wider application of the right made a fresh treaty with France necessary. There were ports in France deeply interested in the slave trade, and among these was Nantes, which was represented in the Chamber of Deputies by a young advocate named Billault. M. Billault made his first parliamentary success in defence of the slave-trading interests of his constituency. His speech, in which he denounced the right of search and opposed the least extension of it, brought about the defeat of the Ministry and the suspension of the original treaty between England and France. The majority even pressed for the abrogation of the treaties of 1831 and 1833. In this conflict the beet-sugar interests were intimately concerned.

The Government of July had envenomed the question. The beet-growers were in a state of hostile agitation. It was said that M. Guizot was sacrificing the interests of France to the designs of perfidious Albion, whese anti-slavery policy only masked one of commercial selfishness. Were the beet-growers of France, involving the well-being of 100,000 Frenchmen, to be sacrificed to the interests of a few colonists? This was the point to which the whole subject was narrowed, after years of conflict. The champions on the colonial side replied that to offer up the sugar-growing colonies as a sacrifice to the home growers would be to imperil the mercantile marine of France.

The controversy was hot and general, and it was the subject of angry debate in the leading newspapers, when

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Prince Louis took it up and devoted eight months of hard work to it. His correspondence shows how thoroughly he investigated the knotty points of the quarrel before delivering his judgment, and his treatise bears the impress of a complete knowledge of the facts. His enemies declare that he adopted the side of the beet-growers in the hope of winning their favour and support, but the truth is that he was led by his array of facts and the force of the arguments which were submitted to him to a conclusion opposed to his usual liberal ideas of the true commercial policy. He was even led to regard the abolition of the slave traffic as the dream of philanthropic visionaries. In his letter of August 29, announcing the completion of his pamphlet, he told Madame Cornu that the only policy was to open the frontier and to reduce duties, and let the Treasury take care of itself. Yet he decided in favour of the protection of a home industry against the competition of a colonial one.

The Analysis of the sugar question, on the title-page of which the author said: 'Let facts speak,' has been accepted by all parties in France as a statesmanlike exposition of a very difficult and entangled case. It was a summary of all that had been already advanced on the subject, together with a commentary and a judgment, taken from an elevated point of view. The writer stands in the light of an advocate impressed with the vital importance of the interests with which he is dealing. His sympathy with the manufacturers whom Napoleon had called into existence was frankly stated at the outset, and was not disguised in any part of the work; still he impressed the reader with the fairness of his analysis, and compelled a respect for his judgment.

His reason for entering upon the controversy was briefly stated in a preface to the first edition. 'So much has been already said and written,' he observed, 'on the

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advantages and disadvantages of an indigenous sugar industry that, at first sight, the discussion would appear to be exhausted. As, however, most of the men who have raised their voices for or against this industry were directly interested in the question, they are open to the charge of having been too partial in their exposition of the subject, of having put too much fire in the defence of their cause. Montesquieu has said: *Passion makes us feel, but never see.* I am far from pretending to have seen better than other people, or to have found the outlet from a labyrinth where so many interests cross in various directions; but I hope that I have analysed and expounded in a true light a question which people have striven to twist and obscure. I believe that I have been impartial. The prosperity of the colonies is not less dear to my heart than the development of indigenous industry; and if on one hand the sugar manufacture has all my sympathies as an Imperial creation, on the other hand I cannot forget that my grandmother, the Empress Josephine, was born in those isles where complaints are heard to-day of the competition of the products of the home country. Besides, whatever glory I may feel in defending the creations of the Emperor, my veneration for the head of my family would never lead me to support what my reason repelled as hurtful to the general interests of my country. If I thought Achard's invention antagonistic to the welfare of the greater number, I would attack it in spite of its Imperial origin. I am a citizen before I am a Bonaparte.

'I have endeavoured to base my arguments on official figures, but my peculiar position has stood in the way of a work which demands extensive researches and frequent intercourse with men versed in industrial questions. Still, however imperfect this treatise may be, if it carry conviction to even a few undecided minds,

and help to win a few voices in favour of an industry which I regard as a fruitful source of prosperity to France, I shall thank Heaven for having permitted me to be useful to my country in my captivity, as I thank it daily for leaving me on the soil of France, the object of all my love, which I would not leave at any price, even that of liberty.'

In the opening pages of his treatise the Prince gives currency to two reports on the cunning treachery of England that are without foundation. In 1811 the 'Journal de l'Empire' stated that the English Government had twice endeavoured to bribe M. Achard to declare that beet-sugar was bitter and unfit for human use; and later it was alleged that, failing to corrupt M. Achard, the same Government had compelled Sir Humphrey Davy to denounce beet-sugar as bitter, thus forcing him 'to sacrifice his self-esteem as a scientific man to his patriotism as a citizen.' The latter accusation is quoted from a pamphlet by M. Matthieu de Dombasle. They were derived from the fierce antagonism which existed between the manufacturers of France and England under the first Empire, and which was far from being allayed when the Prince wrote. The Prince was naturally all on the side of his countrymen, and he represented England as opposing the growth of Continental manufactures everywhere, as favouring the interchange of natural products because she was the great carrying power, as aiming to be the entrepot of the world, and as striving for a monopoly of every market for manufactured goods. Every new Continental industry brought a double loss to her. It closed a market and diminished her carrying business. But the beet-sugar interest—the creation of the Empire—kept its hold upon the soil of France in spite of the Emperor's fall.

'In 1815 the Napoleonic edifice,' said the Prince, 'ap-

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peared destined to fall totally with the Emperor, but its basis was too deep in the soil of France. His great creations remained standing; the Code Napoléon, the organisation of justice, of finance, of the army, of the public departments, of national education, resisted the shock. The discovery of beet-sugar survived also. Confined at first to a corner of France, the indigenous manufacture had an obscure and inoffensive existence—appearing almost to shun observation, that its origin might be forgotten, and sharing the fate of the flag of Austerlitz, which, in the same way compelled to hide itself, preserved nevertheless a glorious future. It must be admitted that the Restoration, more intelligent where the interests of France were concerned than the Government which succeeded it, knew how to protect at the same time the colonies and the sugar industry—the child of the Empire. The Restoration helped the indigenous manufacture by exempting it from duty and by putting a duty on colonial sugars. It encouraged both the colonial and the home production by putting a prohibitive duty upon foreign sugars.

'But since 1830 the destruction of the indigenous manufacture and the ruin of the colonies appear to have been systematically devised, to have been conceived in a Machiavelian spirit and pursued with perseverance.'[1]

The end to which the policy of M. Guizot's Government tended was the suppression of the beet-sugar interest and indemnification of the planters, so that Frenchmen

[1] In July 1838 a duty of 15 francs per 100 kilogrammes was laid upon beet-sugar, and in July of the following year this duty was increased 5 francs 50 centimes. This tax closed 166 factories, and produced no good to the sugar-growing colonies. By 1840 the Government had weighted beet-sugar with charges amounting to 27 francs 50 centimes the 100 kilogrammes, and lowered the duties on foreign sugars by 20 francs. In the following year a Bill was actually prepared for the suppression of the beet-sugar industry, with indemnity to the manufacturers; but the opposition of seven departments prevented its introduction.

should cease to be the competitors of the French West Indian colonies, where slavery was doomed, and where consequently a crisis impended. The reply of the home manufacturers, who were not anxious to be suppressed and indemnified, was: 'If you indemnify us to-day, you will have to indemnify the ruined colonists to-morrow.'

'The Chambers,' said the Prince, 'have replied beforehand to this objection, using a strange argument. They say: 'It is precisely because the inevitable emancipation of the negroes must create a formidable disturbance in the colonies that we must better the condition of the colonists by suppressing our indigenous sugar, in order to place them in a position to bear the crisis with which they are menaced.' This is equivalent to saying: Must the emancipation of the negoes ruin the colonies? Well, *fatten them before you kill* them.; above all, fatten them with the wreckage of a flourishing industry. This is a veritable sophism. It is illogical, because, according to experience, the suppression of the beet-root would not stay the ruin of the colonies.'

The Prince concluded in favour not only of the development of the beet-sugar industry, but of its protection against the foreigner, so that it should give labour and prosperity to two millions of Frenchmen. He maintained that the Government had only embittered the question by submitting the destruction of the beet-sugar manufacture to the opinions of the Councils-General of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce. To lead is to govern. 'If in a free country a government is not capable of solving every question, its duty should be at least to put them clearly to the public. The good or faulty solution of a problem depends often on the way in which it is laid down.' The part of the Government should have been to pronounce against the destruction of a national industry, and then to have submitted to the Councils the best means

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of reconciling rival interests. Then follows this reflexion:—

'The great art of governing consists in consulting all authorities, marking at the same time the end and the way that is to be followed; for without this we have much noise and no effect, much work and no result. There has never been so much active knowledge and intelligence in France, capable of working for the general good, as there is at present; and yet never has there been so poor a result. It is because there is no unity, no guiding hand, no system; and society, filled with ideas without facts, and with facts without thought behind them, is tired of unapplied ideas and of acts without continuity or object.'

The Prince's cure for this political gipsying was the resurrection of the Council of State as it existed under Napoleon, charged with the preparation of laws to be submitted to the Chambers. His solution of the sugar difficulty was the reduction of duties both on colonial and home sugars, permission to the colonies to export their sugars freely to all countries, and the imposition of a defensive import duty on all foreign sugars. A Council of State, he contended, would have come to this conclusion long ago, whereas the Government had been compiling reports upon reports, naming commission on commission, for eleven years, during which time the subject had been sinking unceasingly into a darker fog.

The Prince declared against the emancipation of the slaves in the French colonies, and he put the case in this way:—

'As for the future reserved for the slaves, the colonists want to be reassured. As well might we, we repeat, suppress the cultivation of the sugar-cane as proclaim emancipation. Living under this constant menace, the planters could not find capitalists who would venture to support an industry threatened with destruction. Thus

their embarrassment would increase, since one of its causes is the high rate of interest at which they are obliged to borrow capital.' Emancipation would be to sacrifice the free labour of one hundred thousand Frenchmen to the forced labour of ninety thousand slaves. Agriculture would sacrifice an annual revenue of fourteen millions (of francs), and the working class eight millions —in short, a money circulation of one hundred millions— for a yield of seven or eight millions at most to the Treasury. This would be a violation of every right, for the products of the French soil should have priority over those of the tropics. The colonies have been established for the benefit of the mother country, and not the mother country for the benefit of the colonies. There would be a violation of sound principles, for the interests of agriculture and industry should not be harmed for the benefit of a foreign trade, and still less for that of the revenue. In short, there would be a manifest violation of the common interest; for the prosperity of seven departments, the population of which amounted to four millions, would be sacrificed for the sake of thirty-two thousand colonists, and the interest of the home consumer for that of two islands in the Indies, Martinique and Guadaloupe being the only two islands that are suffering.

'There was a time,' the writer observed in conclusion, 'when men, too formal perhaps, but honest beyond a doubt, used to say: "Let the colonies perish rather than a principle!" To-day we hear: "Let the colonies, industry, principles, all perish, so that the receipts of the Treasury are not reduced even by a centime!" France has a right to demand, however, one of two things, war or peace— war, with all its hazards, or peace with all its benefits. Now, the first benefit of peace is to have light taxes, and to employ all the resources of the country to give activity to industrial and commercial relations and to the inter-

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communication of men. If we are at peace, why have spent since 1830 nearly four *milliards* (160 millions sterling) in training the élite of the population to the profession of arms, without profit to anybody; or, if war threatens us, why not employ these millions and these men in making France respected?

'If peace be secure, why destroy a flourishing industry to augment the Treasury receipts by seven or eight millions, while on the other hand we keep up an army costlier than that which conquered at Eckmühl and at Wagram; and why sink three hundred millions in fortifying Paris? Why, in fine, be so prodigal on one side and so miserly on the other? . . . There is everywhere flagrant contradiction between words and facts. It is said that French industry is to be destroyed for the benefit of the navy and the colonies, and the honour and interests of our navy are to be abandoned for the right of search, while the colonies are to be ruined by the emancipation of the slaves.

'This abandonment of all system, and this confusion of all notions of what is just and unjust, proceed from a disdain of the eternal principles on which the life and prosperity of nations are based. An attempt has been made to divide that which is indivisible, putting on one side the material interests, and on the other the moral requirements of the nation, as though the effect could be separated from the cause, as though the body could direct itself and prosper without the soul that guides it. Amid the difficulties and perils of life, honour is the best guide and councillor for a people, the evangelical law for the individual. Honour shows peoples the road they should follow, and it may nearly always be regarded as involving positive and palpable advantages in questions of tariff. Does not the example of the latter years which have passed over us suffice to convince us of this truth? Under the pretext of developing and encouraging material in-

terests we have abandoned our honourable policy; and the immediate consequences of this system have been the establishment of Prussian custom-houses, which close the east and north of Europe upon our commerce. The Confederation of the Rhine has withdrawn from our influence and repulsed our products. Soon we shall no longer furnish to our old and faithful ally Switzerland our two principal elements of exchange, salt and sugar. For twelve years England has inundated us with her linens without reducing duties on our wines—the principal product of the French soil. Spain is raising her tariffs to lessen our exportations, and is giving herself up to England, because she knows there is no faith to be placed in a French alliance. In short, America, to whom we have benevolently given twenty-five millions, has raised her duties on our products. French influence seems to have disappeared from the other side of the Atlantic from the day on which the commercial treaty made by the Emperor Napoleon in favour of the South was abrogated.

'Let not honour, then, be separated from material interests; let not false systems of commercial prosperity be built upon the ruin of a national and flourishing industry. Let us remember this maxim of Montesquieu: "Injustice and cowardice are bad housewives." As for our indigenous industry, let it lift its head; its enemies will hesitate before they deal the finishing stroke. The Chambers, we hope, will cover it with the protection of their votes; and this child of the Empire will revive if, instead of being false to itself and asking alms, it boldly claims its rights and answers its adversaries: *Respect me, for I enrich the soil. I fertilise the lands that, without me, would remain barren. I give work to hands that, without me, would remain idle. In short, I solve the two greatest problems of modern society, for I organise and moralise labour.*'

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The feature of the beet-sugar industry that gave it a special interest and value in the eyes of the Prince was the combination of the manufacturing and the agricultural elements. Insisting on the importance of such a combination, the writer drew upon his observation in England and Switzerland:—

'Great Britain—that queen of industry—employs in four or five chief towns thousands of workmen. While the produce of their labour flows out freely, while the manufacturers are prosperous, the workmen are in comfort; but let any event shake public credit, close markets, or let over-production bring about a glut, and in a moment the whole population, as we see to-day, is in the anguish of want, and presents all the horrors of hunger. The soil, we repeat, literally sinks from under their feet; they have neither fire, home, nor bread.

'Switzerland presents a different aspect. This little country, which, shut up in the centre of Europe and surrounded by custom-houses, inhales and exhales by land the importations and exportations of its industry, has nevertheless reached a degree of prodigious commercial activity. Its products compete with those of Great Britain in every part of the world. It feels, like other countries, the crises which momentarily stop the movement of its manufactories; but the working population is never in danger of dying of hunger. Swiss industries are scattered over the country instead of being centred exclusively in cities. They are fixed wherever there is a watercourse, a highway, a lake, favouring their operations. The consequence of this system has been to accustom the agricultural classes to pass alternately from the labour of the fields to that of the factory. In Switzerland, even in the towns, it is the country-folk who come every morning to the factories, and return in the evening to their villages. So that when a calamity strikes an industry they suffer,

no doubt, but they find in their fields a refuge and an occupation.

'Well, in France the beet-sugar manufacture presents this happy combination: it keeps the workmen in the country, and occupies them through the worst months of the year. It spreads through the agricultural class a good system of cultivation, while it teaches them industrial science and the practice of the chemical and mechanical arts. It scatters instead of conglomerating the centres of labour. It therefore encourages the principles on which the sound organisation of society and the security of governments rest; for to create the general well-being is to secure order.'

The Prince's treatise made a marked impression in political circles. The committee of beet-sugar growers sent it to the members of the Councils-General which had the subject under consideration, with a circular in which they drew their special attention to it as the best and fullest exposition of their position, noting that their industry had found its most eloquent defender in the nephew of 'the illustrious man' who had created it. The Prince was soon busy with a second edition. He added a chapter, and went carefully over all his facts, having frequent recourse to Madame Cornu for help. This lady corrected the proofs, sought out authorities, and treated with the publishers.[1] The delays of correspondence kept the new edition back till the middle of November.

The course advocated by the Prince was not adopted. Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot compromised or adjusted the irritating question of the right of search, by agreeing to employ a combined fleet of the cruisers of both nations for the prevention of the slave trade. The great increase of the marine of France directed public attention to the subject.

[1] See Appendix.

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The growth of the home sugar trade was denounced as prejudicial to the maritime interests of the country. The great manufacturers of the North were potent in the Chamber, and for a time they managed to keep their industry protected against that of the colonies by a duty on the sugar-cane double that of the duty on beet-root. But public opinion at length declared against them as restrictors of trade, and equal taxes were laid upon home-grown and colonial sugar.

While Prince Louis was studying the beet-sugar question he paid attention to the general course of home and foreign politics, and, as a writer, took an active part in them.

CHAPTER V.

1843: A YEAR'S WORK.

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WITHIN a year of his arrival at Ham Prince Louis began that series of political and social articles in the Republican 'Progrès du Pas-de-Calais' which his friends and his enemies have cited to his advantage and to his disadvantage.[1] The articles were bold. The hostility to the Government that held the key of the writer's prison was uncompromising. The organ in which these articles appeared was one which the Monarchy of July prosecuted twenty-nine times. The Prince contributed also, in the course of his captivity, to the 'Journal de Maine-et-Loire, the 'Journal du Loiret,' the 'Guetteur de Saint-Quentin,' and the 'Almanach populaire de la France.' When we consider the spirit and aim of the Prince's contributions to the Opposition press, we cannot but wonder how it was that M. Guizot or his royal master never interfered to check the popularity which their prisoner was building up for himself at the expense of the Government. Had the Prince's

[1] The Prince's first contribution to the *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais* appears to have been an article in which he protested against reckless colonisation.* He advised the Government, instead of seeking insignificant possessions that could never have either strategical or commercial importance, as Tahiti, to concentrate their energies on the development of Algeria and Guyana, as the only possessions ever likely to become of real importance to France. He charged the Government with pouncing upon barren rocks which the other great Powers had disdained, and pointed out that the scattered French colonial possessions would in time of war require garrisons amounting to one hundred thousand men.

* June 14, 1841.

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commentaries on political events influenced only the localities in which they appeared, it would be easy to explain the apathy or unconcern of the sovereign and ministers who were assailed in them; but these commentaries were quoted far and wide, and there could be no doubt about the feeling which they created in favour of the writer. Yet beyond redoubling the vigilance of his guards, and frequently changing the battalions that were quartered in and around Ham, the Government of July did nothing. The Prince carried on an uninterrupted correspondence with political, literary, and commercial men at home and abroad; he had his friends in the Church, the Chamber, at the Bar, in the army, and among the leading manufacturers of the North. In England he retained powerful allies, who were, as we shall see, ready to serve him. He had left sympathisers in his cause and his fate in America, and more than one of them applied to the Minister of the Interior to visit him. When he entered his prison he was an object of pity; but he had not been there many months before he had begun to turn the tide of public opinion. He astonished even his friends by the energy and vivacity with which he rose after his fall, and by the method with which, the first irritation and pain of imprisonment vanquished, he set about his own rehabilitation. M. Vieillard hardly recognised the quiet, slow-thinking student of Arenenberg in the impetuous devourer of books and the confident political writer who corresponded with him from the banks of the Somme.

The opinions expressed in the Prince's contributions to the 'Progrès du Pas-de-Calais' are in harmony with those to be found in his earliest writings. Authority and democracy are his watchwords. He had been writing, however, for fifteen months in the 'Progrès' before a formal avowal of the authorship of his articles was made.

The circumstance that led to the confession promised for a moment to be one of happy augury for the Bonapartes. Early in 1843 the Council-General of Corsica had expressed a hope that the family would be called from exile, and that the prisoner of Ham would be set free and acknowledged as a French citizen. The rumours of an amnesty had reached Paris, and M. Vieillard wrote to the Prince on the subject. The Prince replied (April 18):—

'You tell me that in Paris they are talking of an amnesty, and you ask what impression this creates in me. I will answer your question frankly.

'If they were to open the doors of my dungeon to-morrow, saying to me: "You are free; sit with us as a citizen at the national hearth; France repudiates no longer any of her children," a sentiment of joy would seize upon my heart; but if they offered me exile in exchange for my actual position, I should repel such a proposition, because it would be, in my eyes, an aggravation of my sorrow. I would rather be a prisoner in France than free abroad.

'But I know what the word amnesty means in the mouth of the present Government. Seven years ago, after the events of Strasburg, I was carried off by night from the justice of the country, without having the time to take with me the most necessary clothes. Without listening to my protestations they dragged me 2,000 leagues away from Europe. Treated as a prisoner till I reached the roadstead of Rio Janeiro, I was at last conveyed to the United States. Having received the news in New York of the dangerous illness of my mother, I returned to England. But what was my surprise when I found all the ports of Europe closed to me, through the attentive precautions of the French Government? I rebelled when I learned that, in order to prevent me from closing the eyes of my dying mother, they had, during my

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absence, spread the calumny (so frequently renewed and always answered) that I had promised never to return to Europe.

'By deceiving the German police I reached Switzerland, to be the witness of the most distressing scene that can fall under a son's eyes. However, the mortal part of my mother was hardly laid in its coffin when the French Government endeavoured to expel me from the country in which I was a proprietor and of which I was a citizen. The Swiss people stood by their rights and kept me. However, in order to avoid complications without number and the risk of a collision, I freely forsook, but with a bleeding heart, the place where my mother, twenty years before, had laid her household gods on leaving France, where I had grown up, and where I had so many friends that I often thought that I was in my own country.

'These were the effects to me of the violent amnesty of the Government. And do you think that after this I can wish for a second?

'Exiled for twenty-five years, twice the victim of perfidious fate, I have experienced many vicissitudes, many sorrows of this life; and now that the illusions of youth are over for me, I find in the air I breathe in my native land, in study, in the calm of my prison, a charm I never felt when I shared the pleasures of foreigners, and when I drank as one of the vanquished from the same cup with the conqueror of Waterloo. In short, if the opportunity should occur, I would repeat what I said before the Court of Peers: "I refuse any generosity, for I know the cost of it."'[1]

The bitterness expressed in this letter is apparent in all that Prince Louis wrote about King Louis Philippe and

[1] *Napoléon III.* Par Albert Mansfeld. Paris, 1860.

his Government. It was in his heart when he embarked at Lorient, while he travelled in America, when he was pacing London streets waiting for the passport that would open the way to his mother's death-bed; and its rankling fire left him no peace until he felt that he had delivered himself out of the moral bondage in which he had been placed by the dishonest arts of his enemy. He took a true measure of the King and his Ministers when he calculated that the Laity pamphlet would raise a demand for his expulsion. It is clear from the above letter, however, that he was not prepared for all the consequences that happened. His calculation was that he would be left in his Swiss château after a diplomatic storm had passed over, and that then he would be morally free to act according to his opinions. But he was driven forth from his home and his adopted country. All the familiar scenes of his childhood were swept from the range of his future life, and he who had been bred in mountain air, and loved the sports and pastimes of a country life, was forced into the uncongenial gaieties of fashionable circles in London. He experienced after the Boulogne expedition the same treatment that was his fate after Strasburg. While his enemy gave himself airs of mercy the official press stabbed him. Every incident and rumour and old story that malice could twist to the degradation of the prisoner was cruelly used: so that he had learned to know thoroughly what Louis Philippe's kindness meant, and therefore he looked with suspicion on any amnesty coming from that quarter, and when it was first whispered to him his instinct was to repudiate it.

The substance of the Prince's letter to M. Vieillard was reproduced in the columns of the 'Progrès du Pas-de-Calais.' It was copied throughout the French press, and ultimately drew from the 'Journal du Loiret' a request that the writer would state what his pretensions would be if he

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were set at liberty, and if he and his family were admitted into the great circle of French citizens. The Prince answered in the 'Journal du Loiret' (October 21):—

'I reply without hesitation to your question in your number of the 18th. I have never thought, and never shall think, that France is the apanage of a family; I have never claimed any rights save those of a French citizen, and I shall never have any other desire than that of serving the entire people, when they have chosen, in full freedom, the form of government which they desire.

'Born of a family which owes its elevation to the national will, I should be untrue to my origin, to my nature, and to common sense if I did not recognise the national sovereignty of the people as the basis of any political organisation.

'To the present time my actions and my pretensions are in harmony with this view. If I have not been understood, it is because people endeavour not to explain defeats, but only to condemn them.

'It is true that I have sought a high position, but I have sought it publicly. I had a lofty ambition, but I could admit it in the presence of everybody. It was the ambition to reunite around my popular name all the partisans of the sovereignty of the people—all who aspired to glory and liberty. If I have deceived myself, can public opinion blame me? Can France punish me for it?

'Believe, sir, that whatever destiny fate may have in store for me, it will never be said of me that in exile and in prison I learned nothing and forgot nothing.

'Receive the assurance of my consideration.

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.'

The 'Journal du Loiret' received this letter as a striking testimony in favour of the power of the democratic principle. It was held up as an example of high

signification that a man of royal race, heir to a throne, although he claimed no heritage, a young prince who was proud and enlightened, whose name recalled the most glorious memories, had put aside monarchical prejudices, renounced the privileges of his hereditary family, and rendered solemn homage to the sovereignty of the people. The Prince was congratulated as a man of heart and spirit, and he was contrasted with the Duke of Bordeaux, who had just inflicted a rebuke on his followers because they had wandered for a moment from the doctrines of absolutism. The 'Journal du Loiret' concluded by saying that the Prince had all the sympathy of its party, and that he was henceforth no pretender, but a soldier under the Liberal flag.

In the spring of 1843 the Prince had written a vigorous paper in the 'Progrès,' in which he laid down the duties of the Opposition in France. It shows how closely he was watching the closing years of the Monarchy of July:—

'The Opposition will never hold a firm place in public opinion so long as it is without passion, or system, or object. Let this passion be economy, the development of material interests, the preponderance of the country, glory or liberty, it matters little, but the Opposition must have something at heart to stir the popular fibre. Let its system be English, American, Prussian, or Turkish, it must prove that it has fixed opinions in order to create profound convictions. The object to which it travels may be near or distant; but it must be understandable, so that men may judge it, and, if it be worthy, may follow it; for the people tire of marching without hope of reaching an object.

'Now, with the exception of the few men who share our opinions, there are only individuals in the Chamber; the leaders of the Dynastic Opposition, if we except M. de Lamartine, have no passion, no system, no object.

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'Ask them how they interpret the international relations of France with the other Powers of Europe, and they will make you equivocal answers. Ask them what they understand by the reduction of taxation, the improvement of agriculture, the organisation of industry, the development of our commerce, and they will reply in generalities. Ask them what they understand by the political rights of citizens, the military organisation of France, and the organisation of which the industrial class stands imperiously in need, and they will answer: Nothing.

'Wrapped in a cloud of opposition, they are astonished that the country does not follow them in their nebulous progress, and that their colourless flag does not rally generous hearts.

'They invoke the manes of the Foys, the Manuels, the Lafayettes, forgetting that these men had that which they lack. Under the Restoration liberty was the passion of the leaders of the Opposition, the English Constitution was their system, and their object was the establishment of a parliamentary government. Hence every blow they dealt told, every word sounded from one end of France to the other; and from 1816 to 1830 they surmounted obstacles, but through the crowd, and made a slow but progressive triumphal march.

'We have, personally, too high an esteem for the chiefs of the Dynastic Left not to tell them the truth, by applying to them the fine words of M. de Lamartine: "France must cease to be France or you must cease to conduct an Opposition without principles or character. The country is tired of a man of words, of snarls and synonyms. Positive opinions must deal with real exigencies, and efficacious remedies with profoundly deep sufferings."

'For twelve years our energies have been measured by the disasters of liberty. In 1830 the people drove

out, in three days, a monarchy eight centuries old. A new dynasty is raised to the throne; the Ministry explain this accession in these words, since become famous: "Because a Bourbon." You reply with your celebrated "Although Bourbon;" and you think you have thus saved the great principle of election.

'The peoples rise. The Ministry declare that it will possibly be war should Austria interfere. You demand that it shall be probable, and Italy is invaded. Poland raises the flag of independence and implores France for help; the Ministers declare that she is too far away; you exclaim: "God grant that she may be nearer!" And Poland is strangled. The laws of September, which violate all the promises of the Revolution, are framed, and you are content to say merely that the word *attentat* is too vague and indefinite. A demand is made for electoral reform, which under the Restoration you demanded with us, and at the most you will vote for the *adjonction des capacités*.

'The expenditure is increased millions on millions, and you mount the high horse to propose savings of 50,000 francs on a budget of a milliard and a half.

'France is insulted; the Ministry incline their heads; you, you raise yours, but only to hold your tongues, making in this way the most deplorable spectacle, that of arrogance under humiliation.

'Lastly, the right of search irritates the nation; the Ministry adopts it, and you content yourselves with saying: "We wish it were otherwise."

'In truth, we ask, is this the language which befits men who aspire to represent this French democracy, which is always so loyal, proud, and courageous?

'Know that society, like the human body, prospers only while each of the parts of which it is composed fulfils its functions regularly: the stagnation of one

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induces the ruin of the rest. Thus the head, the seat of the mind, should direct the remainder of the body; if it fails in its mission, it perishes with the body. You, Deputies, are the head of the nation; and if the nation receives neither impulsion nor direction from you, it should perish. But nations do not perish. France will advance without you if you cannot lead her.'

This article was followed up by one entitled 'Peace or War?' in which the Prince declared that the only policy worthy of France was a great and generous one. In 1830, moral strength being all in her favour, France might have easily recovered her proper rank in Europe. A policy of peace had even its glorious aspect. History would have forgiven her had she even bowed her head before the foreigner, provided she developed the national resources, and had educated, elevated, and enriched the people. An immense object would have been gained had an honest, just, and loyal administration been established, under which the people would have learned the benefits of real liberty. To give discipline and peaceful ways to democracy, by assigning to each his proper place, and by giving all an interest in the public weal, would have been to accomplish a mighty end. Men would have learned respect for the laws which all had made. They would have worked in friendly association. The governors might have earned imperishable glory by striving to extirpate pauperism, to lessen the load of the taxpayer, by awakening generous sentiments in the public, by rewarding merit and punishing vice. There was an opportunity for closing the era of revolutions, for gathering all ranks of citizens together, and by showing the world the imposing spectacle of a people mighty in arms, in wealth, and in the blessing of vigorous institutions.

But, instead of all these blessings, what had been the

result of the Revolution of 1830? For thirteen years the country had been neither at peace nor at war. The 'National' had just shown that the budgets of the Monarchy of July exceeded those of the Empire. Even when the two milliards paid to the foreigner by the Restoration for the invasion were added to the expenses of the Empire, these remained one milliard less than the expenses of the actual Government. Even the resources accumulated under the Restoration had been devoured in the course of the last thirteen years. The capital of the savings banks and of the *Caisse d'Amortissement*, and the greater part of the timber belonging to the State, had been engulfed in useless enterprises, while the debt had been steadily growing. To crown all, France had become the laughing-stock of Europe. For Europe saw that the French had obtained neither liberty, order, nor prosperity; and two hundred thousand electors formed the constituencies of thirty-five millions of souls. Men might be cast into prison and left there. Meetings of more than twenty persons were illegal. Distress and crime were on the increase; roads and railways were neglected. And yet one good result had come out of revolution—viz. experience. This sad and terrible experience taught men to put their faith not in individuals, but in institutions, not in men's words, but in their antecedents, never to applaud words, but only acts, never to cry out for a certain minister, but for a certain principle or system, and, in short, to demand either war with all its hazards or peace with all its blessings.

In the foregoing article Prince Louis showed how deeply his mind had been imbued by the republican and St. Simonian spirit of the time. He said every man should have rights that 'would give him an interest in the community and proprietorship in the State.' It was the doctrine which the Radicals were preaching. It

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proved that the Prince rallied to the flag of the *Rights of Labour* which Arago had just raised, and that he had boldly taken up a position in regard to labour which he never abandoned. Those persons who knew his mind most intimately declare that he had always a strong tendency towards Socialism, which he derived not only from his studies of social subjects in his prison, and from the closeness with which he watched political events in his country during the last eight years of the Monarchy of July, but from the sentimental cast of his mind, which inclined him to every popular cause—to democracy, in short. Of course his enemies have asserted that the Prince leaned towards the multitude in the hope of obtaining their favour. The charge cannot be conclusively disproved, but still less can it be proved. The problem which occupied many hours of the Prince's prison-life was in his mind in the last months of his reign. He was always ready to give it his attention. He delighted in the study of new combinations, or plans, or theories, the object of which was to improve the condition of the wage-classes. Such government as that over which M. Guizot presided while he was behind the walls of the fortress of Ham was repugnant to his nature as well as to his understanding. It had the faults which he despised. It was timid, embarrassed, without principle, and apparently without object beyond the expediency of to-morrow. Nor did the Prince overcharge his canvas in his description of the Government's faults of commission and omission. Mr. Crowe, writing many years afterwards, and, as usual, well inclined towards Louis Philippe, reiterates the charges advanced by Prince Louis in 1843.[1] The public disaffec-

[1] 'Moreover, when the war-cry arose all the materials of war were found to be wanting. Regiments were without equipments, depôts without artillery or *matériel*; fortresses were dilapidated, the military officers told of long peace and consequent dilapidation; credit after credit was swallowed up without satisfying engineers or intendants.

tion was spreading apace; the Republican party was increasing; young Ledru-Rollin was returned for the Sarthe; the 'National' and other papers were prosecuted in vain. The Peers were described as *incurables*, the Ministers as the puppets of the King. Guizot stood calm before the storm, refused the least concession, and spurned the demand for reform as a *prurit* 'which it could only injure sanity and health to indulge or pay attention to.' Lamartine replied that for such a policy as that of M. Guizot milestones would serve as well as ministers. M. Guizot fixed his gaze on foreign questions; and while his domestic policy was securing the steady spread of disaffection within, his labours made France isolated and ridiculous without. When Espartero and the Liberals triumphed in Spain, the French Government laboured to hold the new Constitutional Government within bounds as narrow as those of France, and M. Guizot's agents did their utmost to make the Regent distasteful to the young Queen. The French Conservatives became the determined foes of the Spanish Regent. Prince Louis took up the cudgels for the Spanish Liberal party, and at the same time for that of his own country.

The Prince observed that men who called themselves Conservatives because they had places, honours, and sinecures to preserve professed a sovereign disdain for the Regent of Spain. They gave themselves a varnish of aristocracy in blaming the freely elected chief of a great State. But they were not at the trouble of reflecting that

This financial question was a vital one for any minister. That the Monarchy of July should manifest itself more obsequious to foreign Powers than the Restoration, and yet that its expenditure should be far greater, were confessions dangerous and humiliating to make. Yet unfortunately they could neither be withheld nor contradicted. The public expenditure, which required 40,000,000*l.* sterling annually in the last years of the Restoration, amounted to 50,000,000*l.* in 1842; and these swelled to 60,000,000*l.* sterling, or one-third more, in 1847.' — *Crowe* vol. v.

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in acting thus they condemned themselves. Was it for them to shrug their shoulders at the sight of a Government which, born of a revolution, was incessantly occupied in putting down insurrections; which, sprung from a Liberal movement, could not bear liberty; and which, raised by civil and parliamentary power, relied only upon armed force? He would not constitute himself the defender of Espartero, because, in his estimation, he lacked the two first qualities of the chief of a great people, viz. the power of anticipating public opinion and that of forgiving. Yet he maintained that the Regent's power, with all its defects, was more solid and national than that of the French Conservatives. If insurrections were to happen at Lyons, Toulouse, or Lille, and the Government were compelled to draw all the troops of the Line from Paris in order to quell them, could they rely on the National Guard to keep peace? Certainly not. If the Ministry had not 60,000 troops at their command, they could not remain a single day in power. Therefore they were weaker than the weak Espartero. Yet it would be useless to conspire in order to destroy them. They would fall through their own inherent rottenness. Espartero believed that the bombardment of Barcelona would strengthen his power, whereas it sapped its foundations. The French Conservatives believed that they were secured for ever behind the fortifications of Paris, and with their system of peace at any price; but they only imitated the kings of Egypt who during their lives built up for themselves immense tombs, monuments so colossal that they buried the names as well as the bodies of the builders. In September Prince Louis drew a contrast between the political life and manners of France and England.[1] He remarked:—

'The political institutions of England are being imported into France without the customs which in

[1] *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais*, September 18, 1843.

England feed and perfect these institutions. Let us, then, draw the attention of our statesmen to the differences which exist in the parliamentary habits of the two countries. In England most important questions have been previously discussed at public and private meetings —have been sifted and ground and kneaded—before they pass through the great parliamentary machine. When a member of the House of Commons reaches Westminster he has a fair knowledge of the subjects that will be treated in the course of the session; for he has heard them discussed already, and he has himself spoken on them at many meetings and dinners, and he has argued them at the club to which he belongs. It is perhaps not beside the question to remark that the habit our neighbours have of depriving themselves of women's society at their clubs and after dinner has an effect on the development of public opinion; for it is the absence of women which allows men to discuss serious subjects daily. In France, on the contrary, when the Deputy reaches the Chambers he has followed political controversies only in his newspaper, and he has had no opportunity of guaging public opinion or of preparing himself at meetings for the great parliamentary struggle.

'The right of meeting is, then, the foundation of a representative government.

'Let us now examine the customs of Parliament when it has met. Although the English are scrupulous observers of forms and ceremonies, they lose no time in preliminaries; nor do they use the vote on the Address as an opportunity for interminable discussions, in which each orator launches against his adversary all the ingenious subtleties to be derived from the dictionary of synonyms. In truth, the policy of a great people should be clear and decided, and the party that owes its triumph to equivoque is poor indeed.'

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'While the English can guide when necessary, they know how to pause when delay is for the general interest. In order to prevent the ministry or the opposition from snatching a victory in a moment of excitement, custom commands that no proposition can have the force of law until it has been solemnly voted three times by Parliament. This condition is of the highest importance, since it not only gives the guarantee of a deliberate opinion, but it increases the influence of the legislative assembly considerably. Let us suppose, for example—'

The Prince then showed how advantageously such a parliamentary procedure would act in France. He explained the advantage of pairing off, and dwelt on the English practice of allowing each member to speak from his place, remarking that this practice was admirable because a man was not under the necessity of making a set speech every time he rose, and the House gained a more general expression of opinion, and ideas from modest members who would not confront an assembly from a tribune. A chamber with a tribunal too closely resembled a theatre, where only great action achieved a success; but a chamber without a tribune was a grave meeting-place for men to discuss without show. The tribune generally gave a monopoly of triumph to the lawyers; and the sound sense, the plain expression of an exact truth, an argument or suggestion couched in a few homely words, were lost. The paper concluded with a demand that Government should grant the right of meeting, that the discussion on the Address should be shortened and simplified, that every Deputy requiring leave of absence should be compelled to pair off, and that every Deputy should be allowed to speak from his place.

In November Prince Louis wrote an article on the constitution of the Ministry, advocating the appointment of permanent departmental ministers, on the ground that

men of special knowledge were needful to the proper government of each branch of the public administration, and suggesting that the President of the Council should be a political and removable minister. He complained that as matters stood party struggles and victories led to anarchy in the various departments of the public service. The best military organiser resigned because the law on sugar was rejected; the man who had elaborated a vast plan for the amelioration of agriculture and industry threw up his portfolio because the Chambers had thrown out a Recruiting Bill; or a party vote led to a general move of ministers from offices in which they were useful to places where they were worse than useless. Therefore ministers of departments should be apart from political strife, which should be left to a chief who would preside over them and be responsible to Parliament. CHAP. V.

From this subject Prince Louis turned to one that was under passionate discussion in every part of the country. In an article on the clergy and the State he reviewed the relations of the priest to the school, of the State to the priest, and of the Church to the poor, in that spirit of enlightened moderation which he displayed in the days of his sovereign power.

'The clergy claim,'[1] he began, 'under the name of the freedom of education, the right to instruct youth. The State, on the other hand, asserts for its own interest the right of directing public instruction. This struggle is derived necessarily from a divergence of opinions, ideas, and sentiments between the Government and the Church. Each seeks to influence for its own interest the mind of the rising generation. We do not believe, with an illustrious orator, that in order to extinguish this contention it is necessary to sunder the ties which hold

[1] *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais*, December 13, 1843.

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the clergy to the civil power. Unfortunately ministers of religion in France are generally opposed to democratic interests. To permit them, uncontrolled, to establish schools would be to allow them to teach the people hatred of the Revolution and of liberty. On the other hand, to withdraw from them their stipends would be to let the whole weight of them fall upon the people, to force them to re-exact the *dîme* for their support, to traffic in sacred things, and to leave the poor without that spiritual comfort which consoles them in their misery. To withdraw from the clergy that State stipend is to exclude the poor from the Church. "We have no right," said the Emperor Napoleon, "to deprive the poor man, because he is poor, of that which consoles his poverty." All the ceremonies of the Church should be free to the people.

'The aim of the statesman should be to destroy as far as possible all traces of caste, and to unite all citizens in a common opinion as well as a common interest. In order to dispel the discord which is daily increasing between the spiritual and the temporal powers two things are necessary—"that the minority shall cease to be atheistic and the clergy to be ultramontane."

'The University will cease to be atheistic from the day when the Government shall have the courage to be something, and giving an impulsion to true philosophy, to choose as directors of public education the most enlightened and the most virtuous men, without seeking to please at the same time the disciples of Loyola and those of Voltaire. The clergy will cease to be ultramontane as soon as they are compelled to study science, as of old, and to be with and of the people, *by drawing their education from the same sources with them.* Southern Germany is beyond question the country where the Catholic clergy are the best educated, the most tolerant,

the most liberal. And why is this so? It is because the young men who are destined for the Church in Germany learn theology in the universities in common with the candidates for other professions. Instead of being sequestrated from the world from their childhood, and of contracting in seminaries a spirit hostile to the society in the midst of which they are to live, they learn early to be citizens before they are priests. And so the German Catholic clergy are distinguished by their great learning and their ardent patriotism. There are no sacrifices from which they would shrink in the triumph of liberty and for the independence of the fatherland. In their eyes to be a priest is to teach morality and charity; it is to make common cause with the oppressed; it is to preach justice and toleration; it is to predict the reign of equality; it is to teach men that the political redemption should follow the religious redemption.

'Let the education of the clergy be conducted in France as it is in Germany, and the same evangelical principles will produce the same happy results. From the union of priests and laics a double movement would react, both equally for the good of society. The priests will become citizens, and citizens will become religious.

'Then, but then only, we shall be glad to see, as in Germany, the ministers of religion at the head of national education, teaching youth the doctrine of Christ—the sublime doctrine which destroyed slavery, and which taught men that they were equal, and that God had placed at the bottom of their hearts a faith to believe in good and a love to be extended to one another.'

While Prince Louis was carrying on a newspaper war against the Government of M. Guizot, and lashing the laggards and dullards of the straggling Opposition, he continued his more serious studies of the social and industrial life of France. In a letter to Madame Cornu he

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asked her to put his name down as a subscriber to 'L'Atelier,' a workman's paper, and told her he was mastering the new edition of Adam Smith. He wanted Say and Buret also. In the following month he was compelled to restrict his reading and writing, and he found diversion in his laboratory with his faithful assistant Acar. He begged Madame Cornu not to fear his dabbling with chemicals: his experiments were not dangerous ones.

'Here,' he said,[1] 'are the blessings of science. With a little copper, zinc, and acid I forget my sorrows, and am one of the happiest of mortals.'

In May he was again hard at work on the new edition of his 'Manual of Artillery;' and while he was in the midst of it the faithful friend of his childhood and his trusty secretary and adviser Madame Cornu obtained permission to visit him with her husband. She found a great mental change in him. He had gone through a new and severe education. She relates how she turned to her husband as they crossed the drawbridge on their way back to the town and exclaimed that she could hardly believe it was the same man. His vigour and quickness in conversation and the range of subjects over which he travelled had fairly surprised her. His mother had educated him to be a fine, idle gentleman; and he had had the courage, under a sentence of perpetual imprisonment, to lay foundations for a higher destiny.

It was in the summer of 1843 that M. Arago read the Prince's letter on his experiments in electricity before the Academy of Sciences, and he wrote to Madame Cornu to tell her he was pleased to hear it had been ordered to be printed in the 'Bulletin de l'Académie.' At the same time he complained that his artillery studies were frequently impeded by headache. In July he wrote: 'For the last four or five months I have suffered almost daily

[1] February 15, 1843. See Appendix.

with headache: it comes from the sedentary life I lead. I shall subject myself to a severe diet, for this headache may proceed from the stomach. The headaches make me lazy. Still my work advances slowly. You can have no idea of what such a work means when one is determined to do it well. I was very stupid in telling you when you were here lately that I should finish it within a fortnight. I don't think I shall finish under two months if I work at it every day. I have many books, but not enough. Could you tell me who won the battle of Tongres in 1408, the Flemish or the Duke of Burgundy? Could you get the "Mémoires d'Artillerie" collected by M. de Scheel?'

While this physical trouble was upon him, and he had subjects in hand both in his study and his laboratory, he managed to put forth his papers on the reform of the army. He gave an outline of the Prussian system, and recommended its adoption in France. He exposed the defective military condition of the country, exclaimed: 'We are without defence!' and concluded that an immense force was necessary in order to maintain the proper position of his country in relation to Europe. He showed how the application of the Prussian system to France would produce an army of 1,500,000 men. It was a democratic system adapted to the manners and feelings of Frenchmen; for it was based on justice, equality, and economy. It would produce an army—not for conquest, but for the security of the country's independence. The permanent force would amount to only 227,000 men; but the first reserve would be 521,000 strong, and the second 677,000. This force was to cost 239,000,000 francs. There were to be territorial divisions, each including a complete army in itself.[1]

[1] The plan is almost identical with that which has now been adopted. The Emperor submitted it to the Council of State and the military authorities in 1868, but it was not adopted.

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This project sprang naturally out of the Prince's military studies; and when he had thrown it off he went back to Saint-Rémy, Carion de Nisas, Texier de Norbec, and the array of authorities that stretched along the rough shelves of his work-room, breaking off occasionally, as we have seen, to contribute a paper to the 'Progrès' or the 'Revue de l'Empire.' On October 6 he announced a discovery to Madame Cornu:—

'Since you left I have made a discovery which interests me in the highest degree. It relates to the great problem of putting a machine in motion by electricity. I have yet to find whether I can raise enough motive power, for it is here that everybody has failed hitherto. In this, as in so many things, I want your assistance. Listen to the litany.' He wanted to borrow the 'Annales de Chimie et de Physique' from 1839 to 1843, finely turned pulleys to produce the least possible friction, and other items. A month later, when thanking Madame Cornu for the pulleys, he announced that he had been disappointed with his invention, and had gone back to his artillery studies. In November he was again immersed in artillery lore, and was laying General Armandi, Marshal Vallée, and others, as well as Madame Cornu, under contribution. Dr. Conneau helped him with the necessary drawings and plans; and by the end of the year he was giving his directions to the engraver, directing German authorities to be forwarded to him by the diligence, and seeking information even in Italy. On December 9 he wrote:[1] 'If possible ask the Marshal [Vallée] if he could give me some particulars of the mountain shells which are so often used in Algeria. Have granaries ever been fired with them?' In the same month he had other questions for the Marshal. In one letter he begs that some experiments which he

[1] See Appendix.

had made in Switzerland in repairing gun carriages might be repeated, and the results made known to him; and his last letter of 1843 contains a long list of military books to be sent to him, as well as questions for General Armandi.

The most important manifestation made by Prince Louis in the course of 1843, and that which made the deepest impression on the public mind, was his letter to the ex-Deputy Chapuys-Montlaville, in reply to an attack made by M. de Lamartine on the career of the Emperor Napoleon. M. Chapuys-Montlaville had projected a French Plutarch for the people, and he designed to place Napoleon first on the list of biographies. He submitted his plan to M. de Lamartine, who replied in a letter vehemently attacking the popular hero, and concluding that his figure was not one that should appear in a work intended to instruct the people. He denounced him as having strangled the liberties which the Revolution had engendered, and with having set up in their stead an old régime with names of yesterday. He had replaced philosophy and freedom of worship by a concordat and a State religion. He had created a brilliant but odious reign of violence. The result had been the creation of another name in history, Europe twice in Paris, England mistress of the seas, and France thrown back indefinitely by an episode of glory. She would perhaps have to march for a century before she could regain the ground she had lost in a single day—the 18th Brumaire. In this letter of striking phrases the writer, whom the Prince in his reply called 'the illustrious Deputy for Macon,' observed that truth must be the historian's only guide and counsellor when he is writing for the people.

Prince Louis undertook to show that M. de Lamartine had not remained faithful to his own axiom :—

'I do not defend the principle of the revolution of the

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18th Brumaire,' the Prince observed, and the words that follow are important as reflecting on his own *coup d'état.* 'An insurrection against an established power may be a necessity, but never an example to be erected into a principle. The 18th Brumaire was a flagrant violation of the Constitution of the year III.; but it must be admitted that this constitution had already been broken thrice—on the 18th Fructidor, when the Government dealt a blow at the independence of the Legislative Body by condemning members to banishment without trial; on the 30th Prairial, when the Legislative Body assailed the independence of the Government; and lastly on the 20th Floréal, when by a sacrilegious decree the Government and the Legislative Body attacked the sovereignty of the people by annulling the elections which they had made. The important question to solve is whether or not the 18th Brumaire saved the Republic; and for this solution it suffices to show what was the state of the country before and after the event.'

The Prince then declared that M. de Lamartine was the first writer who had dared to say that under the Directory the Revolution ceased to be destructive and began to be creative, it being notorious that the Directory preserved the hatred of the Convention without keeping its wisdom or its energy. Under the Directory there was chaos at home and treason in the army. Credit was annihilated, the treasury was empty, the Rente had fallen to eleven francs; there was brigandage and insurrection within, and without a foreign coalition was threatening the distracted country. Liberty had become a word void of meaning, and on all sides the régime was one of exclusion and proscription. One hundred and forty-five thousand Frenchmen were living in exile. The Prince cited M. de Cormenin in support of his description of the utter disorganisation to which

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France had been reduced when the First Consul interfered.

Then order appeared in the finances, the civil code regulated justice, the Concordat gave liberty to all religions, and one of the chief results of the Revolution was fixed for ever by the Pope, who sanctioned the alienation of Church property. The Consul opened prison-gates upon 9,000 prisoners, and recalled illustrious Frenchmen from exile; and he so consolidated his power by his wisdom that he could leave Paris without soldiers, fly to the reconquest of Italy, and compel the sovereigns of Europe to recognise the French Republic and its glorious representative. These were the results of the 18th Brumaire.[1] The Consulate saved the Republic and the future of the Revolution from complete ruin; and all conscientious Republicans, as Carnot, Thibeaudeau, Cormenin, and Carrel, have acknowledged it. To deny this was to deny facts. The Empire had run counter to some of the new ideas and misunderstood some truths; but the Consulate remained, in the sight of true patriots, the purest emblem of the Revolution and one of the grandest pages of French history.

M. de Lamartine charged Napoleon with having stopped the spread of French ideas over Europe—an assertion exhibiting wilfulness or petulance, and which the Prince had no difficulty in destroying. He observed

[1] 'Napoléon, par ses projets fabuleux de reconstruire une monarchie à la Charlemagne, servit la cause de l'ancien régime. Mais ce n'est point par ce côté que la nation l'honore aujourd'hui; c'est pour son génie militaire, son code civil, son chatouilleux orgueil d'indépendance nationale, que la France, dans son bon sens, l'accepte comme un héros de cette révolution qui s'achève et qu'il domine de son souvenir. Il suffirait, pour prouver qu'en dépit de certains actes et de certains travers Napoléon fut le continuateur et le champion de la Révolution française en face de l'Europe, de remarquer cet hommage unanime et cette piété du peuple envers sa mémoire au moment du triomphe de la liberté.'—*Sainte-Beuve*, 24 août 1830. *Premiers Lundis*. Michel Lévy Frères. 1874.

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that it was Napoleon who imposed the teachings of the French Revolution on the greater part of Europe, who far and wide swept away traces of feudalism and established the French code and trial by jury, and who spread the light of modern ideas everywhere in the wake of his armies.

In reply to the accusation that Napoleon had brought Europe twice to Paris the Prince remarked—and the remark has the appearance of an evasion—that it was the fall of the Emperor which produced these catastrophes. Had the arms of France not sustained reverses, he maintained, England would have been humbled, the European oligarchy would have been vanquished, the nationality of neighbouring peoples would have been revived, and liberty would have been implanted throughout Europe. 'I do not defend systematically all the institutions of the Empire,' the Prince continued, 'nor all the actions of the Emperor; I explain them. I regret the creation of a nobility which, on the morrow of the fall of its chief, forgot its plebeian origin to make common cause with the oppressors; I regret certain acts of violence that were not necessary to the maintenance of a power based on the will of the people; but what I mean to say is, that of all the governments which preceded or have followed the Consulate and the Empire none have done one-thousandth part as much during peace for the prosperity of France as the Emperor effected during war.'

Then the Prince enumerated the creations of the Empire. He declared that there were more scholars in the Emperor's lyceums and commercial colleges in 1812 than there were in 1840; that crime had increased since Napoleon's days; that under the Empire the working classes were better off than they were under the Government of July; and that the *prud'hommes* whom

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Napoleon had established had not been encouraged since his fall. M. de Lamartine was bidden to observe that in ten years, in spite of the disasters of Aboukir and Trafalgar, Napoleon built 103 line-of-battle ships, while only four had been built between 1814 and 1842. He was to compare the marshes drained, the canals and ports created, the roads opened, the monuments erected, the industries founded, during Napoleon's fourteen years of war with the results of twenty-eight subsequent years of peace and a budget of 600 millions of francs a year. The Prince appealed, in conclusion, to M. de Lamartine's conscience, and felt assured that he would at last recognise in Napoleon the first organiser of the French democracy and the most fervent promoter of civilisation.

'Napoleon had his errors and passions,' said the Prince; 'but that which will for ever distinguish him from all sovereigns in the eyes of the masses is that he was the king of the people, while the others were the kings of the nobles and the privileged orders. As a citizen, as a man devoted to the liberties of my country, I make a wide distinction between the Consulate and the Empire; as a philosopher I make none, because, consul or emperor, Napoleon's mission was always the same. As consul he established in France the principal benefits of the Revolution; as emperor he spread these benefits over Europe. His mission, which was French at first, became one of all humanity.

'It is painful to see a man of genius like M. de Lamartine misinterpret such great truths as these; but how can we be surprised when we remember that a year ago the Deputy for Macon, in a speech to his electors, was pleased to deny the influence of Rome on the civilisation of the world, and to attribute to Carthage an influence which she never exercised? The poet who forgets that we, nations of the West, owe everything to Rome—all, even

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to our language, to which he himself adds a new lustre—may also forget the civil glory and the civilising influences of the Emperor; for the traces of the genius of Rome, like the traces of Napoleon's genius, are engraved in ineffaceable characters in our soil and in our laws.

'I cannot understand that a man who has accepted the magnificent part of advocate of democratic interests should remain insensible to the prodigies born of the struggle of all the European aristocracies against the representative of the Revolution; that he should remain inflexible before his faults and without pity for his reverses, he, whose harmonious tongue can always pity the misfortunes and excuse the faults of the Bourbons. What! M. de Lamartine can regret and cover with tears the violences of the Polignac Administration, while his eye remains dry and his tongue bitter before the spectacle of our eagles drooping at Waterloo and our plebeian emperor dying at St. Helena! It is in the name of historical truth—the grandest thing in the world after religion—that M. de Lamartine has addressed his letter to you; it is equally in the name of this same historical truth that I send you mine. Public opinion—that queen of the universe—will judge which of us has seen in its true light the epoch of the Consulate and the Empire.'[1]

In this letter the impartial reader cannot fail to perceive a mind fortified by study and stirred at the very source of all its inspirations.

[1] For the original letter see Appendix.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXTINCTION OF PAUPERISM.

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THE beginning of 1844 found Prince Louis deep and earnest in his work on artillery, and in his letters to Madame Cornu written in January he told her how the subject was growing and spreading under his hands. He perceived that his introduction to the new edition of his manual would be more interesting and of higher importance than the manual itself. On January 6 he wrote in high glee over his work, quoting a song of the German watchmen—'Hört was ich will euch sagen.' He had resolved to publish his introduction apart from the manual, and was working upon it without intermission. All he wanted was books and a friendly and skilful hand to search MSS. for him. He turned as usual to Madame Cornu and submitted a proposition to her. 'I cannot ask to absorb all your time unless you consent to make an agreement with me—that is, to give yourself up body and mind to my work, promising me to make all the necessary researches, and then to divide fraternally with me the price I obtain for it, for I shall sell it to the publisher.'[1] Assuming the lady's acceptance of his offer, the Prince proceeded to give a formidable list of suggestions. He asked her to beg M. Michelet to refer her to the best sources for details on the artillery of Charles VII., Louis XI., and Charles VIII. He wanted many books; he could fill pages with notes to be attended to.

[1] See Appendix.

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But the lady would not accept his generous, or rather his equitable, offer, remaining not the less his devoted helper. He reproved her gently, saying: 'I wanted to treat you as a sister, and you will suffer me to treat you only as a friend: let it be so. But I embrace you nevertheless.' Then follow letters, at intervals of four or five days. He was never content with the authorities he had obtained, and wanted more. While Madame Cornu worked in the libraries of Paris, searched MSS., borrowed books, and copied drawings, the Prince, according to his letters, rose by candle-light, and was at his desk soon after six o'clock. He received help also from Germany and Switzerland. M. Vieillard obtained MSS. for him. In February he announced to Madame Cornu, with great satisfaction, that he had received from Switzerland drawings of the cannon taken at Morat from Charles the Bold. He was still eager for certain books from Turin, and had recourse to the friendship of General Armandi. The new edition of Froissart was necessary to him. On February 15 he had received a box of books, and wrote that he had enough for ten days at least. Some were bought and some were borrowed, for the student could not now afford to buy much.

'I have been very grateful for the tracings,' he added, 'and if I said nothing to you about them, it is because I am quietly enjoying the riches you send me. Each parcel gives me real joy, and since I have thrown myself with all my heart into this work *I am happy*. I still rise with the dawn.' Five days later he wrote to beg Madame Cornu not to bury herself in China, 'although China was just then the fashion;' for his dissertation on the origin of powder was but an atom of his general plan, which really opened in the fourteenth century. The correspondence throughout March was like that of January and February, consisting of demands for books,

MSS., drawings, and tracings, and thanks for the treasures he received and the trouble taken for him. The inventory of the artillery of 1392 was worth its weight in gold. He was full of remorse, when he received the last batch of tracings, for the labour he had imposed on his friend. 'See, however,' he added, 'what the final impenitence is. My remorse does not prevent me from addressing to you fresh requests.' Then follows a list of treatises and chronicles to be searched or sent.

Only on March 23 appears the first indication of the Prince's intention of writing the treatise that was destined to have a marked effect on his destiny. 'I want agricultural statistics for a work on pauperism which I am preparing for the "Progrès;" can you send them? Can you also ask M. d'Hérouël how many men per hectare there should be on a farm? You see I think you can do everything, for I apply to you for everything.' This was no empty compliment. When the treatise on the 'Extinction of Pauperism' was finished he wrote to Madame Cornu that he would send it to her when it appeared in the 'Progrès;' that she might return it to him with her observations and corrections before he published it as a pamphlet.

'The Extinction of Pauperism' was written in the March and April of 1844, in the midst of the Prince's studies for his work on the 'Past and Future of Artillery.' Throughout its progress he kept up his correspondence with Madame Cornu on the military authorities she was consulting for him; he examined the MSS. she forwarded to him, directed her to new fields of research, and was still begging for more books. He wrote in the letter announcing the conclusion of his treatise on pauperism (April 20) that he had just sent her back 'the great case of books,' adding 'but how many do I still require!'

While all this literary work was in progress the Prince was disturbed by the treatment he received from

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the Ministers. Two days after he had sent off 'the great case of books' he wrote to M. Vieillard:—

'I have no claim upon the consideration of the Ministers, and I do not regret it; but you and I have the right to exact a categorical answer to a just request. M. Passy told you a few days ago that the permission for Laity was going to be given, but I beg to tell you nothing has been done. The permission I asked for Laity a month ago has not yet arrived. I request, then, an answer of some kind. Let them say yes or no. Not to be able to say yea or nay is really to push the *Juste-Milieu* a little too far.

'It would seem that as the years of captivity accumulate the severity is increased. But I care little. By the bad disposition of the Government I measure their strength and mine. It is a thermometer which never deceives.'[1]

His strength was on the increase, and theirs on the decrease; and nothing could have proved this better than the reception that was given to his study of methods for the extinction of pauperism. The subject had been a favourite one with French writers for many years; and nearly all had concluded in favour of something approaching the *droit au travail*, following, with various modifications, the project drawn up by M. Hippolyte Mansion in 1829[2] (which was merely a modification of Benjamin Count Rumford's Münich House of Industry), in which we find the original plan of the national workshops of 1848. Prince Louis sought for the extinction of pauperism by the localisation of the poor over the waste lands of France; and to this solution he was led, no doubt, by

[1] See Appendix.

[2] *Essai sur l'Extinction de la Mendicité en France; ou, Recherches sur les Mesures employées successivement en France pour extirper la Mendicité; des Causes qui ont empêché d'atteindre ce but; Moyens d'y parvenir.* Par M. Hippolyte Mansion. Paris, Jules Fontaine. Avril 1829.

Napoleon's project for planting out his old guard upon the unclaimed wastes of the Landes. CHAP. VI.

Napoleon merely intended to give patches of land to his old soldiers; but his nephew, who had studied all the social questions of his time, and had come to the conclusion that the poor man's loaf must be the corner-stone of every durable political edifice, saw that the Empire belonged to the man who could best serve the interests of the great army of labour. His democratic training had led him to democratic questions—and this was the first of them—while the warmth of his sympathies and his easily moved imagination inclined him, as we have already had occasion to remark more than once, to dreams for the advancement of the well-being of mankind. The extinction of pauperism was a subject that would therefore have special attractions for him, and when he thought he had solved it he set about testing his plan with his customary methods of analysis. He calculated the hectares of waste lands, separated the good from the indifferent and bad lands, ascertained from trustworthy authorities the number of men a hectare would employ and support, and then drew up his proposition for the establishment of agricultural colonies under one central association which the State was to establish and provide with funds. But the Prince's reasons for forming these agricultural colonies were more original than the plan itself. The basis of the organisation was indeed as old as colonisation; not so the observations of modern society which led the Prince to put it forth anew. He remarked by way of introduction:—

'Industry incessantly draws men to cities and enervates them. It is necessary to draw back the superfluous labour of towns to the country, that the fresh air may reinvigorate their mind and body. The day labourer possesses nothing; it is necessary that he should be able

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to obtain property. He has no capital except his arms; these, then, must be employed in a manner that will make them productive to the community. A place in society must be given to him, and his interests must be rooted in the soil. He is without organisation or social ties, without rights or a future. Rights must be given to him and his future must be assured. He must be raised in his own esteem by education, discipline, and association. In order to reach an end so worthy of the democratic and philanthropic spirit of the present time—so necessary to the general prosperity and to the safety of society—these things are wanted: a law, a grant of capital from the public exchequer, and an organisation. There are in France 9,000,000 hectares of waste land. The Chambers should pass a law declaring that this dead capital is the property of an association of working-men—with the proviso that the association shall pay to the owners a sum equal to that which they now draw from these lands. The State would furnish the funds—say 300,000,000 francs, repayable in four annual sums. In ten years the Government would derive 8,000,000 of direct taxes, without speaking of indirect, from the operation. The State advance would not therefore be a loss, but an advantageous investment. The advance, when compared with other national disbursements, would not be considerable, since France, for instance, might spend 300,000,000 annually on military preparations, 120,000,000 in building new prisons. Has she not paid a milliard to the *émigrés*, two milliards to the Allies, and 300,000,000 for the fortifications of Paris? But without organisation men are nought, while, well disciplined, they can accomplish everything. Between the employers and employed there must necessarily be an intermediate class armed with legal rights and elected by the universal suffrage of the workmen—this is the *prud'hommes* class,

who occupy the same place among workmen that non-commissioned officers hold in the army. They constitute the first step of the social hierarchy. Let us now admit that the 25,000,000 of the French working-class have their representatives, and are possessors of one-fourth of the soil of France. Agricultural colonies must be established to give work, bread, education, and spiritual comfort to all who are in want. The beneficent principle of solidarity consists principally in this, that it grants assistance on a footing of equality—without being hindered by a consideration that now affords a pretext for every act of inhumanity—"He does not belong to my community." The agricultural colonies would, therefore, serve two ends at once: firstly, to feed a great number of poor families, by having them to till the soil and tend the cattle, &c.; and secondly, as a temporary refuge to the floating mass of workmen, to whom industrial prosperity communicates a feverish activity, and for whom the stagnation of trade or the introduction of new machinery means frightful misery. All the poor, all persons without work, would find in these establishments the opportunity of profitably employing their strength and their intelligence for the benefit of the entire community. When private industry required hands, it would seek them at the central office, and the wages would be sufficiently good, because the workman, knowing that the colonies gave him an assured existence, would take care not to give his work to private industry unless it gave him something more than a bare subsistence.'

The dream reminds us of that of Robert Owen, and of other amiable social Utopists who have imagined a happy land for all humanity. The Prince's proposition inflamed men's imaginations in France, and indeed far beyond the frontiers of France, because it was methodically worked out, and, in parts, reposed on happy

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experiences. It presented to men's minds a great community fixed to the soil by possession, but ready to repair to the towns when there was profitable work to be had—a nation of the first order fortunate as the Switzers who troop into the factories of Zürich from their own homes and lands, and would not starve if the factories were closed to-morrow—but adjusted in one great family of owners, administered by a central office, and watched over by legions of *prud'hommes* sprung from the universal voice of twenty-five millions of the human family. In the land of St. Simon and Fourier, and where social Paradises had been always welcomed with enthusiasm, the recital of such a dream found ready listeners.

Among these we find Béranger and George Sand. Béranger wrote to Ham :—

'Prince,—I have the honour to thank you for your last book which you have sent me. It should give you the suffrages of all friends of humanity. The idea which you submit in your too short pamphlet is one of those best calculated to better the condition of the labouring and industrial classes. It is not for me, Prince, to judge of the correctness of the calculations on which you rely, but I have too often had dreams on the same subject as your generous plan not to be able to appreciate the value of it. By a chance of which I feel proud, my fireside Utopias resemble very closely the project which you have so clearly developed, and supported with triumphant arguments.

'It is less through vanity, Prince, that I talk to you about my dreamings than to let you judge of the pleasure your work must have given me. It is well for you, in the midst of the tedium and sufferings of captivity, to occupy yourself thus with those of your fellow-countrymen whose misfortunes are so many and so

menacing. It is the best manner, and that worthiest of the name which you bear, of making men feel the wrong our statesmen are doing in hesitating so long to give you back liberty and a country. Receive, Prince, with my prayer that you may at last recover both, the assurance of my sentiments of high consideration. I have the honour to be, Prince, your very humble Servant,

'BÉRANGER.

'Passy, June 30, 1844.'[1]

George Sand's letters to Prince Louis were even more sympathetic than that of Béranger. In a note dated November 26, 1844,[2] she remarked that the reign of Napoleon was ended in this world, but she saw the inheritor of his name bent over his books and dreaming sadly over the fate of the Prolétaire. 'Speak to us often, noble captive,' she concluded, 'of deliverance and emancipation. The people are in irons, as you are; and the Napoleon of to-day is he who personifies the sorrows of the people as the other personified their glory.'

M. A. Morel, who in 1870 wrote a life of Napoleon III., quotes George Sand with a sneer, as he cites the 'Extinction of Pauperism' with the remark that in writing it the author did not waste his ink, and he attributes to all Prince Louis's literary labour the meanest and most sordid motive.[3] But the author of 'Consuelo,' who is, and always has been, republican and socialist, and who had some knowledge of the Prince, took, intuitively, like Béranger, a higher and a juster view of the Prince. In a long and charming letter, written after the appearance of the pamphlet on the 'Extinction of Pauperism,'[4] she

[1] See G. Renault.

[2] *Napoléon III.* A. Morel. Armand le Chevalier. 1870.

[3] M. Morel's entire work, written with a prefatory protestation that the author intended to be just and impartial, abounds with errors, and is, from beginning to end, charged with an animosity that distorts every incident and opinion.

[4] B. Renault.

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told him how she and those who surrounded her were interested in him, and feared while they loved him. 'We are two or three here who speak often about you, and who say always, after having protested against the danger of your reaching any kind of power: "He has the power of making himself loved: it is impossible not to love him." Then, when others come and say to us: "Of the three pretenders which a revolution might bring before the bourgeoisie, the army, and the people—the Duke of B., the Prince of J., and L. B.—the last alone has the chance of inflaming and reassuring the three revolutionary powers"—then we look at each other fearfully, and we would thrust you out of our hearts, although there is very little of your fault in all this.

'I have read your writings. Certainly you have conviction, enthusiasm, and the sentiment of greatness, and you have talent into the bargain. But allow me, heroic child, to tell you that you are what my father would have glorified himself as being—a *Bonapartist!!* And we also would have carried this title with pride against the anathemas of the stupid Restoration, if we were ten years older or fifty years younger. But how should we, who have not been stirred by the direct magnetism of your giant of an uncle, carry ourselves back in the past to anything save the revolution begun in '89 and ended in 1804? Say what you will, that transformation of the revolution into his person may have been necessary, providential; it was undoubtedly magnificent, brilliant as the sun. But under his sword what became of the equality proclaimed by the Convention? Don't think we wish to repudiate his sublime aspect; but we will not play over again his fatal part. We think it no longer necessary; we feel that it is to be dreaded. We have other things to guard and defend against Europe before the right to elect our

general and our emperor. We have to conquer that of electing no more monarchs, and of suffering no more military dictators to exist. In short, since I have yielded to the temptation of writing first to you, to thank you for having thought of me, my soul is riven in twain. I want to admire and believe in you, and I have an indefinable fear of the name which you bear. I feel myself forced to protest against my dreams of your courage; and this revolts me, for a prisoner has only his dreams, and to combat them is inhuman. You ought to hate me—to hate all those republicans who know how to love you only by wounding and afflicting you. One of my friends was telling me a few days ago that he had said all kinds of things to you which must have sounded cruel; and that seeing how you thanked him for his candour, he had departed so penetrated with your greatness and the kindness of your heart, that he had burst into tears. Yes, yes, I can understand how people can weep over you, and I can understand also how people can rather lacerate their hearts than betray the great conqueror, the great empress, grand and sacred *Equality!*

'Will you say that you also are her champion? I might have believed it before reading your volume,[1] but I can believe it no longer. You must think us foolish in believing that we have reached the end, without having accepted its potent means, clothed in somewhat warlike and absolute forms. I cannot tell what we may be forced to accept. I am not enough connected with the political world to have distinct previsions, but I fear that which should come and spread over the popular legions the wings of the Imperial bird. . . .

'There, dear Prince. Forgive me. I am encrusted in the past—in the Mountain, in the future, in a plain perfectly levelled. Mine is a fanatical nature, but, I

[1] Probably the *Idées napoléoniennes*.

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assure you, a well-disposed one. Don't regret that you have shown me confidence and kindliness; I feel the worth of it, and I will not misuse it. But see whether you can, whether you ought, to continue to think of a being so ungovernable as I am. I shall keep as one of the sweetest recollections of my life that of your graciousness to me.

'You see I treat you as a prince, since you believe that your dignity commands you to preserve the title. It is not I who would hold it less legitimate than that of the ancient dynasties; but, but—I have no right to give you advice. Send me about my business.'

The Prince had said in his pamphlet that now the object of every skilful government should be to enable men to say that the triumph of Christianity was the destruction of slavery, that the triumph of the French Revolution destroyed serfdom, and that the triumph of democratic ideas has destroyed pauperism. Such an opinion strikingly put stirred many associations of working-men. One of the results was an address of sympathy, numerously signed by artisans, which was forwarded to Ham in the autumn of 1844. In reply to it Prince Louis remarked[1] that a proof of interest in his fate which came to him from the body of the people appeared to him to be of far higher value than all the official flattery with which government partisans cover those who are in power. 'I shall endeavour,' he added, 'to merit the suffrages of that immense majority of the French people whose well-being is as precarious as are their political rights, although this majority is the source of every form of riches.'

On July 28 King Joseph, Count of Survilliers, died at Florence. Prince Louis had been completely reconciled to his uncle on the return of the latter from America to England in 1839. They had met frequently in London,

[1] See Albert Mansfeld's Life of Napoleon III.

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and King Joseph had cordially approved the publication of the 'Idées napoléoniennes,' and declared that they were the faithful summary of the intentions of the Emperor.[1] When the Prince heard of his uncle's death he sent a short article to the 'Revue de l'Empire,' in which he expressed his grief, and at the same time his respect for the character of the veteran who had borne so nobly the burden of age, weighted with all the sorrows of exile. He described him as one of those plebeian kings who had carried to foreign thrones the light of French ideas.

It was from the sorrows of family losses and troubles, as well as from the rust of prison life, that Prince Louis had to preserve his moral nature and his intellectual strength. The uncle with whom he had lived in the closest intimacy for many years of his life had followed his mother to the grave, and his father was a paralysed old man whom he could scarcely hope to see again. Prince Louis was the man to feel acutely the pain of the heart-loneliness to which he appeared to be doomed, and the visitors who penetrated the fortress during the last eighteen months of his confinement went away impressed with the sadness that appeared to have overspread him, and out of which he escaped only while he worked.

In 1844 the Prince's literary labours were pursued without intermission, and without hindrance from the Government. We have seen that his treatise on the 'Extinction of Pauperism' was not suffered to break the thread of his historical studies; it is now to be remarked that these studies, close as they were, did not prevent him from watching the progress of public affairs in his country, and from applying his criticism to them.

[1] *Mémoires et Correspondance politique et militaire du Roi Joseph.* Publiés, annotés et mis en ordre par A. du Casse, aide-de-camp de S.A.I. le prince Jérôme.

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In an article entitled 'Old History always New'[1] he reviewed the feeble foreign expeditions which the Government of July had undertaken, and which, he maintained, had lowered the prestige of France abroad. His argument was put in a whimsical way—skilful as well as whimsical, very much in the manner of his friend Albany Fonblanque in the 'Examiner':—

'On a summer day the Emperor Napoleon, having risen earlier than usual, crossed one of the great reception-rooms of the Tuileries. To his surprise he found a child occupied in making an immense fire on one of the hearths. The Emperor questioned the child, asking him why he was kindling a large fire in summer time, and in a room used only on state occasions. The child, without perceiving the drift of his question, answered candidly: "I am making ashes for my father—they are his perquisite."'

Exactly, Prince Louis argued, what the governors of France had been doing since 1830. For fourteen years they had been burning the national logs to make ashes—which were their perquisite. 'As in the example we have just noted,' the Prince went on, 'the conduct of our statesmen is not flagrant, but disguised treason. The skill of certain people consists in masking certain culpable actions with legitimacy. If the Tuileries servant had simply carried home the logs from the palace his profit would have been greater, but the theft would have been too apparent, the risk would have been too great. In a few days he would have been found out. In proceeding as we have described he gave himself the appearance of a man who was faithfully performing his duties. His duty consisted in lighting fires; he lit them: his profit consisted of the ashes which he collected; he collected them. How could he be reproached? For having

[1] *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais*, 3 août 1844.

lighted useless fires? Well, if we pass in review the acts of the Government since 1830, we shall find that they may be massed under this title: Waste of the public revenue and of the honour of France.'

The expedition to Portugal in 1832, to Ancona in 1837, to Mexico in 1838, to Monte Video, and lastly to Morocco, were so many useless fires. The country got the smoke, and the Government the ashes—which they sold by weight![1]

Three months later[2] Prince Louis sent to the 'Progrès' an article on peace as it had been maintained under Louis Philippe's Government. It was not, he contended, an honourable peace, under which a country flourished, but the peace of the cemetery. One day the country would ask for an account of the 100,000 men who had perished in Algeria in the course of fourteen years. The Government had, by a series of threats and minor expeditions, aroused the suspicion of Europe. At the same time their pusillanimity at moments when they should have shown a firm and courageous attitude had brought contempt upon them; so that there was no security with the peace over which they were boasting, and the country, lacking confidence, was unprosperous. 'A solid peace,' the Prince remarked, 'differed from a factitious tranquillity. The former could be secured only by labouring to quench

[1] 'France can no longer look beyond the frontier without risking an outrage upon her. Bustamente defied her yesterday, Rosas will insult her to-morrow. Where are our friends? What position remains to us in Europe? Poland is in exile; we have alienated Italy and oppressed Switzerland; Russia menaces us, Holland hates us, Portugal puts us aside, Spain is escaping from us, England domineers over us, and, by a conspiracy of the Powers, the East is shut out from us. Was so great an intelligence wanted to understand that the national honour carries interest; that courage saves from danger; that to face war with virtue and justice dispenses with the necessity of buying peace, and assures it; that the value of merchandise is increased by the inviolability of the flag?'—Louis Blanc, *Histoire de Dix Ans.*

[2] November 5, 1844.

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old hatreds between nations, by favouring the interests and inclinations of every nation, by creating an equitable equilibrium among the great Powers—in a word, by following the policy of Henri IV., and not the disastrous line of the Stuarts and of Louis XV.' He recommended public men to open the pages of Sully, and study the noble thoughts of the man who pacified France and established religious liberty. 'Henry IV. foresaw that in order to establish the European equilibrium on a solid basis it was necessary that all the Powers should be of equal strength, and that none should be able to dominate a neighbour. He foresaw that for peoples, as well as for individuals, equality was the source of justice. Henry IV. had rallied the greater part of Europe to his humanitarian views; and, when the steel of a cowardly assassin cut short that precious life, he was assembling an immense army of European contingents, having for his object not a barren conquest, but universal peace. He was about to force Spain to recognise the equality and independence of nations, and he would have set up an areopagus that would have settled by reason, and not by brute force, quarrels between peoples. Had Henry IV. lived, he might have been surnamed, with reason, the hero of peace.'

It was to such fame that Prince Louis was himself inclined, and of which he dreamed when he had become emperor. The European congress which he proposed, and which Earl Russell rejected on the part of England, was intended as a move towards that areopagus which was to put an end to war.

The last article contributed by Prince Louis to the 'Progrès' in 1844 was one on the nobility of France as it appeared under Louis Philippe.[1] It was in the sprightly vein of that on 'Old History always New.'

[1] *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais*, 23 décembre 1844.

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'The astronomers,' the writer began, 'tell us that there are stars so distant from our globe that if they were to be suddenly annihilated we should still see them for twenty years. The remark applies to the nobility. We still perceive their light, although nobles disappeared a long time ago. Since '89 there have been no principalities, duchies, earldoms, marquisates, or baronies, and yet we have still princes, dukes, earls, marquises, and barons.' He went on to show how all the power and privileges and chivalry had departed, leaving shadows.

Formerly it was *noblesse oblige*, but now it was *noblesse exempte*. It was as illogical to create dukes without duchies as colonels without regiments. These observations were apropos of the dukedom of M. Pasquier,[1] towards whom the writer had no cause for being gentle. 'How strange is human nature!' he exclaimed. 'If the Ministry had created M. Pasquier general *in partibus*, he would have protested; he would have asserted that there was a design to make him ridiculous by clothing him in the insignia of an authority which he could not exercise. He is created a duke like Hannibal and Charles the Bold, and he is delighted.'

He called upon the Government, if they were bent upon undoing the work of five centuries, to give their nobility territorial possessions, to re-establish promogeniture. In this way only could they be logical, for dukes without dukedoms were absurd figures. To create poor and petty nobles was to jar upon the democratic sentiments of the majority of Frenchmen and to condemn a set of veterans to play the part of dolls. 'For us,' the writer concluded, 'we should like to see the Government,

[1] Étienne Denis Pasquier, Councillor of State and Prefect of Police under the Empire, was Minister of Justice and of State under Louis XVIII., and hastened after the Revolution of July to offer himself to Louis Philippe, under whom he became a worthy President of the Chamber of Peers, duke, and member of the Academy.

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instead of making only a few nobles, creating thousands—nay, millions. We should be glad to watch them at the task of ennobling the thirty-five millions of Frenchmen, by giving them instruction, morality, comfort, property, which down to this time have been the appanage of the few, and which should be the appanage of all.'

In this sense all Prince Louis's contributions to journals during his imprisonment were conceived.[1] The tendency of Louis Philippe's Government was throughout towards conservatism, towards the restriction of the popular element within those rigid lines of which M. Guizot was the conscientious representative, and the very rigidity of which lost the ship. Against the Doctrinaires, and spectacled nobles who rose out of them, Prince Louis never tired of writing, appealing to the democratic sympathies of the nation. In these appeals he was supported by M. Frédéric Degeorge, the editor of the 'Progrès,' and a little Republican *entourage*, who did their utmost to convince him that he should cast away all dreams of empire and rally unconditionally to the Republican party.[2] The Prince listened attentively and patiently, as was his wont, but kept his own counsel.

His interview with M. Louis Blanc, whom he had invited to pay him a visit, and for whom he entertained a sincere respect, happened about the close of 1844. The account of it, which M. Blanc afterwards wrote apparently with the hope of damaging the prestige of Napoleon III. and of avenging a personal wrong, shows how the Prince was assailed by men of various ways of thinking, and how the caution he had early observed was necessary to him—even in his prison.

[1] The Government appear to have put no impediment in the way of the Prince's communications with the Opposition newspapers.

[2] This party, according to M. Louis Blanc, consisted of M. Acar, the chemist, and MM. Frédéric Degeorge, Peauger, Joly, and Laity, while M. de Persigny and his associates were the Imperialists. See M. Blanc's *Révélations historiques*.

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M. Louis Blanc entered the Prince's room in a captious spirit. He says his first impression was that Louis Bonaparte, on seeing him, at first resolved to throw himself into an imposing attitude, but that he recovered himself and advanced, and shook his hand cordially, but not 'without a mixture of reserve.' The Prince had a visitor that morning who was determined not to be pleased. They fell into conversation. As M. Blanc knew at that time none of the Bonapartes, he observes that he had no opportunity of remarking how unlike the family the prisoner was; but it did not escape him that he had nothing of the Napoleonic type, that there was something foreign in his accent, and that he had a singular difficulty in expressing himself. The conversation fell upon Louis Philippe's Government, and they agreed that it could not last, having corruption within and the national humiliation without. But when the question of the future supervened there was discord, and the following conversation, according to M. Blanc's notes, took place. The Prince had declared himself an advocate of the principle of the sovereignty of the people :—

'"But how," I asked, "do you understand the application of this principle?"

'He replied without hesitation: "By universal suffrage."

'"Universal suffrage, as a principle, never had a warmer partisan than I am," I replied. "But we cannot keep our eyes fixed on the result. You are aware how great is the ignorance in France among the agricultural population—that many cannot read. On the other hand, how many men, in the present state of things, depend for their bread and that of their families upon others?"

'"Do you mean to say that there is no reason to count with the will of the nation, and that you have the right, if you have the power, to impose your political convic-

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tions upon a majority who would repel them if they could?"

'"I don't say that, but my opinion is that universal suffrage should not be a loaded pistol in the hands of a child.[1] The sovereignty of the people does not imply in any way the intellectual abdication of those who are in a condition to impress on the public will by their writings or speeches a generous and enlightened impulsion. It is the right and duty of every honest man to endeavour to draw the majority over to him, and to oppose any attempt to use the people in order to oppress them."

'"So be it."

'"It does not suffice to proclaim the sovereignty of the people theoretically; we must know whither it is proposed to travel in proclaiming it, and on which side we will contribute to the best of our ability to make it lean. A political *credo* is necessary."

'"My *credo*," said Louis Bonaparte after a moment's silence, "is the Empire. Has not the Empire raised France to the summit of greatness? Did it not give her order? Did it not give her glory? For my part, I am convinced that the wish of the nation is the Empire."

'"But the Empire implies the hereditary principle."

'"Undoubtedly."

'"And how can the hereditary principle be reconciled with that of the sovereignty of the people? There is a contradiction in terms: the second is the negative of the first. The will of a people may change; it is in conformity with the nature of things that it should change, while the hereditary principle is, in its essence, immutable. It is absurd that the popular will of to-day should annul

[1] The reader should remember that M. Louis Blanc wrote out this conversation, and published it, only in 1859—about fifteen years after it took place.

beforehand the popular will of to-morrow, and that the people should renounce their sovereignty by an act of their sovereignty. To embrace a man in order to strangle him is an act of treason; it is not a principle. How could the present generation legitimately confiscate, by a declaration of the hereditary principle, the rights of all generations to come? Such a contract is manifestly null."'

M. Louis Blanc affirms that Louis Bonaparte did not pursue the argument, appearing to feel that he was upon slippery ground, but that he presently turned the conversation.

'At bottom,' he said, 'the essential thing is that the Government, let its form be what it may, should attend to the happiness of the people.' Then, we are told, he talked about social reforms; 'and his views,' M. Blanc observes with an air of patronage, 'did not appear to differ much from mine. It is certain that I was as astonished at his earnest expression of his principles of socialism, by which he afterwards cleared himself a way to the Empire, as I was displeased with his political opinions. I have still in my possession a book he gave me, the first page of which bears this inscription: "A Louis Blanc: souvenir d'estime et d'amitié de la part de l'auteur, L.-N. B." This book, full of socialistic aspirations, is entitled "Extinction du Paupérisme."'

Louis Blanc passed three days with the prisoner, and he records that they were passed in reviewing public affairs and in discussing the position of the prisoner.

'Among the various circumstances still present to my memory,' M. Blanc remarks, 'there is one that must be mentioned, on account of the strange aspect it gives to the hardness which Louis Bonaparte showed afterwards. One afternoon he was describing to me the details of his Boulogne expedition, when his voice suddenly failed;

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he stopped, tried in vain to master his emotion, and burst into tears.

'Nor shall I ever forget our stroll on the narrow rampart assigned to his melancholy walks, and overlooked on all sides by sentinels. I think I see him yet walking with slow steps, his head bent; I think I still hear his voice, speaking low, lest the wind should carry his words to the gaoler. The conversation was on the history of the Roman emperors, by an historian whom Louis Bonaparte was praising for having defended these tyrants, branded on the shoulders for ever by Tacitus. According to Louis Bonaparte Tacitus was in the wrong. I had not read the book which the prisoner admired so much, but the motives of his admiration were not difficult to define. I combated it, and with a vivacity that led him to say—

'"Speak low."

'And turning, he pointed out to me a man wrapped in a cloak who was following us at a short distance, and never losing sight of us for an instant. Louis Bonaparte does not perhaps remember, but I do, that this started him on an energetic denunciation of those governments which depended on black armies of spies, and which, deriving their strength from the impurest instincts of human nature, triumphed through the degradation of their agents.

'My visit being near its end, I felt bound to make a last appeal to my host, and I said to him—

'"Remember the Empire was the Emperor Napoleon; can he rise from his grave? The march of time has altered the conditions of life. The France of to-day is not the France of forty years ago. The idea of labour has replaced that of the battle-field. New aspirations and new wants require new institutions and new heroes. People have ceased to be ambitious of wearing uniforms and of

killing or being killed. The question for the future is not how men are to be astonished and led, but how to make them better and happier. No, no; Napoleon himself, could he come to life, would not go over the old ground. How should you accomplish with his name what he with his genius could not now accomplish? The resuscitated Emperor would be possible only in the shape of a bloody meteor. In your uncle's time despotism appeared covered, at least, with the purple mantle of glory, and even thus its skeleton created horror. Remember that France allowed Napoleon to fall because she could no longer carry him. If he had not been deserted by her he would not have ended at Waterloo. Remember how and where he died. I will not affirm that it would not be absolutely impossible to baptise a new monarchy in blood, and to maintain it momentarily by surrounding Paris with soldiers, by introducing spies everywhere, by bribing the press, by promoting base interests in which the soul has no place, and by giving back their liveries to senators and valets. But what would be the worth of a crown obtained, a crown upheld, on these conditions? Believe me, the only thing acceptable to France is the Republic, a republic faithful to its principle because half a century of revolutions has linked France indissolubly to the doctrine of equality. Give up, then, the part of pretender, for which you have no theatre. Confide to your disinterestedness the care of your glory. Dare to become and to declare yourself a republican.

'Louis Bonaparte,' M. Louis Blanc adds, 'not only listened to these words, but appeared to be deeply moved by them.'

M. Louis Blanc puts fine rounded phrases into his own mouth, but he makes them too fine. They are shaped to circumstances which happened after Prince Louis had been called to power in France. The phrases about uni-

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versal suffrage were formed by a writer with the *coup d'état* in his mind. Nor is M. Blanc's argument quite so overwhelming as he appears to think it. His argument against universal suffrage as a means to the restoration of the Empire applies with equal force to the foundation of a republic. Had the rural population of France voted the Republic instead of the Empire, we should have heard nothing about their ignorance, nor about universal suffrage being a loaded pistol in the hands of a child. The historian's narrative is tainted by the introductory paragraph in which he accuses Louis Bonaparte of having through his agents stripped him of his property.[1] But if we turn to the edition of M. Louis Blanc's 'Histoire de Dix Ans,' published in 1844, we find an opinion on the prisoner of Ham unembittered by real or fancied wrongs. The historian is treating of the Strasburg expedition:—

'Nephew of *him* whom France called Emperor, emperor *par excellence* (*imperator*), and condemned to the torments of an obscure youth, having to avenge his proscribed relatives, exiled himself by an unjust law from a country which he loved, and of which it might be said that Napoleon still covered it with his shadow, Louis Bonaparte believed himself destined to sustain the honour of his name, to punish the persecutors of his family, and to open to his humiliated country some issues to glory.

[1] 'Louis Bonaparte est sur le trône et je suis en exile. C'est parce qu'il a envoyé des soldats disperser l'Assemblée Nationale, la baïonnette au bout du fusil, qu'il est empereur; et c'est parce que j'ai été accusé injustement d'avoir approuvé l'invasion de l'Assemblée Nationale par le peuple que je suis proscrit. Lorsqu'il était captif, et conspué de tous et abandonné de tous, il me pria, dans une lettre pressante, de le venir voir; ce que je fis; et lui, couronné empereur par les caprices de la fortune et la bassesse des hommes, il a souffert que ses complices me dépouillassent d'une petite somme d'argent que j'avais placée avec confiance dans les fonds publics, qui était le fruit de plusieurs années de travaux littéraires, et qui constituait toute ma fortune.'—*Révélations historiques.*

Although he put himself in the position of a pretender democracy appeared too strong a power to be dispensed with. His design, then, was to attempt, by the prestige of his name, to overthrow the Orleans dynasty, and then to appeal to and to obey the people.

'Nothing is more certain than that this respect for the principle of the sovereignty of the people was a perfectly sincere and loyal one in the young Prince; but this made no abatement of his personal ambition. Heir to the Imperial tradition, was it possible that he should not be chosen by the people, especially when he appeared surrounded with the éclat of a successful revolt? This is what Louis Bonaparte never doubted, convinced that in times of ignorance and doubt every revolution is carried out according to the programme of it, that it adopts the flag under which it was begun, and turns easily to the advantage of the provisional government which presents itself on the morrow. Had he been better inspired or more magnanimous, he would have sought glory in an absolute disinterestedness, and perhaps herein he would have found success. But the education of princes does not lead them to such elevated ideas.

'Be this as it may, the enterprise was a hazardous one, and the prince who had conceived it had not learnt all the lessons that he was destined to receive later from misfortune. To know how to command his heart, to be insensible and patient, to love only his object, to dissimulate, not to waste his audacity on projects, but to reserve it entire for action, to inspire devotion without believing blindly in it, to treat with baseness while unmasking it, to despise men, to become strong by appearing so, to obtain creatures less through gratitude, which wearies zeal, than through hope, which stimulates it; herein lies, in the vulgar and egotistical sense of the word, the genius of the ambitious. Now, Prince Louis Bonaparte had neither

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the good qualities nor the vices of which this genius is composed. His sensibility, which was easily moved, gave him up disarmed to the false zeal of subalterns. He sometimes misjudged men, through precipitation or through kindness. The rush of his desires led him on and deceived him. Gifted with a rectitude prejudicial to his designs, he possessed those qualities rarely seen together, an elevation of soul which makes a man love truth, and that weakness by which flatterers profit. In order to increase the number of his partisans he was prodigal of his means. He had, in a word, neither the art of economising his resources nor that of skilfully exaggerating their importance. But, by way of compensation, he was generous, enterprising, an adept in military exercises, elegant and haughty in his uniform. There was not a braver officer nor a bolder rider. Although his physiognomy was mild rather than energetic and commanding, although there was an habitual languor in his look, full of reverie, no doubt but that soldiers would have loved him for his frank manners, for the candour of his speech, for his size—diminutive, like that of his uncle—and for the imperial light which the passion of the moment would kindle in his blue eye. Moreover, what a name was his!'

Thus was Prince Louis sketched by the republican historian immediately after he had seen him at Ham.

Throughout 1844 the Prince continued to give employment to Madame Cornu, and to keep up a brisk correspondence with her. The care with which he searched MSS. and printed authorities for his work on artillery is manifest in every letter. He would consider and correspond about an expression. When he returned Madame Cornu the proof of his pamphlet on pauperism which contained her corrections, he wrote: 'I thank you for your corrections, and I adopt all of them except the words *monument stérile*, which I prefer to *inutile*,

although it is incorrect, because it expresses the idea better. True a sterile monument is one that produces nothing; but it is not therefore useless. For instance, the fortifications of Paris are sterile monuments, but they are certainly very useful.'[1] In the course of the summer Madame Cornu was in Italy; but her travels did not interrupt the correspondence. Acknowledging a letter from her dated Venice, the Prince said: 'I can understand all the feelings your journey must have awakened, and I admit that I should like to have shared them with you; but domestic happiness, and the sweet emotions of a tranquil life, were not created for me.' And then he turned to the topic of books, and begged for some Italian authorities on his subject. When Madame Cornu returned in November, bringing with her notes made by herself in Italian libraries, and books which she had collected, the Prince declared that he could not sufficiently express his gratitude and joy. Not only was he pleased with the real value of the contribution to his authorities, but he was touched to find that his friend had never ceased to think of him.

To the last days of December boxes of books, all referring to artillery or other branches of military art, were perpetually passing between Paris and Ham. On the 16th the Prince wrote to say that at length he grasped every part of his plan, and felt assured that no authority had been omitted. He was thinking how he should publish the work, who should be the publisher, and whether he might hope to derive a little pecuniary profit from it. 'I should like to obtain something for my book,' he said. 'I have arranged nothing yet. I have calculated that the expenses of printing will amount to 20,000 francs. The three volumes, at ten francs the volume, would sell at thirty francs. If

[1] See Appendix.

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I could find 2,000 subscribers, it would produce 60,000 francs. There would remain 40,000 francs, exclusive of the publisher's commission. On the other hand, I hold it important to publish with Leneveu. He has a great quantity of books which he has promised to lend me gratis; and then it is only at his place the army buys.' A week later he had made his arrangements. 'The publisher Leneveu places an artillery library worth 160,000 francs at my disposal. He prints at his own risk, and gives me half the profits. The matter is arranged. He wants to publish in parts, and in two months the first will appear. You know that I depend on you to correct the proofs.'[1] His next letter has a sprightly tone:—

'I return you M. D. de la Malle's letter. These literary men are all alike. They insist that all our European inventions came from China, and as soon as they read anywhere the words *bombarde*, *mortier*, *tourmenteur*, they will have it that it is a firearm. I am surprised they don't mistake the canons of the Church for obuses.'

Thus closed the year 1844 on the imprisoned student who was destined within four years to be called by millions of his country to rule over the destinies of France.

[1] See Appendix.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CANAL OF NICARAGUA.

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EARLY in 1845 Prince Louis was engaged in his work on artillery and was half-buried in books, writing to Madame Cornu (January 19): 'I, a pigmy, have undertaken the work of a giant.' But his studies were not sufficient to keep him from occasional fits of melancholy in the winter, when it was difficult to walk upon his slippery strip of rampart, and when the citadel was wrapped in icy mists, that told doubly upon a prisoner deprived of the manly exercises to which he had been accustomed all his life. 'The years go by with a despairing uniformity,' he remarked in a letter to a friend,[1] 'and it is only in my conscience and my heart that I find the strength to resist this atmosphere of lead that surrounds and stifles me. However, the hope of a better fortune does not desert me, and I trust that some day I shall be able to see you again, and to renew, with my thanks for your good friendship, the assurance of my tender and respectful attachment.' In February, in a letter to Madame Cornu,[2] he said that he was wholly taken up with his work, so that he hardly knew what was passing outside the citadel. Then he added: 'The prison is a death in life. Nobody writes to me; I am being forgotten, and sometimes I rejoice at this silence about me.'

Although he went bravely forward with his labour of

[1] January 26, 1845. See *Napoléon III.* Par Albert Mansfeld.

[2] See Appendix.

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love, and still begged with the old zest for MSS. and books, he owned in March that 'the unfortunate idea of an amnesty' which was then in the wind disquieted him.[1] He hoped at any rate that he would be able to finish his first volume before it happened; but he had still heavy work before him, and he wanted to read so many books. He had just written an interesting dissertation that came excellently well into his design, in which he proved that there were no longer *balistes* nor Roman catapults in the Middle Ages. Yet, in order to finish his first volume, he must have all the memoirs that had been published from the time of Charles VIII. downwards; and he gave a list of the first set he would require. He was in correspondence with M. Michelet and Major Renard, and the latter sent him valuable drawings. Towards the close of April he was perplexed again with the amnesty rumour, and pressed Madame Cornu for certain MSS. which he was afraid he would not be able to procure after he was liberated. At the same time he sent M. Ornano to his old and intimate friend Lord Malmesbury in London to ask him to obtain leave from M. Guizot to visit him in his prison. Lord Malmesbury reached Ham, and having conferred with his friend, returned to England to urge Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen to intercede with the King for his release; but these Ministers refused to move in the matter, although the precedent of Lord Grey's action respecting Prince Polignac was cited in support of the request. The negociations fell through, and the Prince turned again quietly to his desk.

His faithful friend reminded him that they had known one another thirty-six years. 'I thank you,'[2] he answered, 'for having remembered that we have known one another thirty-six years, for no tie is as strong as that which dates

[1] See Appendix.

[2] April 20, 1845.

from our birth. Friendship, like plants, has its roots, and ours have struck very deep.' A week later he was in one of the troubles common to authors. His publisher had broken away from his engagement, and he was perplexed about the appearance of his preface, which he had arranged to issue as an avant-courier of his books; but Madame Cornu consoled him with a box full of MSS., and he saw employment for many days in copying extracts from them. On May 10 he heard of the death of Godefroy Cavaignac. 'I begin,'[1] he wrote to Madame Cornu, 'by expressing to you the sympathy I feel with your sorrow at the death of Cavaignac. Although we were not in agreement, I had a high regard for his character; and, again, it suffices that he was your friend for me to regret his loss.' The months passed, and he remained at his desk, copying from old MSS., tracing drawings, deciphering difficult ancient papers, and writing—still at the subject on which his heart was set—to the end of the year. From time to time, however, a visitor gave him a morning's holiday. Madame Cornu went to see him and talk artillery with him, and in the course of the summer the Duke of Istria—son of Marshal Bessière—arrived to beg him to renounce his rights and be free. Although the Duke would not admit that he had an official proposition to make, he gave the Prince to understand that if he renounced his rights to the throne, and entered into a formal engagement never to act again against the reigning dynasty, the Government would recommend his liberation. Prince Louis replied that he could not renounce rights which he had never asserted, since his father was the heir direct to the Empire, according to the arrangement of 1804, and, moreover, that he had always advocated an appeal to the

[1] April 26, 1845.

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people as the only solid basis of any political system in France. As to his intentions, he was quite disposed to give every assurance compatible with his honour that they were and would be peaceable. With this answer firmly given the son of Marshal Bessière went away, and was heard of no more.

These attempts to treat with him for his liberty, and the frequent rumours of an amnesty that would include his person, could not fail to disturb the calm of the resignation in which Prince Louis had now been working and studying for more than four yours. But it was only when M. Silvestre Poggioli reached him as a messenger from his father, and when he learned that King Louis had been exerting himself to obtain his liberation, so that father and son might meet again in this world, that he broke off a little from his studies, and began to act in concert with his friends for his liberation. He wrote to King Louis :—

'Fort de Ham, September 19, 1845.

'My dear Father,—I felt yesterday the first joy I have known for the last five years on receiving the friendly letter which you have been kind enough to write to me. M. Silvestre Poggioli has managed to reach me, and at last I have been able to talk with one who is entirely devoted to you, and who saw you lately. How happy I am to know that you still feel affection for me, and that when the opportunity occurred to give me a proof of it by a safe messenger you seized it eagerly. I am quite of your opinion, father. The older I grow the more I feel the solitude about me, and the better am I able to convince myself that the only happiness in this world consists in the reciprocal affection of beings created to love each other. What most touched and stirred me in your letter was the desire you express to see me again. This wish is to me a command, and henceforth I shall do all that depend

on me to make this meeting, which I thank you for desiring, possible; for it has always been the most ardent longing of my heart. Only the day before yesterday I had resolved to do nothing towards leaving my prison. For where was I to go? What was I to do? Wander alone in a strange land, far away from my kindred? A grave in one's own country was better. But now a new hope shines on my horizon; a new object stimulates my efforts: it is to go and surround you with my attention, and to prove to you that, if in the last fifteen years many things have passed through my head and my heart, nothing has been able to uproot my filial piety—the first basis of all the virtues. I have suffered much. These sufferings have borne down my illusions, have dissipated my dreams; but fortunately they have not weakened the faculties of my soul—those faculties which enable us to understand and to love all that is good.

'I thank you heartily, my dear father, for the steps you are taking in my favour. God grant that they may succeed. On my side, I repeat, I will do everything (provided it is consistent with my dignity) to obtain a result which I, like you, desire. I close this letter with a feeling entirely different from that I lately felt in writing to you, for to-day I may express a hope that I shall see you again. Receive, then, my dear father, with kindness the renewed assurance of my sincere and unalterable attachment.

'Your tender and respectful Son,

'NAPOLEON LOUIS B.'[1]

[1] 'Fort de Ham, le 19 septembre 1845.

'Mon cher Père,—J'ai éprouvé hier la première joie réelle que j'aie ressenti depuis cinq ans, en recevant la lettre amicale que vous avez bien voulu m'écrire. M. Silvestre Poggioli a pu parvenir jusqu'à moi, et enfin j'ai pu causer avec quelqu'un qui vous est entièrement dévoué et qui vous a vu il n'y a pas longtemps. Combien je suis heureux de savoir que vous me conservez toujours votre tendresse et que, l'occasion se présentant de m'en donner une preuve par une voie sûre, vous l'avez saisie avec empressement. Je suis bien de

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But although a new impulse had been given to his life, and he looked steadily forward to the opening of his prison gates, we find that he still kept to his desk, although he was a little discouraged by the many difficulties that cropped up in the way of the completion of his history. 'I am disheartened with my work,'[1] he wrote to Madame Cornu in September, 'because every day I find almost insurmountable difficulties before me, resulting from the impossibility of going myself to the library; and I dare not ask you again and again for the same works. Thus, Fronsberger, "Kriegsbuch," interested me very much. The edition is superb; the drawings were useful to me, and yet I want another

votre avis, mon père; plus j'avance en âge, plus j'aperçois le vide autour de moi, et plus je puis me convaincre que le seul bonheur dans ce monde consiste dans l'affection réciproque des êtres créés pour s'aimer. Ce qui, dans votre lettre, m'a le plus touché, le plus remué, c'est le désir que vous manifestez de me revoir. Ce désir est pour moi un ordre, et dorénavant je ferai tout ce qui dépendra de moi pour rendre possible cette réunion que je vous remercie de désirer, car elle a toujours été le vœu le plus ardent de mon cœur. Avant-hier encore j'étais décidé à ne rien faire au monde pour quitter ma prison. Car où aller? que faire? errer seul en pays étranger, loin des siens? Autant valait le tombeau dans sa patrie. Mais aujourd'hui un nouvel espoir luit sur mon horizon; un nouveau but s'offre à mes efforts: c'est d'aller vous entourer de mes soins et de vous prouver que si, depuis quinze ans, il a passé bien des choses à travers ma tête et mon cœur, rien n'a pu en déraciner la piété filiale, base première de toutes les vertus. J'ai bien souffert. Ces souffrances ont abattu mes illusions, ont dissipé mes rêves; mais, heureusement, elles n'ont point affaibli les facultés de l'âme, ces facultés qui vous permettent de comprendre et d'aimer tout ce qui est bien.

'Je vous remercie bien, mon père, des démarches que vous faites en ma faveur. Dieu veuille qu'elles puissent réussir. De mon côté, je vous le répète, je ferai tout (pourvu que cela ne soit pas contraire à ma dignité) pour arriver à un résultat que je désire autant que vous.

'Je termine ma lettre avec une impression toute différente de celle que j'avais naguère en vous écrivant; car aujourd'hui je puis exprimer l'espoir de vous revoir. Recevez donc, mon cher père, avec bonté la nouvelle assurance de mon sincère et inaltérable attachement.

'Votre tendre et respectueux Fils,

'NAPOLÉON-LOUIS B.'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

[1] See Appendix.

edition of it in which there are other drawings. But which? I cannot tell. I have only my books for guides, so that I often give you useless trouble. I have plenty of Saint-Rémy's drawings, but they don't satisfy me. *Et voilà!*'

It was only on November 12 that he broached to Madame Cornu the subject of his liberation and of his communications with his father. 'I have something to speak to you about that disturbs me, because every change disturbs me. My father has been writing lately to several influential members of the Government to beg them to obtain my liberation from the King, saying that he is very ill, and that he requires somebody to close his eyes. What will be the result of this? I am passive in the question, and am bound to remain so. But perhaps they will come and submit propositions to me, and ask for guarantees. And here lies the difficulty. You will understand the situation without further explanation from me. The prospect of leaving this in a month or two makes me hasten forward my work. I spend whole nights at it in order to finish the first volume.'[1] He continued steadily working to the close of the year. On December 29 his mind was still bent on his artillery studies. 'And now, my dear Hortense, I embrace you with all my heart for New Year's Day. You know how I desire all that can tend to your happiness. I send you, as a souvenir, a cannon.[2] It will recall to your mind all the trouble you are giving yourself to help me, and I know your friendship for me well enough to be certain that its acceptance will be agreeable to you.'

Various causes tended towards the close of the year to fix the idea of his liberation in the Prince's mind. It had been thrust upon him in the spring, and he had been

[1] See Appendix.

[2] A model, we presume.

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induced to make an effort through Lord Malmesbury to obtain that intervention in his favour which Lord Grey had not hesitated to make in behalf of Prince Polignac. But there was one, in addition to his desire to see his sick father, which fastened itself upon his ardent imagination, and appeared to open before him a glorious career, linking his name with an immortal work in that new world which Canning declared, in his famous speech on the South American Republics in 1826, he had called into existence 'to redress the balance of the old.'

Towards the close of the year he wrote to M. Vieillard:—

'However, if by such a slip I should lose the esteem of men whom I love, I would prefer death a hundred times. Life has no longer any attraction for me. I had dreamed a great dream; I thought I could be useful to France, to humanity. I saw an immense horizon spread before me, glittering with that glory which leaves no regret behind it. I thought I should be able to ripen all that the Emperor had sowed around him. And twice I awoke behind bars. . . . Yet I have still the hope that I may give my name to a great enterprise.'[1]

The idea of this great enterprise had been lingering in his mind for years, and from time to time, encouraged by friends in America, he had pondered the difficulties, studied maps, read reports, and, in short, fed a dream until it had begun to take solid shape. He has left a record of the

[1] 'Cependant, si je devais par une démarche semblable perdre l'estime des hommes que j'aime, je préférerais cent fois mourir. La vie n'a plus d'attraits pour moi. J'avais fait un beau rêve; je croyais pouvoir être utile à la France, à l'humanité tout entière. Je voyais se développer un horizon immense, étincelant de cette gloire qui ne laisse point de regrets après elle. Je croyais pouvoir faire mûrir tout ce que l'Empereur a semé partout; et deux fois je me suis réveillé sous les barreaux. . . . Pourtant j'ai encore l'espoir de donner mon nom à une grande entreprise.'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

negociations which led him, in 1845 and 1846, to resolve upon a return to America. This resolution he avowed in an introduction to a pamphlet on the junction of the Atlantic with the Pacific, which was the last fruit of his imprisonment at Ham, and the MS. of which lies before us. He says in this introduction: 'In the course of the year 1842 several influential gentlemen from Central America wrote to the prisoner of Ham, through a French gentleman resident in Jamaica, begging him to ask for his liberty, that he might repair to America, where, they said, the Prince would be received with enthusiasm, and where he might undertake works worthy of his name and of his enterprising spirit. This offer Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte at that time declined. Touched, however, by such marks of sympathy shown to him from a country so distant, even through the gates of his prison, the Prince continued in correspondence with those gentlemen.

'The more closely the body is confined, so much the more is the mind disposed to wander in unbounded space, and to canvass the feasibility of projects which it would scarcely be at leisure to entertain in a more active existence. Thus the Prince, having received a visit from an officer of the French navy, who was about to start for Central America, directed him to make observations on the practicability of cutting a ship canal that should join the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans through the Lakes of Nicaragua and Leon. It is remarkable that nearly at the same time that Prince Napoleon was directing preliminary observations to be made on the line of country through which a ship canal could be undertaken with a greater chance of a profitable result, the French Government sent an engineer (M. Garella) to make the surveys for a contemplated cutting across the Isthmus of Panama.

'In the year 1844 the States of Guatemala, St. Salvador, and Honduras sent M. Castellon as Minister Pleni-

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potentiary to King Louis Philippe, with directions to request for those States the protection of the French Government, and offering in return many commercial advantages in favour of France. The French Government declined the proposals made by M. Castellon, who then asked for permission to visit the prisoner of Ham. His wish being complied with, M. Castellon had an interview with the Prince, during which he entered at great length upon the importance and possibility of joining the two oceans, urging him to go to Central America and place himself at the head of this gigantic enterprise; but his exertions proving unsuccessful, he subsequently signed a treaty with a Belgian company.

'A few months had elapsed, when rumours of a forthcoming amnesty began to circulate. The Prince, apprehending that he would not be allowed to visit his father in Florence, again thought of America, and revolved in his mind the great project recently laid before him, the accomplishment of which would reflect such high credit upon his name.

'M. Castellon, during his stay at Ham, discovered that the Prince possessed an intimate knowledge of all points in connexion with the project under consideration, and that he was fully alive to the importance to which his country was destined to attain at no distant period. He therefore desired that the Prince would reduce to writing the ideas which arose in his mind on the subject. In compliance with that gentleman's request, the Prince forwarded to him in America certain memoranda, embodying many of the considerations which will be found in this pamphlet; and he stated at the same time that it was his decided intention, should he be set at liberty, to go to America and place himself at the head of this undertaking. At that time the Prince's father had taken no steps to obtain his son's liberation. His health had not up to

that period been impaired, as it has been since, and the difficulty subsequently opposed by the French Government to the liberation of the Prince could not have been anticipated. On receiving from Louis Napoleon the communication referred to above, M. Castellon caused it to be translated into Spanish; and no sooner was it made known throughout the country, than a great number of the principal inhabitants petitioned their Government to the effect that Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte should be exclusively entrusted with the execution of the projected ship canal. Accordingly, on December 6, M. Castellon wrote to the Prince the following letter:—

'*To His Highness Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte.*

'Leon de Nicaragua, December 6, 1845.

'Prince,—It is with the greatest pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of your Highness's letter, dated August 12, containing the expression of sentiments of friendship and esteem with which I feel highly honoured. Annexed to it I found the development of your ideas relative to the Canal of Nicaragua, viewed by you in that light which is best calculated to promote the welfare of Central America. You, at the same time, acquaint me that you are far more disposed than when I first paid you a visit at Ham to come to this country in order to advance, by your presence and exertions, the execution of a great work sufficient of itself to satisfy the most noble ambition; and that you are ready to accept the necessary powers for its execution, without any other view than that of performing a task worthy of the great name you possess. Before I enter upon that great object, of paramount importance to the welfare of my country, I beg your Highness will allow me to say, in reference to the flattering opinions

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which, notwithstanding my deficiency of merit, you express in my behalf, that nothing proves more the magnanimous and benevolent disposition of your heart than this distinguished mark of esteem and regard with which you have honoured me. I feel happy in having obtained from you so favourable a reception, and I can assure your Highness that I will seize upon every opportunity in my power to testify my gratitude to you, as well as my most hearty desire to reciprocate the kindness you have shown to me.

'I beg now to resume the object before us.

'When I went to France some time ago, as Minister Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the King of the French, I was anxious, before leaving Europe, to pay you a visit at Ham. I longed for the honour of seeing you, not only on account of the popularity which surrounded your name throughout the world, but also because I had myself witnessed the high esteem in which your character was held in your own country, and the sympathy exhibited for your misfortunes.

'It was also my wish, Prince, to prevail upon you to come to my country, fully convinced that you would find there an admirable opportunity for the display of your activity and the exercise of your talents, which continued captivity might exhaust. I admired, Prince, your resignation and the love of your native land, which stood even the test of imprisonment; but it was with great pleasure that I saw your mind inspirited at the recital of the immense work to be executed in my country for the general advancement of civilisation.

'I am happy to see by your Highness's letter that you feel disposed to come to this country, where the documents you have forwarded to me have elicited sentiments of the deepest gratitude and of the liveliest enthusiasm.

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'Now I am happy to be enabled to acquaint your Highness that the Government of this State, fully convinced that the capital necessary to this undertaking could only be raised by placing at its head one who, like yourself, is independent both by fortune and standing, and may thereby inspire a general confidence in the two worlds, whilst his name would dispel from the easily-alarmed spirit of our people every fear of foreign domination—this Government, I say, relies on the co-operation of your Highness as the only person combining in the highest degree these different qualities. Brought up in a republic, your Highness has shown by your noble behaviour in Switzerland in 1838 to what extent a free people may rely upon your self-denial, and we feel convinced that, if your uncle, the great Napoleon, has rendered himself immortal by his military glory, your Highness may acquire with us an equal glory in works of peace, which cause only tears of gratitude to flow.

'From the day on which your Highness shall set foot on our soil a new era of prosperity for its inhabitants will commence.

'That which we beg leave to propose to your Highness is not unworthy of your attention, for, previous to the year 1830, King William of Holland had accepted a proposal analogous to that which we have the honour now to submit to your consideration.

'If we do not at once forward to your Highness the powers necessary to the immediate progress of this great work, this is to be ascribed to the recess of the Legislative Chambers, which have yet to take into consideration the terms of a treaty signed by me on December 2 last year with the Count of H——, president of the Belgian Colonisation Company. But this treaty not having been so favourably received as I had reason to expect, there is a greater probability of the Government being enabled to

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renew its proposals to your Highness, and thereby satisfy the wishes of our people.

'The most influential persons of this capital, distinguished both by their learning and their wealth, have presented to the Government a memorial, which I shall hand to our friend M. ——, recommending that your Highness be entrusted with the final settlement and terms of the pending negociation, or of any other which might hereafter present itself intended to promote the welfare of the State of Nicaragua. The Government has not yet rejected the suggestion, but it appears that, at all events, it will feel disposed to send me to you with the necessary instructions to enable your Highness and myself to come to an understanding on the subject.

'Another cause of delay is the recent popular outbreak in the country; but the number of malcontents being exceedingly small, and the Government supported by public opinion, I think that this revolution will soon be appeased, and the Government will be able to display all the elements upon which it relies to ensure permanent peace, and to give this project the strong impulse it justly demands. The Government is moreover convinced that the construction of the canal, by giving employment to all hands now unoccupied, will contribute efficaciously to the tranquillity and good of a people harassed for a long time by the horrors of civil war.

'As much from a desire of bringing to a favourable issue this important matter, in which I am especially disposed to co-operate with all my ability, as well as from an ardent hope of seeing your Highness ruling the destinies of our country, I long for the honour of paying you, were it but for a few hours, a visit at Ham, which I quitted last year full of grief at the prolongation of a captivity from which I earnestly prayed God to grant you a speedy release.

'I beg that your Highness will continue to honour me with your correspondence, and that you will accept the expressions of my respectful sentiments.

'FRANC. CASTELLON.

'A few months after this communication the Prince received at Ham a letter from Señor del Montenegro, Minister of Foreign Affairs, conferring on him officially all the powers necessary for the organisation of a company in Europe, and apprising him that the Government of Nicaragua, by decision of January 8, 1846, *had determined to give to that great work, which is to open a new route to the commerce of the world, the name of Canale Napoleone de Nicaragua.* In consequence of that decision Señor de Marcoleta, Chargé d'Affaires of that country in Belgium and Holland, having received official instructions from his Government, *went to Ham for the purpose of signing a treaty with the Prince, conferring upon him full power to carry into effect the object in view.*

'Pending this negociation active, but unsuccessful, steps were taken in Paris for the release of the Prince, who, before adopting the last resource (being determined to exhaust all means, consistent with his honour, by which his liberation could be obtained, and which would enable him to gratify his filial affection by a visit to his aged and infirm father at Florence), informed the French Government of the proposition he had received from America, pledging himself that, in the event of his receiving permission to reside for a few months in Tuscany, he would afterwards proceed direct to America for the purpose specified.'

On Christmas Day 1845 Prince Louis addressed the following letter to the Minister of the Interior:—

'My father, whose health and age require the attention of a son, has asked the Government to allow me to go to

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him; but his application has remained without result. I am told that the Government require a formal undertaking from me. My resolve under these circumstances cannot remain doubtful. I am bound to do all that is compatible with my honour in order that I may be able to offer my father the consolations to which he is entitled for so many reasons. I therefore declare to you, Monsieur le Ministre, that if the French Government will consent to permit me to go to Florence to fulfil a sacred duty, I engage on my honour to return and constitute myself a prisoner as soon as the Government may require me to do so.'[1]

This appeal remained unanswered and unnoticed. While the negociations were pursued by his friends Prince Louis quietly prepared his statement of the advantages that were to flow from the Canal of Nicaragua—drew up calculations of cost, examined the engineering difficulties, which his education at Thun enabled him to do effectually, and, in short, so thoroughly made the subject his own, that he surprised all who approached him on the question with his mastery of every detail.

In his pamphlet he said of the general scheme: 'The

[1] 'Fort de Ham, le 25 décembre 1845.

'Monsieur le Ministre de l'Intérieur,—Mon père, dont la santé et l'âge réclament les soins d'un fils, a demandé au gouvernement qu'il me fût permis de me rendre auprès de lui. Ses démarches sont restées sans résultat. Le gouvernement, m'écrit-on, exige de moi une garantie formelle. Dans cette circonstance, ma résolution ne saurait être douteuse. Je dois faire tout ce qui est compatible avec mon honneur pour pouvoir offrir à mon père les consolations qu'il mérite à tant de titres. Je viens donc, monsieur le ministre, vous déclarer que si le gouvernement français consente à me permettre d'aller à Florence remplir un devoir sacré, je m'engage sur l'honneur à revenir me constituer prisonnier dès que le gouvernement m'en témoignera le désir.

'Recevez, monsieur le ministre, l'expression de ma haute estime.

'Napoléon-Louis Bonaparte.

'Je vous envoie, M. le comte, cette lettre par M. le commandant de Ham; mais, en même temps, je charge M. Poggioli de vous en remettre le duplicata.'

junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, by means of a canal crossing the centre of the New World, is a question of acknowledged importance. It will diminish, by three thousand miles, the distance that separates Europe from the whole of the western coast of America and Oceania; it will render the communication with China, Japan, New Zealand, and New Holland speedy and easy by means of steamboats; it will elevate immediately to a prodigious degree of prosperity those countries through which such an undertaking must draw annually two or three thousand merchantmen; it will open new channels to the introduction of European produce: in a word, it will advance by several centuries the progress of Christianity and civilisation throughout half of the globe.

'This undertaking is alike favourable to the interests of humanity generally and of America in particular. This being conceded, it remains to determine under what conditions a ship canal is best calculated to develope European commerce and the prosperity of Central America. If we prove that there is but one particular route which can satisfy at once these two-fold interests, and that this route presents the fewest difficulties, and requires the least expense, we shall have considerably simplified the problem.

'Central America may be considered as a great isthmus which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific Ocean, beginning at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and finishing at the Gulf of Darien. The extent of its coast is about 1,200 miles; its superficies measures 26,650 square leagues, nearly as large as that of the French territory; its population is three millions. The natives derive their origin from the ancient Spaniards and Ladinos, as well as from the aboriginal Indians; and there are no slaves. The north of Central America belongs to Mexico,

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the southern part to New Granada, while the centre forms the republic of Guatemala, which in 1823 constituted itself in a federal form, composed of five States—Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and St. Salvador. At present these States are independent of one another, but in their diplomatic relations Honduras, St. Salvador, and Nicaragua act with the same understanding. According to Thompson and Montgomery, extensive tracts of land, having a beautiful climate, advantageously situated, and possessing a most extraordinary fertility, are still uninhabited and entirely left to themselves. There are also immense forests, the working of which will yield immense profits to any active persons who will undertake the task. Such is the fertility of the soil that they can raise three crops of every kind of corn in one year, especially of maize, which produces from one hundred to five hundred for one. All the productions of hot and temperate climates prosper in it. The temperature is as diversified as the surface of the country, the coasts and low grounds which are near the sea having the benefit of the tropical heat, whilst on the heights and inland we find a perpetual spring. The production of fruits, as well as of crops of every kind, takes place without any interruption. In the plains and valleys the soil is formed of *alluvial* matter five or six feet deep; it is rich enough to serve as manure to less fertile lands.

'It is in this part of the American continent that the five principal points have been proposed as eligible for the opening of a communication between the two seas. The first, on the northern side of Central America, on the Mexican territory, through the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; the second, through the Isthmus of Nicaragua; the third, through the Isthmus of Panama; and, finally, two other projects, through the Gulf of Darien.'

The writer then showed that the Nicaraguan canal which he proposed was the only one that should be adopted, 'inasmuch as it was the only one conducive to the real interests of Central America and the world at large.'

'There are certain countries which, from their geographical situation, are destined to a highly prosperous future. Wealth, power, every national advantage, must flow into them, provided that where nature has done her utmost man does not neglect to avail himself of her beneficent assistance.

'Those countries are in the most favourable conditions which are situated on the high road of commerce, and which offer to commerce the safest ports and harbours, as well as the most profitable interchange of commodities. Such countries, finding in the intercourse of foreign trade illimitable resources, are enabled to take advantage of the fertility of their soil, and in this way a home trade springs up commensurate with the increase of mercantile traffic. It is by such means that Tyre, Carthage, Constantinople, Venice, Genoa, Amsterdam, Liverpool, and London attained to such great prosperity, rising from the condition of poor hamlets to extensive and affluent commercial cities, and exhibiting to surrounding nations the astonishing spectacle of powerful States springing suddenly from unwholesome swamps and marshes. Venice, in particular, was indebted for her overwhelming grandeur to the geographical position which constituted her for centuries the entrepot between Europe and the East, and it was only when the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope opened a ship passage to the latter that her prosperity gradually declined. So great, however, was her accumulation of wealth, and consequent commercial influence, that she withstood for three centuries the formidable competition thus created.

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'There exists another city, famous in history, although now fallen from its pristine grandeur, so admirably situated as to excite the jealousy of all the great European Powers, who combine to maintain in it a Government so far barbarous as to be incapable of taking advantage of the great resources bestowed upon it by nature. The geographical position of Constantinople rendered her the queen of the ancient world. Occupying as she does the central point between Europe, Asia, and Africa, she could become the entrepot of the commerce of all these countries, and obtain over them an immense preponderance, for in politics, as in strategy, a central position always commands the circumference. Situated between two seas, of which, like two great lakes, she commands the entrance, she could shut up in them, sheltered from the assaults of all other nations, the most formidable fleets, while by these she could exercise dominion in the Mediterranean as well as in the Black Sea, thereby commanding the entrance of the Danube, which opens the way to Germany, as well as the sources of the Euphrates, which open the road to the Indies, dictating her own terms to the commerce of Greece, France, Italy, Spain, and Egypt. This is what the proud city of Constantine could be, and this is what she is not, "because," as Montesquieu says, "God permitted that Turks should exist on earth, a people the most fit to possess uselessly a great empire."

'There exists in the New World a State as admirably situated as Constantinople, and we must say, up to the present time, as uselessly occupied; we mean the State of Nicaragua.

'As Constantinople is the centre of the ancient world, so is the town of Leon, or rather Massaya, the centre of the new; and if the tongue of land which separates its two lakes from the Pacific Ocean were cut through, she would command, by her central position, the entire coast

of North and South America. Like Constantinople, Massaya is situated between two extensive natural harbours, capable of giving shelter to the largest fleets, safe from attack. The State of Nicaragua can become, better than Constantinople, the necessary route for the great commerce of the world, for it is, for the United States, the shortest road to China and the East Indies, and for England and the rest of Europe to New Holland, Polynesia, and the whole of the western coast of America. The State of Nicaragua is, then, destined to attain to an extraordinary degree of prosperity and grandeur, for that which renders its political position more advantageous than that of Constantinople is, that the great maritime Powers of Europe would witness with pleasure, and not with jealousy, its attainment of a station no less favourable to its individual interests than to the commerce of the world.

'France, England, Holland, Russia, and the United States have a great commercial interest in the establishment of a communication between the two oceans; but England has, more than the other Powers, a political interest in the execution of this project. England will see with pleasure Central America become a flourishing and powerful State, which will establish a balance of power by creating in Spanish America a new centre of active enterprise, powerful enough to give rise to a great feeling of nationality, and to prevent, by backing Mexico, any further encroachment from the north: England will witness with satisfaction the opening of a route which will enable her to communicate more speedily with Oregon, China, and her possessions in New Holland; she will find, in a word, that the advancement of Central America will renovate the declining commerce of Jamaica and the other English islands in the Antilles, the progressive decay of which will be thereby stopped. It is a happy coincidence that the political and commercial prosperity of

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the State of Nicaragua is closely connected with the policy of that nation which has the greatest preponderance on the sea. To show the unparalleled importance which the State of Nicaragua would acquire, if the junction of the two seas were carried through its territory, is at once to resolve the question of its necessity; but that which we are now called to examine is, whether that particular track would, in preference to that through Panama, more fully meet all the exigencies conducive to the advantages which both Europe and America have a right to expect from so important an enterprise. The proposed canal must not be a mere cutting calculated to convey from one sea to the other European produce simply; it must, above all, render Central America a maritime State, prosperous by the interchange of its internal produce and powerful by its extensive commerce. To this intent such a line of country should be adopted as would afford, throughout its course, and especially at the extremities, the best harbours, and a confluence with the greatest number of rivers. If a canal could be made to cross this territory of Central America, commencing at San Juan of Nicaragua, situated on the Caribeean Sea, and ending at Realejo on the Pacific, that canal would completely satisfy the required conditions, for Realejo is a good harbour and San Juan offers a good roadstead, sheltered from the north-easterly winds, which are the only violent ones upon the coast. Neither at Panama, on the other hand, nor at Chagres, nor on any point of the same coast, is there any moorage to be compared with that just mentioned.

'It is not sufficient that this canal should have at its extremities two good ports; it must possess, in addition, along its course a succession of natural basins, serving as docks, which would enable a large number of ships to load and discharge cargo with promptitude and safety. At London, at Liverpool, at Venice, at Cherbourg, at

Havre, at Antwerp, the various Governments of Europe, during the last five centuries, have spent hundreds of millions in creating artificial reservoirs, of only a few hundred yards of superficial content; whilst at Leon and Granada there are two natural basins, which furnish on a large scale, without outlay or labour, what we have acquired in Europe, on a small scale, with extraordinary difficulty and at enormous expense. We should look in vain to Panama, or any other of the spots we have previously named, for a course equally advantageous in every respect.

'In order that the canal should become the principal element of the advancement of Central America, it must be cut not through the narrowest part of the tongue of land, but through that country which is the most populous, the most healthy, and the most fertile, and which is crossed by the greatest number of rivers, in order that its activity may be communicated to the remotest parts of the interior. Now, a canal having its course from San Juan to Realejo would avail itself of the river San Juan, which receives a great many small streams, and particularly three navigable for boats to a considerable distance inland. From the embouchure of the river to the Pacific Ocean the canal would run in a straight line about 278 miles, enhancing the prosperity on either bank of more than 100 miles of territory, taking into consideration the sinuosities of the lakes and the course of internal rivers. Let us consider the almost miraculous effects that would be produced by the annual passage through this fine country of two or three thousand ships, exchanging foreign productions with those of Central America and spreading everywhere activity and wealth. We can picture to ourselves those now solitary banks bordered with towns and villages, those now gloomy and silent lakes teeming with lively fleets, those hitherto uncultivated

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lands made fertile, their forests and mines explored, and the rivers which flow into the lakes and the San Juan carrying into the heart of the land all the advantages of civilisation.

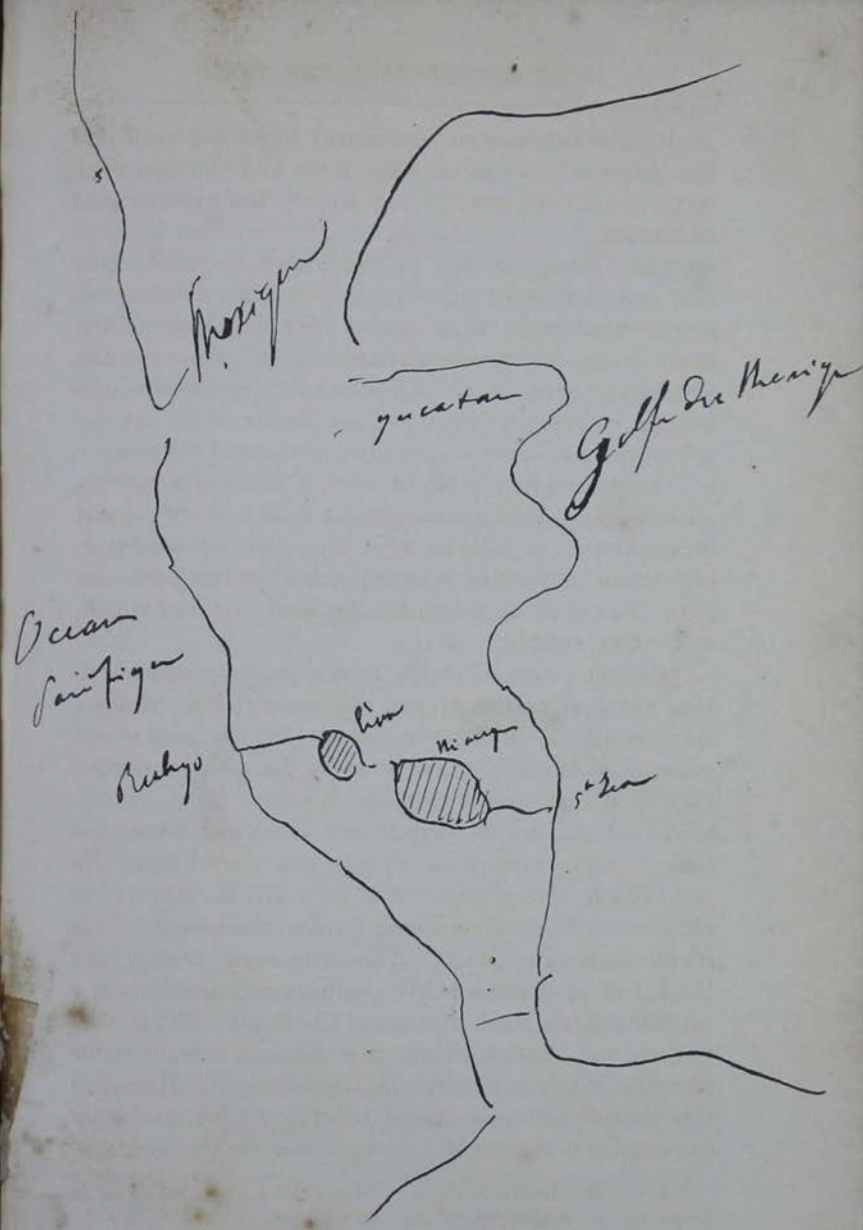
'At Panama, on the contrary, such a canal could only cross a country marshy, unwholesome, uninhabited, and uninhabitable, which would offer a passage of but thirty miles, amidst stagnant waters and barren rocks, yielding no spot of ground fitted for the growth of a trading community, for sheltering fleets, or for the development and interchange of the produce of the soil.

'Thus, in every point of view, a canal through the lakes would present advantages not to be met with in any other place; but what is most important to observe is, that Providence seems to have pointed out this particular tract of country as presenting the least formidable difficulty of execution.'

The line proposed by the Prince was to commence at Port San Juan (see map) and terminate at Port Realejo. At these points the distance between the two seas is 278 miles, of which only 82 miles would have to be worked —the rest consisting of two large lakes.

In the summer of 1847 Prince Louis endeavoured to form a great company for carrying out his scheme. He put himself in communication with Mr. R. Haynes,[1] of Manchester Street, Manchester Square, the solicitor of his friend Count Bathyany. This gentleman relates that the Prince proposed a public company in England with a capital of 4,000,000*l.* sterling. 'The Prince,' Mr. Haynes records, 'also informed me that he had composed the pamphlet when a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, and that the different calculations relating to the cutting of the canal and the rocks had occupied many months of

[1] It is to Mr. Haynes we are indebted for our examination of the Prince's MS. and map, which are in his possession.



Fac simile of Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte's drawing for the Nicaragua Canal. — Drawn at Ham 1845.

his time and attention, and he appeared to have a warm affection for the ultimate success of his design. I saw the Prince and Count d'Orsay several times on the subject, and Benjamin Oliveira, F.R.S., of Hyde Park Street, was the capitalist to whom I introduced the matter for consideration. No active steps were taken, because I found the Prince was much engaged with his private affairs in London and Paris. As regards the pamphlet, the work will speak for itself. It was clever, and sheer hard work, consisting of fifty foolscap pages. It sets forth, amongst other things, the tonnage of the mercantile navies of the world, the heights of the mountains, the distances of the various harbours of the world, the deepening of rapids with the admeasurements, and the recapitulation of the cost, which he estimated at 4,000,000*l.* sterling. The pamphlet then goes on to set out the produce of the different nations of the earth in cotton, spices, coffees, sugar, indigo, cattle, and other articles, by which an annual revenue could be realised to pay a good return on the investment; and he urged that, in addition, the undertaking would bring many millions of acres of land under cultivation. At page 7 of the pamphlet it appears that the adventure was approved by the foreign Ministers for Belgium and Holland on January 8, 1846, and that the Prince had full power to carry out the objects he had in view by opening a new communication between the hemispheres, to be called the Canale Napoleone de Nicaragua, which was indeed a grand conception and worthy the attention of a great mind.'

Political events drew the attention of the Prince completely away from his project, but in after years he often reverted to it, and, if he never realised his own dream, his studies of canal-cutting led him to espouse with warmth the Suez Canal project when M. de Lesseps submitted it to him.

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'Such a work,' he said, 'is enough to make a reign illustrious.'

In the summer of 1872 the Emperor may have read, at Chislehurst, the following paragraph, which appeared in the morning papers:—[1]

'According to the latest intelligence from the Isthmus of Panama, new hopes are entertained about making a ship canal across that obstruction. After failing to discover a promising line for the excavation in the narrower portions of the neck, the American surveyors have gone back to Nicaragua, and now report a feasible place towards the north of the Isthmus, where they believe the enterprise can and should be accomplished. Of course, in the present condition of engineering and of expanding commerce, we no longer talk of the "impossible." If the Andes stood on the Isthmus, and the Rocky Mountains were piled upon them, not being able to climb or cut, we should have to tunnel through the mass. So contemptible an interruption as six score miles of the most rugged land imaginable could not be permitted to keep the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans apart, after M. de Lesseps had wedded the Indian and Mediterranean Seas. The neck of Panama must, therefore, be cut, and the world is simply waiting to learn at what point it should be done. No doubt, in going back to Nicaragua as the locality for the canal, the prospectors are tempted by the great Lagune, which gives a hundred miles of ready-made water-way. The San Juan river runs out of this lake into the Atlantic, and might be made available; but on the Pacific side there are fifteen miles of very difficult country, and the difference of level between Lake Nicaragua and the sea is important. The San Juan, too, would want a great deal of engineering to be made navigable; and it is not until

[1] July 30.

we possess details of the route now proposed that anybody can be sanguine of success. Then there is the Lake Managua and the harbour of Realejo, with a level but much longer tract to cross; albeit here we have to deal with the Tepitapa river, a stream much encumbered with rapids and cataracts. However, the Americans know what they are about, and have by this time a good eye for the business; and we shall not be surprised to learn that the great work is shortly to be commenced.'

The engineers had returned once more to the route traced by Prince Louis at Ham in the autumn of 1845. It would be bare justice, should the canal be cut, to call it still the Canale Napoleone.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ESCAPE FROM HAM.

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WHEN, towards the close of 1845, Chevalier Henry Wikoff, at the instigation of Count d'Orsay, resolved to do his utmost to obtain an interview with Prince Louis, he soon found that he had entered upon an adventure charged with difficulties. He wrote to the Minister of the Interior as an American citizen, saying that he was the Prince's old friend, and that being in Europe he wished to pay him a visit of sympathy. The first intimation he had that his letter had been received was a visit from an officer of police, who cross-questioned his hotel-keeper as to his habits, associates, and his political bias. He was next summoned to the Prefecture of Police, when he was told that the Government saw no objection to his visit to Ham, but that the Prince had declined to receive him. This was a police ruse, for Mr. Wikoff had just received a letter direct from the prisoner desiring to see him at his earliest convenience. Foiled in their endeavour to divert the visitor, the authorities at last granted the authority to enter the fortress; and from Paris to Ham and back again he found himself surrounded with police spies. On the other hand, he found Bonapartist sympathisers in all directions.[1] He had heard only a few weeks before

[1] Chevalier Wikoff's own servant proved to be a Bonapartist, and a member of a secret society 'which was as thoroughly ramified over Paris as the gas-pipes.'

he reached Ham that efforts were being made in London to obtain the Prince's release; M. Thiers had promised Count d'Orsay to intercede, but in the little town of Ham the police were severe and unsleeping. The Prince, at the close of 1845, had done all that he conceived he might do with honour to mitigate the severe terms of the Government; but both he and his friends had utterly failed, and 1846 opened upon him taking his well-trodden walk upon his slip of rampart, with the cloaked spy in his wake.

It would be puerile and unjust to blame Louis Philippe for the vigilance with which he had guarded his prisoner. He never underrated—he was, indeed, rather inclined to exaggerate—the power of the Bonapartist party; and while he allowed sympathisers to reach Prince Louis's cell, and the prisoner to print his writings, strong in a prodigious secret service fund (for which he paid with an ever-increasing unpopularity), he kept himself well-informed about the prisoner of Ham and his friends. He had liberated the Prince's accomplices after his visit to the English Court; he had allowed M. de Persigny to exchange the fortress of Doullens for the military hospital of Versailles, and then to go free; but he had never seen his way to the liberation of the nephew and heir of Napoleon. When he was asked to be merciful because King Louis was dying at Florence, he saw in the reason given for clemency an argument for more vigorous detention. The death of Prince Louis's father would, according to the arrangement of 1804, make the young pretender in truth the heir to the Imperial throne. To set him free with the fresh hopes his new position as head of his house would give him, and with the fortune he would inherit with it, would be doubly hazardous; and therefore he would exact as the price of liberation a solemn renunciation of his rights as a French prince,

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together with a formal undertaking to make no attempt in future against the House of Orleans. Louis Philippe was not a cruel prince, but he was not a noble-minded one. He would have been touched as a father by such an appeal as the sick King Louis addressed to M. de Montalivet—'You are a father, and must understand me'—but he could never yield one inch of his own interests or of those of his family even to the advantage of his country, much less of a rival. He inclined to mercy whenever mercy was not opposed to personal gain.

Hence the wearying round of negociations for the liberation of the prisoner of Ham, in which MM. Molé, de Cazes, Thiers, Poggioli, Duchâtel, Lord Malmesbury, Odilon Barrot, Vieillard, and others took part. The various parts played by these personages in the liberation negociations were of very various merit. From those on whom the Prince had the most right to count he obtained the least loyal service. M. de Cazes forgot his past in the glory of his present and the care for his future. M. Molé was a worthy colleague of M. de Cazes. MM. Barrot, Vieillard, and Poggioli were the Prince's real friends, who worked with a will; but, we repeat, they worked in vain against the animosity of M. Guizot and the selfishness of the King, who could have risked nothing in parting with his prisoner on his parole, to be publicly given, that he would reconstitute himself prisoner at the call of his Majesty.

While these negociations were slowly progressing the Prince, in one of his letters to M. Vieillard, made this remark:—

'. . . . It is sweet to enjoy all the pleasures of one's country, but it is more glorious to suffer. The historical part which I have always thought the more despicable is that of Cromwell's son, deserting the cause of his

father to assist unobserved at the coronation of the Stuarts.'[1]

When to M. Poggioli, who had claimed an answer to Prince Louis's letter, dated Christmas Day, M. Duchâtel had replied that the Ministers could not take notice of the Prince's demand, because it would be contrary to law, and that to grant it would be to give a free pardon, without obtaining for the King the credit of the act, and when this answer had been communicated to Prince Louis by the governor of the fortress of Ham, the Prince resolved to write direct to the King. His letter was dated January 14, 1846:—

'Sire,—It is not without keen emotion that I approach to ask your Majesty, as a grace, the permission to leave France even for a short time. I have found in breathing the air of my native country ample recompense for five years of captivity; but now my father, sick and infirm, demands my care. He has addressed himself, in order to obtain my release, to persons known for their devotion to your Majesty. It is my duty to do all that in me lies to be able to go to him.

'The Council of Ministers not having deemed it within their competence to grant the request I made to go to Florence, under an engagement to return and reconstitute myself a prisoner when asked by the Government to do so, I now appeal, Sire, with confidence to your Majesty's sentiments of humanity, renewing my request, and submitting it to your high and generous intervention.

'I am convinced that your Majesty will appreciate

[1] 'Ham, 8 décembre 1845.

'. . . . Il est beau de jouir des douceurs de la patrie, mais il est plus glorieux de souffrir. Le rôle de l'histoire que j'ai trouvé le plus digne de mépris, c'est celui du fils de Cromwell, abandonnant la cause de son père pour assister inaperçu au sacre des Stuart. . . .'—*MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.*

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as it deserves a step that engages my gratitude beforehand, and that, touched by the isolation in a foreign land of a man who on a throne won the esteem of Europe, you will hear my father's prayer and mine.

'I beg you, Sire, to receive the expression of my profound respect.

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.'[1]

The King was touched by this letter, full as it was of dignity and tenderness. It is said that before he broke the seal[2] his Majesty declared that he considered the guarantee offered by the Prince sufficient. The sincerity of this declaration is open to the gravest doubt; for the prerogative of mercy was in the King's hands, and he did not exercise it. His Ministers, to whom the commandant of the fortress of Ham had forwarded a copy of the Prince's letter, were worthy servants of an artful monarch. On January 25 M. Duchâtel—son of a dignitary of the Empire—sent the reply of the Council to Prince Louis. They were not satisfied. 'Pardon must be deserved and frankly acknowledged (*il fallait que la grâce fût méritée et franchement avouée*).'

This reply was a heavy blow to the Prince. He saw at a glance that he had nothing to expect from the Ministry over which M. Guizot presided, and the years of his captivity had taught him that among the men whom his uncle had made, and who were then serving the House of Orleans, there was not one possessing the grace and manliness to intercede. In his letters to Madame Cornu during January and February he spoke openly of the progress of the negociations, and of the effect their failure had upon him.[3] By January 23 he knew of the Ministers' refusal, and that he had been

[1] See Appendix. [2] B. Renault. [3] See Appendix.

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drawn to write to the King by false representations, the intention being to compromise him. 'I have been shamefully deceived. I shall leave Ham only for the Tuileries or the cemetery.' He sent his foster-brother and factotum, Bure, to tell his devoted friend all particulars, and then, resigned, but mournful over the letters his father sent him describing the gravity of his illness, he turned back to his work on artillery, his reading, drawing, and proof-correcting. On January 28 he wrote for more military works of reference, remarking at the same time that, if necessary, he would publish his letters to the Government and the King, but that he could not publish the replies without seriously compromising the governor, since there was a stringent order not to leave him a copy of them. This order was a wanton outrage on the feelings of Louis Philippe's prisoner.

Prince Louis described to Madame Cornu what happened after he had received the Ministers' refusal to comply with his request. 'I have to sustain another painful struggle.[1] When the brutal refusal of the Ministers reached me, I wrote to some of the more influential Deputies. They were indignant at the conduct of the Government, and they resolved to make a combined movement upon the Ministers in my favour.[2] But the

[1] See Appendix.

[2] Among the Deputies to whom the Prince wrote was M. Thiers. M. Thiers replied on February 16:—'Prince,—I have received the letter you have done me the honour of addressing to me, telling me of the refusal which has been given to your request. The desire to embrace a dying father, accompanied by the promise to constitute yourself a prisoner at the bidding of the Minister of the Interior, should have been acceded to. It seems to me that such a measure might have been adopted without risk to the Minister who took it. I am sorry, Prince, that I cannot be of any use whatever to you in these circumstances. I have no influence with the Government, and publicity would not serve your cause. On any occasion when it may be possible for me to assuage your misfortune, without departing from my duty, I shall be glad to be able to give a mark of my

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extinguishers came with their fire-engines, M. Odilon Barrot at their head. This last gentleman, without any communication from me, drew up, in concert with M. Duchâtel, the rough draft of another letter to the King, which he sent me, with a very kind note, signed by himself and eight or ten Deputies, begging me to sign it. I wrote yesterday a categorical refusal to M. Odilon Barrot, and I will send you a copy of my answer. I told him that I had asked the King permission to go to my father because my filial duty called me to him, but that I will not beg for pardon, and that I will rather remain in prison all my life than humble myself. This rash step taken by M. Barrot will divide the Deputies, and deprives me of the moral support which it was so necessary to preserve. I think you will be pleased with my letter, but it is too long to send to-day. I have no further proofs from Dumaine; I cannot understand it.' It will be noted that in the midst of his perplexities the Prince kept to his literary work. His letter to M. Odilon Barrot (which M. Poggioli conveyed to Paris and placed in M. Barrot's hands) was as follows:—

'Ham, February 2, 1846.

'Sir,—Before replying to the letter which you have been good enough to address to me, allow me to thank you, as well as your political friends, for the interest you have shown, and the spontaneous steps which you have thought it consistent with your duty to take, in order to lighten the weight of my misfortunes. Be assured that my gratitude will never be wanting to those generous men who, in such painful circumstances, have extended towards me a friendly hand.

'I now proceed to state to you that I do not

sympathy for the glorious name which you bear.

'Receive, Prince, the homage of my respect.

'A. THIERS,
'Member of the Chamber of Deputies.'

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think it consistent with my duty to attach my name to the letter of which you have sent me a copy.. The brave man who finds himself alone, face to face with adversity, alone in the presence of enemies interested in depreciating his character, ought to avoid every kind of subterfuge, everything equivocal, and take all his measures with the greatest degree of frankness and decision. Like Cæsar's wife, he ought not to be suspected. If I signed the letter which you and many other Deputies have recommended me to sign, I should, in fact, really ask for pardon without avowing the fact; I should take shelter behind the request of my father, like the coward who covers himself with a tree to escape the enemy's fire. I consider such a course unworthy of me. If I thought it consistent with my condition and honour merely and simply to invoke the royal clemency, I would write to the King: "Sire, I ask pardon."

'Such, however, is not my intention. For six years I have endured, without complaining, an imprisonment which is one of the natural consequences of my attack against the Government; and I shall endure it for ten years longer, if necessary, without accusing either my destiny or the men who inflict it. I suffer, but I say to myself every day: "I am in France; I have preserved my honour unstained; I live without enjoyments, but also without remorse;" and every evening I go to rest in peace. No steps would have been taken by me to disturb the calm of my conscience and the repose of my life, had not my father signified an earnest desire of having me near him again during his declining years. My filial duty roused me from a state of resignation, and I took a step of the gravity of which I was fully aware, and to which I attached all that frankness and honesty which I desire to exhibit in all my actions. I wrote to the head of the State—to him alone who has the legal

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right to alter my position. I asked to be allowed to go and see my father, and spoke to him of *honour*, *humanity*, *generosity*, because I have no hesitation in calling things by their proper names. The King appeared satisfied, and said to the worthy son of Marshal Ney, who was good enough to place my letter in his hands, that the guarantee which I offered was sufficient; but he has as yet given no intimation of his decision. His Ministers, on the contrary, forwarding their resolution in a copy of my letter to the King, which I sent to them from deference, taking advantage of my position and their own, caused an answer to be transmitted to me which was merely an insult to misfortune. Under the blow of such a refusal, and still unacquainted with the King's decision, my duty is to abstain from taking any step, and, above all, not to subscribe a request for pardon under the disguise of filial duty.

'I still maintain all that I said in my letter to the King, because the sentiments which I have there expressed were deeply felt, and were such as appeared suitable to my position; but I shall not advance a line further. The path of honour is narrow and slippery, and there is but a handbreadth between the firm ground and the abyss.

'You may, moreover, be well assured, sir, that, should I sign the letter in question, more exacting demands would be made. On December 25 I wrote rather a dry letter to the Minister of the Interior, requesting permission to visit my father. The reply was politely worded. On January 14 I determined on a very serious step. I wrote a letter to the King, in which I spared no expression which I thought might conduce to the success of my request. The answer was an impertinent one.

'My position is clear—I am a captive; but it is a consolation to me to breathe the air of my country. A

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sacred duty summons me to my father's side. I say to the Government: "Circumstances compel me to entreat from you, as a favour, permission to leave Ham. If you grant my request you may depend on my gratitude, and it will be of the more value as your decision will bear the stamp of generosity; for the gratitude of those who would consent to humiliate themselves in order to gain an advantage would be valueless."

'Finally, I calmly await the decision of the King—a man who, like me, has lived through thirty years of misfortunes.

'I rely on the support and sympathy of generous and independent men like you; I commit myself to destiny, and prepare to resign myself to its decision.

'Accept, Sir, my assurances of esteem.

'NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.'

The Prince had retained a lively remembrance of the attempt which the King and his Ministers had made to tarnish his honour on his return from America. Once more the captive turned to his desk. Throughout the spring to May 24 he remained constantly occupied with his artillery book, and in almost daily communication with Madame Cornu about books and proofs. On February 29 he wrote[1] that he had quite given up the idea of being set at liberty, and that he was working once more to the utmost of his strength at his book.[2] On April 4 he was delighted to receive a case of books, and enquired anxiously after his devoted friend's health. He feared that, in her delicate condition, he gave her too much trouble. Why would she not receive his thanks? 'You

[1] See Appendix.

[2] He had just received M. Barrot's account of the failure of the deputation of Deputies who had approached the King in his behalf, concluding: 'Ainsi, quant à présent, avec les circonstances, pas de mise en liberté.'

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take,' he said, 'all my heartfelt expressions, all my proofs, of a grateful affection for flattery. Adieu; receive, nevertheless, the assurance of my sincere and tender friendship.' He added: 'There will be no amnesty in the month of May.' Then, on May 24, he announced that an affection of the eyes had brought him to a standstill. He was not allowed even to correct his proofs, and, for a crown of sorrow, he had received bad news from his father. Head and body were in a critical state. During all this time he had been worried with the advice of people who entreated him to sign the letter which MM. Duchâtel and Odilon Barrot had drawn up, and which he continued to disdain as a trap laid for his honour. His father was near his grave, and still implored him to go to his bedside; and he could only answer from his prison that he was ready for any sacrifice save that of his dignity. Even those who were most urgent in their prayers that he should yield admired the fortitude with which he stood by in the path he deemed the right one. M. Odilon Barrot himself bore his tribute of respect for the Prince's nobility and elevation of soul, which, he said, were rare enough in those times. The Prince took a fair view of the King and the Ministers with whom he had to deal in his letter to M. Barrot, and it justified his attitude of reserve. He felt that he was being drawn upon slippery ground. According to M. Briffault, a Ministerial Deputy reported that M. Duchâtel had said to him of the prisoner: 'We will compel him to ask pardon' —in other words, he shall emerge from Ham self-degraded in the eyes of his countrymen. While the King had blamed this speech of his Minister as that of a gaoler, he had merely referred back to M. Guizot and his colleagues a deputation of thirty-one members of the Chamber, who, headed by M. Barrot, appealed to him after the Ministers' refusal to let his prisoner go on parole to his dying

father at Florence. The Prince had many powerful friends, and one and all endeavoured to soften the King or overrule the hostility of his Cabinet. It was proposed that the prisoner should engage to pass a certain time with his father, and then repair direct to America, where he intended to direct the cutting of the Canal of Nicaragua; and this proposition was submitted to the French Government by Lord Malmesbury. Lord Londonderry was equally unsuccessful with a proposition which he submitted. At length it was manifest to men of all parties, to friends and foes, that the Government had finally resolved not to part with the Prince until he had paid for his freedom with disgrace. All the testimony that has been gathered on the subject tends to this conclusion. The refusal of the King was an act of folly as well as of meanness. He had the opportunity of putting the heir of Napoleon under an obligation to him in the face of the world, and, at the same time, of keeping him his prisoner on parole, and he lost it because he wanted more than any man of honour could give. Had he acted a magnanimous part, he would have sent forth his most powerful enemy disarmed. But he was weak and vacillating in this, as in the other important episodes of his reign.

There remained for the prisoner of Ham only two courses, viz. to resign himself to perpetual imprisonment, and so to give up the idea of seeing his father before his death, or an escape. After mature deliberation Prince Louis, in concert with Dr. Conneau and the faithful Thélin, determined that he would attempt to deceive the vigilance of his gaolers, and go to his father, and afterwards to the great work which awaited him in America, in spite of Louis Philippe and his Government. This resolve was finally made only ten days before the plan was put in execution, when some workmen appeared at length to repair the dilapidated rooms and staircases. Dr. Conneau

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has graphically described the preparations and the Prince's departure. He said :—[1]

'When the Prince communicated to me his intentions I saw that they were feasible. Although he would not listen to my objections, I determined to aid him to the best of my power. The Prince, however, expressly forbade me to take any part in his preparations. He procured clothes for disguise; but as they were new he had them washed and soiled, to look as though they had been worn.

'Every morning we rose betimes, to watch the gait and habits of the workmen as they entered the prison, and to ascertain whether they had any fresh orders. We perceived that the commandant was more vigilant than ever, and that he was constantly superintending the workmen; but, as he was then suffering from a severe rheumatic attack, we found that he did not rise before eight in the morning, and we therefore determined to carry out our plans before that hour. On May 25 we rose early, at six o'clock. The Prince put on his workman's disguise, consisting of a coarse shirt, a blue blouse, and a blue pair of trousers, with an apron, and a pair of sabots over his boots. As his face was naturally pale, he coloured it with some dye, which gave him a ruddy complexion. He also painted his eyebrows and put on a black wig, which completely covered his ears. Shortly after seven he shaved off his thick whiskers and moustaches, and I declare I should not have recognised the Prince, well as I know his person. As soon as all was ready Thélin invited the workmen to have something to drink, and when the Prince knew they were all engaged he went downstairs. I waited watching on the staircase, and saw one of the guards at the gate. I first determined to ring the bell which communicated with the apartments of General

[1] Report of the trial at Péronne, July 1846.

Montholon, who was confined to his bed with a rheumatic attack, and the guardians had orders to answer his bell; but I afterwards thought that this might eventually compromise the General, and that I might be seen pulling the bell. Moreover, I was convinced that the Prince would not be recognised, and told him that he might go forth in safety. I opened the door, and the workmen came out, and the first of them took off his cap to me, and I saw that none of them recognised the Prince. He went out followed by the workmen. It had been arranged that Thélin should converse with the guards, in order to keep them engaged while the Prince went out. I ran to the window to see what passed. The sentinel on duty seemed to look carefully at all that was going on. I had a few moments of anxious doubt; but at last I saw the Prince, with the plank on his shoulder, advance towards the officer on guard, who was reading a letter, and who paid no attention to the workmen. On looking to the opposite side I saw the Garde de Génie, M. Flayrollet, with M. Leclerc, the director of the works, come into the court which separates the prison from the guard. As both of them were well acquainted with the persons of all the workmen, I dreaded lest they should recognise the Prince; but both of them were reading papers, and did not remark the Prince. The Prince then advanced towards the gate; the guard opened the wicket, and to my inexpressible relief I saw him go forth.

'Then I went into the Prince's apartments and shut the door which communicates with his bedroom and the passage. Although it was hot I lit a huge fire and set water to boil for the Prince, who I said was unwell. At eight o'clock a package was brought to me from Paris containing some plants of heart's-ease. I then told the guards to bring me some pots with earth, and planted my heart's-ease; and whilst thus occupied Laplace told me

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there were workmen in the *salle-à-manger*, and I therefore said: "We will breakfast in my room." He then said that the priest was coming that morning to say Mass, and, as usual, would breakfast with us. I pretended to have forgotten this engagement, and said that the Prince was unwell, and proposed to take a bath, which would deprive him of the pleasure of seeing the priest, but that I would ask his intentions. Accordingly I went and got a letter which the Prince had written the preceding evening, begging the priest to excuse him for that day on the score of indisposition.

'I gave the letter to Laplace, and told him to take it to the commandant, who ordered him to carry it to the priest. I then went down to see the General, who asked after the Prince, saying he had heard he was not well. The guard then knocked at the door, and said the commandant wished to know if he could speak with the Prince. I replied that the Prince was indisposed and had taken some medicine, and went to the commandant, who told me that he had nothing of importance to communicate to the Prince, excepting that the Minister of the Interior had given permission to M. Poggioli to pay him a visit. My object in going to the commandant was to prevent him, if possible, from wishing to see the Prince.

'I had said that the Prince was ill, and therefore sent Laplace for some castor oil; but, as there were several painters on the staircase, how could I make him believe that the Prince had gone down to take a bath? I then cut up several little pieces of bread, boiled some milk and coffee, and threw some nitric acid and eau-de-Cologne upon it, to make it appear that the Prince had been sick, all my attempts to vomit myself having signally failed. Laplace came in and cleared all away, and at twelve o'clock I ordered him to make the Prince's bed, and to make as much haste and as little noise as possible.

'During this period I went in and out of the room several times, and always spoke as if addressing the Prince, in order that Laplace might hear me; but he could not have done so, I suppose, as he did not mention it in his depositions. When the bed was made I dressed up a figure, and laid it with its head as if sleeping next the wall. I covered the head with a handkerchief such as the Prince used to wear in bed. About one I saw the commandant come towards the prison, and I was on the staircase when he came up. He asked after the Prince, and said that as Thélin was at St. Quentin he would send his servant to wait on him if I wished it. I thanked him, and said that Laplace would do all that was required. And thus passed the day, during which I despatched a box of books to Paris.

'At about a quarter past seven I saw the commandant in a state of excitement. He asked how the Prince was. I said he was better, to which he added: "He has not been down during the whole day, and as he is ill I must make my report." As I saw the impossibility of inducing him not to see the Prince, I opened the door, which was ajar, and called to the Prince, who *did not answer*. I went on tiptoe to the commandant and said: "He is asleep." The commandant came and looked at the figure, came back, and said: "He will not sleep on for ever." He then asked if Thélin had come, as the diligence for St. Quentin had arrived. I replied that Thélin had hired a carriage, at which he seemed much displeased. The drum then beat; the commandant rose, and went on tiptoe towards the bed and listened, and said: "Why, he does not breathe?" He took hold of the figure and shook it, and said: "He has escaped, then?" "Yes." "And since when." "Since seven o'clock this morning." "And who was on duty?" "I do not know."'

While the Doctor was acting this comedy within the

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fortress the Prince was speeding on his way to London. He described his adventures by the way to M. Degeorge, the editor of the 'Progrès du Pas-de-Calais,' in a letter dated from London, a few days after his arrival:—

'My dear M. Degeorge,—The desire of once more seeing my father in this world has prompted me to undertake an enterprise the boldest which I have attempted, and for which more resolution and courage were necessary than for those of Strasburg and Boulogne, for I had determined not to endure the ridicule which is the lot of persons arrested under a disguise, and a failure would have been insupportable. But at least listen to the details of my escape:—

'The fortress, as you know, was guarded by 400 men, who furnished a daily guard of sixty soldiers planted as sentinels within and without the castle. In addition, the gate of the prison was kept by three gaolers, two of them always on duty. It was, therefore, necessary first to pass them, next to traverse the whole interior court, in front of the commandant's windows; having arrived at the gate, it was necessary to pass the wicket, kept by a soldier *de planton*, and a serjeant, a turnkey, a sentinel, and last of all a post of thirty men.

'Being desirous of avoiding all understandings with the garrison, it was of course necessary to assume a disguise, and as considerable repairs were being made in the chambers which I used, it was easy to adopt a workman's dress. My good and faithful Charles Thélin procured me a blouse and sabots; I cut off my moustache and took a plank upon my shoulder.

'At half-past six o'clock on Monday morning I saw the workmen enter. As soon as they came to their work Charles took them into a chamber to drink, in order to remove them out of my way. I was also determined to

call one of the keepers upstairs whilst Dr. Conneau conversed with the others. Scarcely, however, was I out of my room when I was accosted by a workman, who took me for one of his companions. At the bottom of the stairs I found myself face to face with the keeper. Luckily I screened myself with the plank which I carried, and I reached the court, always contriving to keep the plank towards the sentinels and those whom I met.

'As I passed in front of the first sentinel I let my pipe fall; I stopped, however, to pick up the fragments. I next met the officer of the guard, but he was reading a letter and did not notice me. The soldiers at the wicket seemed surprised at my figure; the drummer especially looked at me several times. In the meantime, however, the *planton* of the guard opened the gate, and I found myself outside the fortress. Then I met two workmen who were approaching me, and looked at me with attention. I put the plank on the side towards them; they appeared, however, so curious that I thought I should not be able to escape them, when I heard them say: "Oh, it's Berton."

'Once beyond the walls, I walked rapidly towards the road to St. Quentin. Shortly after Charles, who the evening before had engaged a cabriolet for himself, joined me, and we arrived at St. Quentin. I crossed the town on foot, after having got rid of my blouse. Charles having procured a post-chaise under pretence of a drive to Cambray, we arrived without hindrance at Valenciennes, from whence I took the railroad. I was provided with a Belgian passport, which was never asked for.

'During this time Conneau, always so devoted to me, remained in prison, and made believe I was ill, in order to give me time to gain the frontier. I trust he will not be maltreated; this, as you may well suppose, would be a great grief to me.

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'If, my dear M. Degeorge, I felt a lively sentiment of joy when I found myself without the fortress, I had a really melancholy feeling in crossing the frontier. It was, however, necessary for me to determine to quit France, being certain the Government would never set me at liberty, since I did not consent to dishonour myself. Finally, I needed to be urged by the desire of trying all possible means in order to console my father in his old age.

'Adieu, my dear M. Degeorge; although free, I am very unhappy. Receive the assurance of my warm friendship, and, if you can, endeavour to be useful to my dear Conneau. 'NAPOLEON LOUIS.'

These are the narratives of the escape given by the two chief actors. Thélin, the third actor, has, however, filled up the sketch with a few interesting details. The following is his account of the matter.

Thélin walked out of the fortress in advance of the Prince, taking the Prince's favourite dog Ham with him. It was necessary to be careful with Ham, lest he should gambol about, and so betray his master. There was little fear of the sentinels, since they were ordered to watch people approaching from without, the apprehension being constant that the prisoner's partisans might some day attempt to carry the citadel by assault and bear him away in triumph. This fear had been so strong that not long after the Prince's arrival a report was spread that some two thousand workmen were marching from the plain of St. Denis to Ham to deliver their hero. Troops were called in, cavalry scoured the surrounding country, a horde of spies quartered themselves in the little town, and everything was made ready for an enterprise which never existed save in the fearful imaginations of M. Duchâtel's *mouchards*. Moreover, there was little reason

to fear that any soldier would betray the prisoner even should he recognise him. The probability of recognition was almost reduced to impossibility by a regulation intended to degrade the Prince in military eyes. The soldiers were forbidden to salute or notice the prisoner, and consequently, as a serjeant observed at the trial, he should hardly have known his face, since he had always avoided looking at him. Again, the regiments which had successively garrisoned the fort had manifested Bonapartist sympathies. On one occasion, when General Changarnier was reviewing the troops on the plateau outside the fortress, and had left only a few soldiers within, a serjeant approached the Prince and offered to facilitate his escape. On another the nephew of Napoleon was asked furtively by a soldier to be at a certain hour on his rampart, whence he could see the parade ground, and the regiment would be passed in review by him.

But the sympathy of the soldiery was not the only safeguard against detection on which Prince Louis had reason to count. He was the idol of the town of Ham, and there was hardly a man within its limits who would have betrayed him. He had been a steady benefactor to the poor, through Dr. Conneau, M. Acar, and Charles Thélin. Still the adventure was a most hazardous one, since its failure would not only have entailed severe sufferings on all concerned, but would have covered the Prince with ridicule.

The sagacity, forethought, and *finesse* with which the details of the escape were studied were extraordinary. Poor General Montholon was confined to his room with rheumatism, and it was therefore resolved that he should not be made privy to the scheme, so that, left behind, he might not suffer from the vengeance of the offended authorities. In ten days everything was arranged, the Prince remaining at his studies as usual. The difficulties

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were great. At nightfall the guards and gaolers were doubled; at ten o'clock the governor, having finished his rubber with the Prince, went his rounds, saw that the sentinels were posted, and locking the prisoners in for the night, put the key in his pocket. There was, therefore, no hope of escape by night. Then, again, the workmen were carefully examined, in single file, as they entered the fortress in the morning and as they left it in the evening. But the Prince and Dr. Conneau remarked that when in the course of the day a single workman had occasion to leave the château for a tool or to carry out some old timber, he went and came freely, because he passed under the governor's window and past the guard-house in the court-yard. The Prince resolved to leave his prison alone and in the daytime. He chose seven in the morning because the governor rose only at eight, because at that time there was only one turnkey on guard, and because it would enable him to catch the four o'clock train at Valenciennes. Some English friends, who called on him two days before his escape, left him the passports of their servants.

On the morning of the 25th the Prince, Dr. Conneau, and Charles Thélin were up at daybreak, and moving about stealthily without shoes from window to window, observed all that was going on in the courtyard. To their consternation they perceived that the soldier who had made himself remarkable by the closeness with which he watched any workman who passed was on duty, and usually the guard was relieved only at seven o'clock. By a fortunate accident, however, the hour had been altered to six on the 24th, and the prisoners were delighted to see the objectionable grenadier taken off duty.

At a little after five o'clock the portcullis of the citadel was let down, and the workmen were seen entering the courtyard between two files of soldiers; but there

were no carpenters among them, and the Prince's disguise was that of a carpenter. Moreover, it being very fine weather, the men wore no sabots, and the Prince had provided himself with wooden shoes, which gave him two inches extra height, and helped considerably to complete his disguise. Again, it was necessary for the Prince to shave his moustache and whiskers. It was agreed that this operation should be performed only at the last moment, because, in case of an accident to delay the attempt, his bare face would tell the story to the governor. An hour was passed in anxious observation and consultation, and as seven o'clock approached the final preparations were hurriedly made. The Prince put on his workman's dress, and shaved, and begrimed his face, while Thélin kept a look-out in the passage for the moment to draw the two or three workmen off by offering them the *goutte du matin* in the laboratory at the farther end of the corridor. As the last man joined Thélin, and he handed them the brandy bottle, the Prince shouldered his plank, and resolutely went with a heavy step downstairs. His faithful servant, leading the dog, gaily passed him, talking, according to his custom, to gaolers and guards, who made way for the plank the workman was carrying behind.

Prince Louis bore upon him his mother's last letter, and that from the Emperor to Hortense, in which he expressed a hope that Louis would grow to be worthy of the destinies that awaited him. These were always in a pocket at his breast, and they were near him when he died. These and a dagger were all the treasures hidden under his blouse. The dagger was to have given him instant death had he fallen into the hands of the enemy.

When he was clear of the town, and had reached the cemetery of St. Sulpice, he rested to await the coming of Thélin with a cabriolet that was to carry them swiftly

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to St. Quentin. Here he fell in prayer at the foot of a cross, and devoutly thanked God for deliverance. Then he hid his plank and his sabots in a corn-field, and started briskly *en route* for Belgium and England.

Such is the narrative of the Prince's escape, as we have it from his faithful servant Thélin.

The fate of the devoted Dr. Conneau was a trying one. Handcuffed, he was marched off to Péronne, where he was tried, and on July 10 was condemned to three months' imprisonment, amid strong marks of popular sympathy.

On his arrival in London Prince Louis wrote the following letter to his father:—

'London, May 27, 1846.

'My dear Father,—The desire to be able to see you again made me attempt that which I should never have tried otherwise. I have deceived the vigilance of 400 men, and have arrived safe and sound in London. Here I have powerful friends. I am going to use them in an endeavour to reach you. Do all you can, my dear father, so that I may soon join you.

'NAPOLEON LOUIS B.

'My address is: Count d'Arenenberg, Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn Street, London.'[1]

At the same time the escaped prisoner wrote to the

[1] 'Londres, le 27 mai 1846.

'Mon cher Père,—Le désir de pouvoir vous revoir m'a fait tenter ce que je n'aurais jamais fait sans cela. J'ai trompé la surveillance de 400 hommes, et je suis arrivé sain et sauf à Londres. Ici j'ai des amis puissants. Je vais les employer pour tâcher de pouvoir aller près de vous. Faites, je vous prie, mon cher père, tout ce que vous pourrez pour que je puisse bientôt vous rejoindre.

'Recevez, mon cher père, l'assurance de mon sincère attachement.

'NAPOLÉON-LOUIS B.

'Mon adresse est: Comte d'Arenenberg, Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn Street, London.'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

Count de Saint-Aulaire, then Louis Philippe's Ambassador at the Court of St. James's:—

'Sir,—I deem it a duty to inform you of my escape from the fortress of Ham, and of my arrival on the hospitable soil of England. I bore six years of captivity without complaining, because I wished to prove by my resignation that I was worthy of a better fate. But my father, aged and infirm, having expressed a desire to see me once again in this world, I requested permission of the French Government to go to Florence, assuring them of my peaceable intentions, and offering them all the guarantees which honour allowed me to offer. The Government was inexorable. I escaped. Now that I am free I approach, sir, to give you the formal assurance that, if I have escaped from my prison, it is not to enter on the political scene, nor to attempt to disturb the peace which Europe enjoys, but solely to fulfil a sacred duty.'[1]

Prince Louis did not forget his constant and devoted friend Madame Cornu. On May 31 he addressed her from London:—'My dear Hortense,—You must have been astonished at the sudden resolution which I took. It was, to my mind, the best way of putting an end to the difficulty. Fortunately everything succeeded as I

[1] 'Monsieur, — Je considère comme un devoir de vous informer de mon évasion du fort de Ham, et de mon arrivée sur le sol hospitalier de l'Angleterre. J'ai supporté six ans de captivité sans me plaindre, parce que je voulais prouver, par ma résignation, que j'étais digne d'un meilleur sort. Mais mon père, âgé et infirme, ayant désiré me revoir encore sur cette terre, j'ai demandé au gouvernement français la permission d'aller à Florence, l'assurant de mes intentions pacifiques, et lui offrant toutes les garanties que l'honneur me permettait de donner. Le gouvernement a été inexorable. Je suis parti. Aujourd'hui que je suis libre je viens, monsieur, vous donner l'assurance formelle que, si j'ai quitté ma prison, ce n'est point pour m'occuper de politique, ni pour tenter de troubler le repos dont jouit l'Europe, mais uniquement pour remplir un devoir sacré.'

Draft of a letter, undated, addressed to the French Ambassador in London, in the possession of the Imperial family.

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desired. I hope I shall soon be able to join my father at Florence. But what distresses me is, that I have not finished my first volume. Here certainly, at the library, I can continue it more advantageously than at Ham; but there will be a long delay if I go to Florence. Also, as I told you, I have an eye with which I cannot see clearly. Yesterday the oculist told me to put leeches to it; it worries me very much. I should like Dumaine, therefore, to publish, as a first part, all the copy he has, and which ends with Louis XIV.

'I hope, my dear Hortense, that, in spite of my departure (which, possibly, you may not approve) and the distance which separates us, you will still watch my work, and continue towards me that friendship on which I set so high a value.

'It is unnecessary to relate to you the incidents of my journey, since the papers have described them. Only I had taken my measures so well that eight hours after leaving Ham I was in Belgium, and twelve hours afterwards I was in England. It appeared a dream to me. I am most anxious to have news of our good Conneau. He was more dead than alive on the morning of my departure, not on his own account, but on mine. I hope they will not be very severe with him. Give me news of him.'

From his hotel Prince Louis addressed letters to Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, assuring them of his peaceable intentions. The promise he would not give as Louis Philippe's prisoner he tendered willingly as a free man. Lord Aberdeen replied that, with this assurance, the Prince's sojourn in England could not be disagreeable to the Queen or her Government. The Prince made his letter to the French Ambassador public, so that his undertaking not to renew his hostility against the Government of July might be known to the Con-

tinental Powers, and then he addressed a request for a passport for Florence to the Austrian Ambassador.

He wrote to M. Vieillard on June 1 :—

'. . . . I have been very well received here. One must really do justice to the English; they have great independence of character. Yesterday I went to dine on the banks of the Thames in the most delightful villa. When I remember that eight days ago I was with Conneau on the top of the ramparts, planning my escape, I think I am dreaming.'[1]

The dinner was at Craven Cottage, Sir Bulwer Lytton's charming retreat near Fulham. Six days later the Prince was still not free from the excitement of his recent adventure. In a letter to M. Vieillard he said :—

'. . . . Agitation does me good. But I have not yet got over the fear I had that I should not succeed. When I remember that I was eyed from head to foot by the gaoler, the soldiers, and the workmen, I tremble at the idea of what a third check would have been. Moreover, my dear M. Vieillard, you see one becomes superstitious when one has felt such deep emotions, and when, half a league away from Ham, I found myself on the highway waiting for Charles [Thélin] opposite the cross of the cemetery, I fell upon my knees before the cross and thanked God for my deliverance. Ah, don't laugh; there are instincts which are stronger than all philosophic arguments, but God preserve you from ever feeling them under similar circumstances.'[2]

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[1] 'Londres, 1er juin 1846. '. . . . Ici j'ai été très-bien reçu. Il faut vraiment rendre justice aux Anglais; ils ont beaucoup d'indépendance dans le caractère. Hier j'ai été dîner sur les bords de la Tamise dans la plus délicieuse villa, et lorsque je me rappelais qu'il y a huit jours je méditais avec Conneau sur le haut du rempart mon évasion, je crois rêver.'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

[2] 'Londres, 6 juin. '. . . . L'agitation me fait du bien. Mais je ne suis pas encore

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But all this excitement was self-contained. To the world Prince Louis was calm. Mr. John Forster, in his 'Life of Walter Savage Landor,' observes:—

'On the first day of Louis Napoleon's arrival in London after the escape from Ham I formed one of a party of five—Lady Blessington, D'Orsay, Marguerite Power, her sister Ellen, and myself—who sat down with him to dinner at Gore House. . . . After dinner he described his way of escape by passing through the fortress-gates in a labourer's blouse and sabots, with a heavy plank on his shoulder, flinging off the plank into the ditch by the wall of the château,[1] and afterwards, shod as he was, running nearly two miles to where a little cart provided by Conneau waited to take him within reach of the coast, from which he had crossed but the day before: all of it told in his usual un-French way, without warmth or excitement. Before or since I have never seen his face as it was then, for he had shaved his moustaches as part of his disguise, and his lower and least pleasing features were completely exposed under the straggling stubble of hair beginning to show itself.'

The Prince's endeavours to obtain passports for Florence were opposed in nearly every direction. He was in the very position he had found himself when he

revenu de la crainte que j'avais de ne point réussir. Quand je me rappelle que j'étais toisé des pieds à la tête par le gardien, les soldats et les ouvriers, je frémis à la pensée d'un troisième échec. Aussi, voyez-vous, mon cher M. Vieillard, on devient superstitieux quand on a éprouvé de si fortes émotions, et quand, à une demi-lieue de Ham, je me trouvai sur la route en attendant Charles en face de la croix du cimetière, je tombai à genoux devant la croix et je remerciai Dieu de ma délivrance. Ah, n'en riez pas; il y a des instincts plus forts que tous les raisonnements philosophiques, mais Dieu vous garde de jamais les ressentir dans des circonstances semblables.'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

[1] Mr. Forster's memory is not quite accurate here. The plank was thrown into a corn-field outside the town, as already mentioned; and the vehicle was provided by Thélin.

KING LOUIS OF HOLLAND.

IN THE ARUNDEL COLLECTION

London: Longmans & Co.

arrived in England from America in 1837. A dying parent lay far away from him, and the diplomatists were deaf to his entreaties that he might pay his filial duties. The Austrian Ambassador replied to his request with a refusal, proper deference to the wishes of the French Government being the reason alleged. The Prince's family interceded with the Grand Duke of Tuscany; but Leopold refused to allow him to pass even twenty-four hours within his territory, saying that French influence compelled him to act in this way. The French Government remained pitiless; and King Louis died at Florence, on July 25, 1846, without having been permitted to embrace his only surviving son.

The blow was a severe one to Prince Louis, and under the pressure of it he left London for the quiet of country life.

BOOK VI.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

CHAPTER I.

M. GUIZOT'S GOVERNMENT.

CHAP. I.

M. DUCHÂTEL[1] wrote from Paris to M. Guizot in London, on October 15, 1840, that he had seen the King on the previous evening at St. Cloud; that his Majesty had not been disturbed much by the recent attempt of Darmés on his life, but that he saw the anarchy which was invading everything, and was only waiting his opportunity to rid himself of his Ministers. He had had enough of M. Thiers and his Cabinet; he attributed the attempt on his life to the excesses of the press, and, in short, that he looked upon M. Guizot as his saviour. Moreover, M. Duchâtel declared himself ready, on his part, to save society and the Monarchy in co-operation with his illustrious friend. The Dynastic Left was humbled, and the Radical Left was more unreasonable than ever. 'There is as much to do,' said M. Guizot's correspondent, 'as there was in March 1831, and the danger is not so great.' The same correspondent concluded with the remark: 'It is not every day that a man can be the saviour of his country.' Five days later the King virtually dismissed M. Thiers and his colleagues by refusing to accept the warlike Speech from the Throne which they submitted to him.

Before the close of October the saviours of the King

[1] *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.* Par M. Guizot. Tome cinquième. Michel Lévy Frères, 1862.

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and society were installed in office, Marshal Soult, MM. Villemain and Teste being of the number. They began well. A considerable majority sanctioned M. Guizot's peaceful foreign policy, and a month later the Ministers obtained considerable popularity as managers of the solemnity with which the ashes of Napoleon were borne to the Invalides. M. Guizot, who, as we have seen, had been sent to London as Ambassador, because he was the declared enemy of the Bonapartes, to watch Prince Louis, resolved, having helped the nephew on his way to Ham, to do honour to the memory of the uncle, by receiving his remains with the greatest solemnity, and 'allowing popular manifestations the fullest liberty.' Among these manifestations were cries of 'À bas Guizot!' As the coffin was borne to the Invalides, the people, while they growled at the Government of repression which M. Guizot had been invited from London to inaugurate, were profoundly stirred by the memories the occasion conjured up. Within the Invalides General Bertrand held the sword which Napoleon's exiled kinsmen had claimed in vain, and Marshal Soult stood by the declared enemies of his former master. It was a solemn day to the people, one of shame to many traitors, and one of congratulation to the new Ministry and their royal master, whom they were to save from further contact with democracy. Three days after the ashes of Napoleon had been confided to the keeping of the invalids of his army M. Guizot wrote to Baron Monnier:[1] 'Napoleon and a million of Frenchmen have been in contact, under the fire of a press in conspiracy, and not a spark has been emitted. We are more in the right than we believe. In spite of so many untoward appearances and real weaknesses this country wishes for

[1] *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.* Tome sixième. 1864.

order, peace, and good government. The revolutionary gusts are short. They would bear away everything if they were not resisted; but when they are resisted they stop, like those great straw bonfires which children light in the streets, and to which nobody brings solid fuel. Tuesday's spectacle was a fine one. It was a pure show. Our adversaries had promised themselves two things out of it, a riot against me and a demonstration of warlike spirits. Both designs failed. All was restricted to a few evidently preconcerted cries, which did not prove contagious. The disappointment is great, because the preparatory work had been heavy. On Tuesday night you would not have known what had happened in the morning. Already people have ceased to talk about it. The general embarrassments of the Government still exist; they are the same, and they are immense. The menacing incidents have disappeared. Mehomet Ali remains in Egypt, and Napoleon is in the Invalides.'

In 1864 M. Guizot observed that his first movement on re-reading the above letter was to smile sadly at the confidence he felt in 1840. That confidence must have been shaken once or twice in the interval. Although the Minister who was to be the saviour of the House of Orleans went steadily forward, from 1840 to 1848, to the King's destruction, there must have been in those eight years moments during which even his imperious intellect doubted its infallibility. Not only had he to encounter a succession of difficulties from without—the right of search, the Pritchard episode, war with Morocco, and constant trouble and fighting in Algeria; the diplomatic complications in Turkey and Greece, and the Eastern question for ever looming darkly in the distance; the Spanish marriages; and, finally, all the turmoil and peril which the appearance of Pius IX. on the scene occasioned in 1846—but he was incessantly assailed from within.

The democrats whom he called to Paris to hold back from the sacred precincts of a court which had risen behind barricades were the sons of the men who had slain his father. In the most brilliant hours of his official life, in the holy of holies of his Ministerial dwelling, the ghost of his father appeared, and urged him to stem the tide of democracy.

Not a traveller of more than ordinary intelligence who traversed France during the later years of the reign of Louis Philippe and M. Guizot failed to see the broken water to which the ship was being steered by those two over-confident seamen. When the people murmured; when there was distress in the workshops; when the grievances of the nation took those glittering and wounding forms which the French literary mind can give to the popular passion of the moment, and the epigrammatist and the caricaturist pelted the throne in spite of the Home Office and its police; when day by day the Opposition grew bolder and fiercer in the tribune, and the clubs met in spite of the swarm of spies whom the immense secret service fund supported, the Minister who had been bidden to save his royal master remained as he had been on the morrow of the December day when a million of Frenchmen had come in contact with the ashes of Napoleon, and had given off no spark. What he heard and saw about him was sound and fury signifying nothing, and he bade the poor King be of good cheer. M. Guizot professed to know when and what to yield. The true policy was to concede as little as possible, to feed the democracy, as wild animals are fed in captivity, with just enough to keep them quietly in their cages. The King was quite of M. Guizot's opinion, and would say to his political saviour in a patronising way, whenever a Swiss question arose: 'Those good, brave, laborious, and frugal

Switzers, they are very sick; the Radical spirit possesses them.'[1] His Majesty deemed himself safe in the placid waters of a strong Conservative harbour—he who was to fall while Swiss Radicalism was achieving a triumph that was to leave the cantons stronger and more united than ever.

Mrs. Grote has remarked, in her Personal Life of her husband:—

'In the early months of 1848 it became clear to English eyes that the tenure of King Louis Philippe's sovereignty over the French nation was in peril. To few native Frenchmen did this fact seem equally clear, and to the King himself the least so of all.

'"Vous verrez," said he to an Englishman (Mr. E. Ellice) in 1847, "j'ai les pieds fermes dans les étriers; il n'y a rien à craindre dans tout ceci," &c. M. Alexis de Tocqueville, however, discerned plainly enough the signs of an unavoidable conflict between King and people, and sought to awaken his countrymen to a sense of their danger in his memorable "discours" of January 1848, uttered in the Chamber of Deputies. A letter received from Paris will afford evidence of the uneasiness which prevailed among thoughtful observers of public affairs there, as well as in England:—

'"... Everything is very gloomy and lowering and unquiet here—all the signs of an approaching tempest—general discontent, and great, though not *éclatante*, distress. Chevalier is writing an article on the finances, and says that he himself is frightened at the abyss he looks into.

"'Universal distrust—well-attested stories of incredible corruption. ... The greatest pain and grief is to see men one would so fain esteem display the same fatal influences that destroy them all. One begins, like the

[1] *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.* Par M. Guizot. Tome huitième, p. 417.

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public here, to look upon all honesty as an illusion. The good St. Hilaire (whom I must still believe good) is in a sort of despair. . . . The country seems to me blessed by Providence, physically and intellectually, perhaps above all others; but morally—What was I going to say? I will not say it, but will conclude with our tenderest regards."[1]

In his final review of the policy of his Cabinet M. Guizot observed that his policy was liberal and anti-revolutionary: that is, France must be constitutional after his fashion, and take the measure of her liberties from him. He declared that his aim was peace abroad and a constitutional monarchy at home. The peace he gave France was one that lowered her prestige abroad, and the constitution he administered at home was such a one as that under which Walpole once acted in England. Reviewing, in 1867, his conduct from 1840 to 1848, the Minister who presided over Louis Philippe's fall, and who was as much the cause of it as the pusillanimous King himself, had no pardon to ask of his distracted country. He had, as first Minister of the Crown, relied wholly on the middle classes, and as a retired politician reviewing his own acts he could only see that what he had done was well done. He had repelled electoral reform again and again, and he had been satisfied because it was rejected in the Chamber of Deputies by increasing majorities. He took no notice of the clamour without, which should have proved to him that there was a people outside his 200,000 voters who were, either as monarchical reformers or republicans, growing in numbers and becoming mightier by organisation day by day, and that his corrupt constituencies and the servile Deputies who sprang from them were fighting a losing battle. He was not

[1] *The Personal Life of George Grote.* By Mrs. Grote. Murray, 1873.

warned by the series of reform banquets that began in Paris in July 1847, and even when the last of them had brought about the exit of his royal master from the Tuileries he remained of opinion that they meant nothing. The only fault lay with M. Thiers, who dismissed Marshal Bugeaud when he was about to apply the sword to the people. M. Guizot was still in the right; his measure of liberty was the just measure; his method of keeping the suffrage restricted to a class upon whom he could put his hand, was that which should have kept Louis Philippe and his heirs in uninterrupted occupation of the throne of France. He expressed this confidence to the nation, through the mouth of the King, not many days before both King and Minister were on their way to England. He felt it undiminished when he was an exile at Brompton.

It is when we compare the political principles of M. Guizot with those professed by Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, and read the records of the Guizot Administration from 1840 to its overthrow on the day of the Revolution of 1843, when M. Thiers took office only to consummate by weakness the disaster which M. Guizot had prepared by years of unbending rule, that we begin to see our way to the unravelling of the political tangle in which the Revolution of 1848 is bound. M. Guizot had none of the genius nor of the temperament of a Frenchman. The cloud which the terrors of the first Revolution spread over his cradle; his Genevese training, which gave to his Protestantism the austere aspect of Calvinism; his cold, unbending nature; his narrow sympathies and his thirst for wealth; combined to make a presence that moved the hate and scorn of his countrymen. His vast learning commanded respect for the professor, but not all the power of his eloquence (which had many affinities with that of Sir Robert Peel) could commend him to the

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good graces of the Chamber of Deputies. His arrogance and dogmatism provoked many bursts of wrath, while his mastery of argument, readiness of apprehension, and skill in the arrangement of ideas never obtained for him a hearty cheer. At the Sorbonne, in the Chamber, at his Embassy, and in his study he was a lecturer. The *Doctrinaire* was always apparent, and he led the Monarchy of July to the abyss on irreproachable principles that should have carried it to glory. He was the apostle of 'rational principles,' who could not see the least good in methods of government or modes of thought which did not lie strictly within the limits. The only constitutionalism was that which he had traced; beyond his lines lay anarchy, revolution, and such crimes as those of which his own father had been the victim.

Stern and cold and narrow-minded as M. Guizot was, he failed and he fell as a statesman through the rein he gave to the emotions under which he had grown up. He was educated under the care of a mother who never ceased to mourn the husband whom the Revolutionary guillotine had taken from her arms. In his heart lay a bitter hate of that Revolution, and of the principles which it embodied. He drew the thin draught of Liberalism which permeated his public life, not from the Place de la Révolution, but from St. Stephen's. English institutions, as they appeared to him in his early days, were his model. Had he been able, he would have surrounded the throne of Louis Philippe with a powerful aristocracy in the Chamber of Peers and a plutocracy in the Chamber of Deputies; and these two bodies would have been his barriers against the rampant democracy which the Revolution had quickened. Surrounded by his citizen soldiers, he fondly imagined, even to the last days of his power, that he was tending towards the settlement of his country's troubles. There were attempts on

the life of the King, press excesses, a monarchical as well as a republican Opposition before him, and all these were forms of the hateful democracy which it was his mission to overthrow. In building up his fabric he was not always nice about the materials. Personally he was free from stain under a regimen where corruption was rife in official circles, but he could stoop to do such dirty service as Louis Philippe required of him in the course of the Spanish marriages negociations. Power was the passion of his life, and the humbling of democracy was, next to his own aggrandisement, the aim of it. He was, therefore, the natural enemy of the Bonapartes, and would have rejoiced had he been able, while in London, to crown his direction of the *haute police* against Prince Louis by setting him free from Ham on terms that would have dishonoured him.

Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte was in alliance with French democracy all his life. French democracy sympathised with him after his Strasburg expedition, and hailed the acquittal of his accomplices—an acquittal that led to M. Guizot's resignation of office, and to the greatest political error of his life. The Opposition which he joined against the Molé Cabinet, in conjunction with Odilon Barrot, Thiers, and Berger, broke up the Conservative party, and opened that era of political weakness and confusion which under his guidance ended in the catastrophe of February 1848. Strasburg, therefore, through M. Guizot, was a deadly blow to Louis Philippe. From the date of that desperate expedition the democratic Opposition took fresh strength, in the front of a disorganised Conservative force; and, as we have shown, the Republican section of it, at any rate, was drawn towards the prisoner of Ham, who never ceased to declare that all power should be derived from the people; that the Monarchy of July had betrayed its trust, and that such

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constitutionalism as M. Guizot and his master professed was the very shabbiest of shams.

When the arch-enemy of democracy fell, and found himself an exile in the city where he had appeared as ambassador, the way was naturally cleared before all who had been true to the victorious party. People who had not watched the conduct of Prince Louis during his imprisonment, nor read his works, nor noted the influence they had necessarily had in France, were surprised that his name came to the surface of the troubled waters of the revolution. But none who knew him, or who were familiar with the labours of his life, wondered to see the champion of the democracy which M. Guizot had hated and kept under advance to the front. The revolution was a democratic triumph over the unbending and exclusive Doctrinaires; and with the democrats the author of the 'Idées napoléoniennes,' of the 'Extinction du Paupérisme,' and of scores of articles in the influential democratic newspapers against the 'Ministry of Resistance,' came to the front, with his friends Odilon Barrot and the Opposition which had for years been laying siege to Louis Philippe's throne and M. Guizot's Government. He came, with the mantle of Napoleon covering him. He represented order and authority as well as democracy.

Engd by H. Adlard from a Litho by A. Dumas of a Drawing by H. and Published by T. McLean, Haymarket Dec 1st 1840

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER II.

PRINCE LOUIS IN ENGLAND.

PRINCE LOUIS faithfully kept the pledge which he voluntarily gave to the British Government and the French Ambassador when he reached London from Ham. He was privy to no plot, and he encouraged none in others. For some time after his escape he was in bad health. He was fully occupied, first, with his endeavours to reach his father, and, after King Louis's death, with his old studies on the past and future of artillery. In his early letters to Madame Cornu after his arrival in England he gave her directions about the proofs of his book, remarked on drawings of cannon he was receiving from Belgium, and consulted her about a preface, with an interest as keen as he felt in the subject when he was a prisoner. He admitted that he was not in a good condition for work; but, if he remained the winter in London, he proposed to devote his time to the second volume. In a letter dated July 26, 1846,[1] he remarked: 'I have seen Rachel, and I have been enchanted with her. It is the first time I have heard a French tragedy.'

After his father's death the Prince left London for Bath, taking with him the first copies of his work, which Mr. Wheaton, the United States Minister in Paris, had carried for him from Paris to London. From Bath he

[1] See Appendix.

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at once wrote to Madame Cornu, inviting her and her husband to visit him, saying how delighted he should be to pay all the expenses of the journey.

'I hope,' he said in his letter of August 17, 'that my letter will reach you both at Ostend, and ready to start. Write to me the day before you set out. You must land at Ramsgate, and sleep there; and you must walk in the evening along the cliff, whence there is a magnificent view. On the morrow you will leave by railway. By taking the 7.55 morning train you will arrive in London at 11.45 A.M., and I shall be waiting for you at the station. Then we will come to Bath together, where you will see the finest country in England.' But the travellers loitered, and the Prince wrote again on September 3: 'I am disappointed at your delay in coming, for the weather is fine now, and it may not last. I am waiting for you, that we may make expeditions in the neighbourhood which would have no charm for me alone, but which in your company will be infinitely interesting to me. I am thinking of them as a child thinks of a holiday.

'Since you are not decided about your journey, take the steamboat which goes direct from Ostend to London, and put up at the Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn Street. You will find everything ready for you, and the landlord, Mr. Payne, will show you every possible attention. He will direct you what to do. But, I repeat, I am anxious to see you as soon as possible; and when you write that you are coming, I shall go to London to meet you, and bring you back here. I can go to London in two hours and a half by the express train: so, you see, it is nothing. But I will write to you no more; come and take advantage of the fine weather. I embrace you, and I retain you for a whole week at Bath: so make your arrangements accordingly. I repeat that I want to go to

London to meet you: you must not deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you as soon as possible.'[1]

But it was Prince Napoleon who received the travellers at the Brunswick Hotel, and did the honours to them on their way to Bath, where they found Prince Louis waiting at the station to meet them. The Prince showed his guests all the splendid country within reach of Bath, taking them to the best points of view with that delight which he never ceased to feel in beautiful scenery. M. Cornu was a distinguished artist, and on the Clifton downs he and Prince Louis stood spell-bound, as Madame Cornu has related, by the grandeur of the scene. 'The Prince seemed lost for a time in contemplation. Presently he took my hand very gravely, and said with a sigh: 'How one would like to be able to say: "Let us stay here; let us pitch three tents, and live under the influence of this beauty.'"

'"What a strange notion," answered Prince Napoleon, who was of the party. "When you have once seen a thing it is enough."'

The remark and the answer were characteristic of the two speakers.

While in Bath Prince Louis made the acquaintance of Mr. Walter Savage Landor. Mr. Forster, in his Life of Landor, says of the first meeting: '"Colonel Jervis told me yesterday," Landor wrote to me on August 28, 1846, "that Prince Louis Napoleon was in Bath, and had done me the favour to mention me, and I shall therefore leave my card at his hotel."[2] . . . Three or four days later

[1] Prince Louis's correspondence with Madame Cornu—a correspondence of *fer et feu*, as he playfully called it—closed with this pleasant letter, in which we have a glimpse of his thoughtfulness in friendship.

[2] In an account of Landor, written shortly after his death, it was stated that at the very time of his thus meeting Louis Napoleon in Bath 'there was, in a boarding-school twelve miles off, on the Clifton downs, a pretty girl—grand-niece to a maiden lady living at Dumfries—who is now Empress of France.'—*John Forster.*

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he wrote again: "Yesterday I had a visit from Prince Louis Bonaparte, who told me he had completed his military work, and would give me a copy. In return for this civility I told him I should certainly have requested his acceptance of my works, only that they contained some severe strictures on his uncle the Emperor. He said he knew perfectly well my opinions, and admired the honesty with which I expressed them on all occasions. He came on purpose to invite me to meet Lady Blessington to-morrow. He had called once before. I told him, in the course of our interview, that he had escaped two great curses—a prison and a throne. He smiled at this, but made no remark." The Prince kept his promise; and from the book which he gave to Landor —"Études sur le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Artillerie, par le prince Napoléon-Louis Bonaparte"—and which is now in my possession, I may, perhaps, to the greater satisfaction of the reader, present what the author had written on the fly-leaf:—"À monsieur W. S. Landor: témoignage d'estime de la part du P^ce^ Napoléon-Louis B., qui apprécie le vrai mérite, quelque opposé qu'il soit à ses sentimens et à son opinion. Bath, sept. 6 1846."'

The effect which Prince Louis produced on the mind of Landor was described afterwards in a letter to Lady Blessington, dated January 9, 1849. 'Possibly,' Landor wrote, 'you may never have seen the two articles I enclose. I inserted in the "Examiner" another, deprecating the anxieties which a truly patriotic, and, in my opinion, a singularly wise man, was about to encounter in accepting the Presidency of France. Necessity will compel him to assume the Imperial power, to which the voice of the army and people will call him.

'You know (who know not only my writings, but my heart) how little I care for station. I may therefore tell you safely that I feel a great interest, a great

anxiety, for the welfare of Louis Napoleon. I told him, if ever he were again in prison, I would visit him there; but never, if he were upon a throne, would I come near him. He is the only man living who would adorn one, but thrones are my aversion and abhorrence. . . . God protect the virtuous Louis Napoleon, and prolong in happiness the days of my dear, kind friend Lady Blessington. I wrote a short letter to the President, and not of congratulation. May he find many friends as disinterested and sincere.'

That great gossip-monger Mr. Raikes also met Prince Louis at Bath. He says, under the date of September 24, 1846:—

'The Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte (son of Louis, ex-King of Holland), who has lately escaped from Ham, has lived much with us here during his stay at Bath. He is of very simple and agreeable manners, striking in his character, and well-informed. He told me the following anecdote of Louis Philippe, which he had from Prince Eugene Beauharnais himself. In the year 1823 the Duke of Orleans, who had all along been, if not conspiring against the Bourbons, at least looking forward to the opportunity of supplanting them privately, commissioned the late Lord —— to convey to the Prince Eugene a secret communication by letter. He began by saying that the policy of the Bourbons was so adverse to the feelings of the French nation that their dethronement became every day more imminent, and, in fact, was nearly inevitable. Under such circumstances the throne of France would in all probability be considered as belonging either to himself as Bourbon, or to the Prince as Bonaparte. It must be evident that they two were the only probable successors to the crown. He wished in consequence to come to some compromise with the Prince, which might be reciprocally advantageous to

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both parties. He, therefore, would offer, on his part, if successful in that object, to give perfect liberty to all the members of Napoleon's family to return to France, to give them high offices in the State, titles, and wealth, on the condition that if the Prince should be chosen by the French nation, he should assure to him all the possessions and titles which he then enjoyed, and also all the money he had claimed on his return from emigration.

'Prince Eugene returned for answer that he could not enter into any stipulations of such a nature. He was living quietly and contentedly with his family in Munich; he did not look forward to any political changes, but that, if such as the Duke of Orleans foresaw should really take place, he would acknowledge no legal claimant to the throne of France but the son of his sovereign Napoleon, who was living in Austria.'

Early in the winter of 1846 the Prince returned to London, where he had resolved to settle, and devote himself to his old studies. His father and his uncle Joseph were dead; he had lost Arenenberg in the ruin which the Boulogne expedition had brought upon him; his fortune inherited from his father was a very small one; nothing remained but a quiet student's life, while waiting the coming of the day of power to which events in France were rapidly bearing him.

Towards the end of the year the attention of the Prince was drawn to a passage in M. Capefigue's 'History of Europe,' in which the author coolly renewed the old slander which asserted that the nephew of the Emperor, in returning to Europe, had broken his word given to the French Government. The Prince, on November 10, wrote to the very partial historian:—

'The grave accusation which you have made against me in the second volume of your "History of Europe" compels me to address myself to you to refute an already ancient calumny. You believe that when, in 1836, I was

expelled from France, in spite of my protestations, I gave my word to remain perpetually exiled in America, and that my word was violated by my return to Europe.

'I now renew the formal denial I have so often given to this false allegation.

'In 1836 the French Government did not even endeavour to obtain guarantees from me, because they knew too well that I would have much preferred a solemn trial to my liberation. They therefore exacted nothing from me, because they could not; and I promised nothing, for I asked for nothing.

'In 1840, be good enough to remember, M. Franck-Carré, fulfilling his functions of Procureur-Général to the Court of Peers, was himself compelled to declare that I had been set at liberty unconditionally. You will find his own words in the "Moniteur" of the month of September. You will, I hope, put faith in a man who said this while reading my indictment. I was able, then, with a perfectly good conscience, to return to Europe in 1837 to close my mother's eyes.

'If in the accomplishment of this pious duty I had forgotten a sworn promise, the French Government would not have found themselves compelled, after my mother's death, to concentrate an army on the Swiss frontier to enforce my expulsion; it would have been needful only to recall me to my word. If, moreover, I had broken my word once, I should not have been asked a second time, as I was while at Ham, when my liberation was under discussion. If, as you appear to think, I had thought so lightly of my word, I should have acceded to this condition; instead of which I preferred to remain a captive for six years, and thus to run the risks of escape, rather than submit to conditions which were repugnant to my honour.

'It is open to you, sir, to blame my political conduct, to twist my actions, and misinterpret my intentions. I

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shall not complain. You exercise your right of judgment. But I shall allow nobody to attack my honesty, which, thank God, I have known how to keep intact through so many cruel trials. I expect, with confidence, that you will give to this letter a publicity equal to that of your writings.' [1]

A month later Prince Louis was again in correspon-

[1] *À M. Capefigue.*

Monsieur,—La grave accusation que vous avez formulée contre moi dans le deuxième volume de votre *Histoire de l'Europe* me force à m'adresser à vous pour réfuter une calomnie déjà vieille. Vous croyez que lorsque, en 1836, je fus expulsé de France, malgré mes protestations, j'ai donné ma parole de rester perpétuellement exilé en Amérique, et que cette parole a été violée par mon retour en Europe. Je renouvelle ici le démenti formel que j'ai si souvent donné à cette fausse allégation.

En 1836 le gouvernement français n'a pas même cherché à prendre ses sûretés avec moi, parce qu'il savait trop bien que je préférais de beaucoup un jugement solennel à ma mise en liberté. Il n'a donc rien exigé de moi, parce qu'il ne pouvait le faire, et je n'ai rien promis, parce que je n'ai rien demandé.

En 1840, veuillez vous en souvenir, M. Franck-Carré, remplissant les fonctions de procureur-général près la Cour des Pairs, fut forcé de déclarer lui-même que j'avais été mis en liberté *sans conditions*. Vous trouverez ses propres paroles dans le *Moniteur* du mois de septembre. Vous vous en rapporterez, je l'espère, à un homme qui s'exprimait ainsi en lisant mon acte d'accusation. Je pus donc, avec une conscience très-libre, repartir pour l'Europe en 1837, et y venir fermer les yeux de ma mère.

Si la préoccupation de ce pieux devoir m'avait fait oublier une promesse jurée, le gouvernement français n'aurait pas eu besoin, après la mort de ma mère, de réunir un corps d'armée sur la frontière de Suisse pour décider mon expulsion; il n'y aurait eu qu'à me rappeller ma parole. Si, d'ailleurs, j'y avais manqué une première fois, on ne me l'eut pas demandé une seconde, comme on l'a fait pendant mon séjour à Ham, lorsque l'on discutait les conditions de mon élargissement. Si je m'étais fait, comme vous semblez le croire, un jeu de ma parole, j'aurais souscrit à cette exigence, tandis que j'ai mieux aimé rester six ans captif, et courir les risques d'une évasion, que de me soumettre à ces conditions que mon honneur repoussait.

Permis à vous, monsieur, de blâmer ma conduite politique, de torturer mes actes et de fausser mes intentions. Je ne m'en plaindrai pas. Vous usez de votre droit de juge. Mais je ne permettrai jamais à personne d'attaquer ma loyauté, que j'ai su, grâce à Dieu, garder intacte au milieu de tant de cruelles épreuves.

J'attends avec confiance que vous donniez à cette lettre une aussi grande publicité qu'à vos propres écrits. Recevez, etc.

LOUIS-NAPOLÉON.

dence with his friend M. Vieillard, and in one of his letters he described the character of his cousin Prince Napoleon, who had just left him, in a few happy phrases, as penetrating as they were kindly:—

'London, December 10, 1846.

'I am glad that you have made M. de Chabrier acquainted with my cousin, and I shall be glad to know what he thinks of his disposition. For, at bottom, what I reproach Nap most for (if indeed we may reproach a man for defects of nature) is his unintelligible disposition. There are persons whom one understands and knows from the first. You have a sympathy or an antipathy, and know what you are about. But Nap is by turns frank, loyal, open, and then constrained and dissimulating. Sometimes his heart seems to speak of glory, to suffer and beat with you; sometimes he expresses hardness, trickery, and a blank. What are we to believe? I always think the best, until I have positive proofs to the contrary; and, while remaining on my guard, I restrain none of my impulses of affection and friendship. Therefore I can only thank you for not deserting him. . . .'[1]

To the end of his life the writer of this letter stood by

[1] 'Londres, 10 décembre 1846.

'Je suis bien aise que vous ayez fait faire à M. de Chabrier la connaissance de mon cousin, et je serais content de savoir ce qu'il pense de son caractère. Car, au fond, ce que je reproche le plus à Nap (si toutefois on peut reprocher à un homme ses défauts de nature) c'est d'avoir un caractère indéchiffrable. Il y a des personnes qu'on comprend, qu'on connaît, du premier abord. Sympathie ou antipathie, vous savez tout de suite à quoi vous en tenir. Mais Nap est tantôt franc, loyal, ouvert, tantôt dissimulé et contraint. Tantôt son cœur semble parler gloire, souffrir, palpiter avec vous pour tout ce qu'il y a de grand et de généreux; tantôt il n'exprime que sécheresse, rouerie et néant. Que croire? Je crois toujours le bien, tant que je n'ai pas de preuves réelles du contraire, et tout en étant sur mes gardes, je ne comprime aucune de mes inspirations de tendresse et d'amitié. Aussi ne puis-je que vous remercier de ne pas l'abandonner. . . .'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

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his cold and unintelligible cousin, thinking the best, and in return for trickery and dissimulation never restrained his 'impulses of affection and friendship.'

In the beginning of 1847 Prince Louis took one of a block of new houses just erected in King Street, St. James's.[1] and on February 15 he wrote to M. Vieillard, dating from his new home—3 King Street Houses :—

'I have been installed the last fortnight in my new house, and for the first time for seven years I am enjoying the pleasure of being at home. I am collecting all my books, all my portfolios and family portraits—in short, all the precious objects which have escaped the shipwreck. Good —— [illegible] has sent me the portrait of the Emperor by Paul Delaroche, which is very fine. This generous gift has given me great pleasure, and is the chief ornament of my little salon.'[2]

The new house was the property of Mr. Charles Phillips, the well-known Old Bailey barrister, afterwards Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and it remained the home of Prince Louis Napoleon until he was called back to France to preside over her destinies. It was while he occupied this little home—by no means the poor and shabby dwelling some writers have described, and yet the smallest which the Prince ever occupied in London—that he saw his days of comparative poverty. The rent was 300*l.* per annum, and Mr. Commissioner

[1] A marble tablet inserted in the wall records the fact.

[2] 'Londres, 15 février 1847.
'3 King Street Houses,
'St. James's.

'. . . . Je suis installé depuis quinze jours dans ma nouvelle maison, et je jouis pour la première fois depuis sept ans du plaisir d'être chez moi. J'y rassemble tous mes livres, tous mes albums et portraits de famille—enfin, tous les objets précieux qui ont échappé au naufrage. Ce bon—— [illisible] m'a envoyé le portrait de l'Empereur de Paul Delaroche, qui est bien beau. Ce généreux cadeau m'a fait grand plaisir et forme le plus bel ornement de mon petit salon.'

MS. in the possession of the Imperial family.

Phillips used to say that the Prince was the very best tenant he ever had. The Prince could not, therefore, have been in the straits to which it has pleased some malevolent and sensational writers to reduce him. He remained always in the same society. Mr. Joshua Bates (of Baring Brothers) was his friend in business matters; he was elected an honorary member of the Army and Navy Club,[1] and spent much of his time there; he resumed his whist with the Earl of Eglinton; and in the 'Morning Post' and other morning papers are to be found almost daily accounts of his movements at the Opera, in the Park, and in fashionable society. That he became mixed up in turf matters, and that he delighted in racing, is undoubtedly true. He had been a horseman from his boyhood, and when he became emperor he indulged his love of horses to the utmost. In London this love led to heavy losses, which crippled him, and in his distress he had recourse to the help of friends. This help he would have been the last man to hide, as he was no beggar in gratitude. Stories have been current about London of debts to tradesmen and others, but most of them are gross exaggerations. His intimates who are still alive remember nothing more than that the Prince raised money in the ways in which fashionable young men have been long wont to raise it, and that he never lost a friend through a pecuniary transaction. Lord Malmesbury, who met him in Bond Street on the morrow of his arrival from Ham, and saw him constantly until he left England for Paris in 1848, remembers that Lord Eglinton assisted him when he was elected Deputy; but neither he nor any other intimate

[1] On December 26, 1846, on the application of Major H. Daniell, of the Coldstream Guards. In November 1849 the Prince acknowledged the hospitality of the Club by presenting to it a magnificent specimen of Gobelius tapestry, which now adorns the grand staircase. The Prince Imperial was elected an honorary member of the Club in 1870.

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has anything more to say of the short time which intervened between the Prince's escape from Ham and the return to Paris than may be observed of most men of fashion who touch the turf.

The means which the Prince had at his disposal on the death of his father, although far short of the fortune he possessed on the death of his mother, were respectable, as his transactions with the Rothschilds, the Laffittes, the Barings, and others plainly indicate. He was a borrower for his political purposes and for his friends, but seldom, if ever, for his personal wants, which remained simple and inexpensive throughout his life. The borrowings extended from 1840 to 1848, and were of the most extensive and complicated character. In the course of them the Prince fell once or twice into bad hands, but the important monetary transactions of his life were with the honourable houses already mentioned. With the house of Baring Brothers the Prince had extensive money dealings, reaching from 1846 to 1866. In September 1847 his balance with this house was between six and seven thousand pounds. In the same month of the same year there was a transaction with Mr. Farquhar, the banker, with whom the Prince had had business relations at the time of the Boulogne expedition (and to whom he gave his cab and horse after its failure) to the extent of 1,500*l.* It was also in 1847 that the proprietor of Crockford's was compelled to return to the Prince 2,000*l.*, which a cheat had endeavoured to extort from him in that dangerous establishment.[1] That all this time the Prince was able to command money in the usual way on his property is proved by his transaction with the Marquis Pallavicino in 1848. In this year the Marquis lent the Prince 13,000*l.*, taking

[1] This same proprietor was afterwards so reduced in circumstances that in 1865 he begged money of the Emperor.

a mortgage on the estate of Civita Nova as security. About the same time M. Rapallo, in conjunction with MM. Orsi and Armani, raised 10,000*l.* for the Prince's use. CHAP. II.

It was not the personal extravagance of Prince Louis, we insist, that drew him into difficulties in 1840, that kept him poor during his imprisonment, and that made him a heavy borrower in 1848. He was beset by dependents and by greedy followers. His list of pensioners was always on the increase. He had to provide for the wants of nearly all his political friends, for they were poor almost to a man. A person who lent him a passport at Constance followed him to France with entreaties for help. No man fell into difficulties in Thurgau who did not turn to Prince Louis, even after he had sold Arenenberg. When Dr. Conneau arrived in London, after his imprisonment for his share in the escape from Ham, it was necessary to establish him. The Doctor bought a physician's practice, for which the Prince paid 900*l.* It is clear, moreover, that the Prince was no prudent steward of his fortune. Believing easily in men's honour, he was easily duped. Fortunately M. Bure, his foster-brother, who managed his affairs during his imprisonment, and for many years afterwards, was a strict keeper of accounts.[1] Had M. Bure not been at hand to insist on a little order in the small estate, the scrapes would have been many and disastrous. For instance, Prince Louis was led, while at Ham, into money transactions, in which General Montholon and others figured, with two persons, who were to pay themselves for advances out of a claim which the Prince had on the French Government, and which they were to re-

[1] In the private papers found at the Tuileries, and published by order of the Government of September 4, was M. Bure's bill of costs for the disguise which the Prince wore when he escaped from Ham, amounting to 25 francs 25 centimes.

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cover. In the end the Prince had to pay heavily for the advances made to his friends under his guarantee. It was also while he was at Ham that the Prince received the visits of Mr. G. T. Smith, Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe's secretary, and that, according to Mr. Duncombe's son[1] and biographer, a convention was agreed to between the Prince and the Duke of Brunswick, under which the two exiles were to work in common for their restoration to their respective countries. The conditions were not stated in the copy of the treaty which the younger Mr. Duncombe has printed, nor is there any trace of them in the papers in the possession of the Imperial family. The Prince's enemies have not failed, in the absence of all conclusive evidence to the contrary, to assert that under this treaty he received large sums of money from the Duke; and it must be allowed that indications remain of a heavy expenditure by the Prince of money mysteriously obtained. The Boulogne expedition happened five years before the convention was signed, and between the Prince's escape and his election to the Assembly in 1848 there was an interval of only two years. These two years were the poorest of his life. For the sums he raised he gave the security of his property, and when he arrived in Paris he was almost moneyless. That the Duke was not pleased with his prospects soon after the advent of the Prince to power is clear from the letters of Mr. G. T. Smith to Mr. Duncombe. It may be that at the beginning of the Presidency the Duke of Brunswick advanced money to forward the interests of the Prince; but no trace of such a transaction remains on record, and the subsequent relations of the Prince and the Duke rather warrant the assumption that the convention signed

[1] *The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, late M.P. for Finsbury.* Edited by his son, Thomas H. Duncombe. Hurst & Blacket, 1868.

at Ham meant exactly the mutual help which is described in its articles. There were stipulations in it which the Prince, once in power, found it impossible to fulfil. He could not furnish arms and money to the Duke in order to help him back to his duchy, and to make one united, constitutional Germany. It is noteworthy that while the Duke stipulated for his reinstatement in his duchy, the Prince desired only that France should be placed in a position that would enable the sovereign people to decide for themselves on the form of government under which they would live. The transactions between the Prince and the Duke were closed finally soon after the Prince's advent to power.[1]

The perversity with which certain writers have continued to insist on the woeful plight of the Prince during his residence in London in 1846–7–8 is ridiculously apparent when their accounts are contrasted with those of persons with whom he had dealings. One writer has observed: 'Reduced to pecuniary shifts, the future Emperor of the French occupied very humble quarters indeed during the last few months he resided in London. The best known of these was at No. 10 King Street, St. James's, where he rented a couple of rooms, and lived in an exceedingly modest and circumscribed way.'[2] The Prince, as we have shown, rented the house through his Paris bankers, and in it he received, in succession, the most brilliant company in London. 'Louis Napoleon's love of art,' Lady Combermere remarks in her memoirs of her husband, 'was an early passion, perhaps one of the many qualities that

[1] The Duke was deeply mortified to find that the Imperial Court circles were not open to him. Even his sometime disposal of his immense fortune in favour of the Prince Imperial did not reconcile the Emperor to him.

[2] *Napoleon III., from the Popular Caricatures of the last Thirty Years, with the Story of his Life.* By James M. Haswell. J. C. Hotten.

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recommended him to his countrymen. At his residence in King Street, St. James's Square, he had collected many artistic gems and family relics, which he highly prized, and a few days before his last departure for Paris he had invited Lord and Lady Combermere to inspect them. For the latter, as well as for the Marchioness of Londonderry, he made sketches of decorations to ornament their stalls at the great military bazaar, for the benefit of the Irish, which was held in the Life Guards' barracks in the Regent's Park.'

Prince Louis was living his usual life in London, waiting and watching in the midst of his friends, when, at the beginning of 1848, he saw the way to the goal which he had held so steadily in view suddenly open before him.

Mr. Percy Boyd, in company with Mr. Charles Phillips, the landlord, called on the morrow of the Prince's final departure for Paris, and went over the house. 'The bed had not been made,' says Mr. Boyd, 'nor had the marble bath which the future Emperor used on the morning of his departure been emptied of its contents. In the room which he used as a study a book lay open on the desk, with its margin copiously annotated; it was a treatise in French on the use of artillery. A note-book and a pencil lay beside it.'

CHAPTER III.

PRINCE NAPOLEON LOUIS DEPUTY.

CHAP. III.

THAT one great object which King Louis Philippe placed before himself throughout his whole reign was the restriction of the franchise to the respectable portions of the community, no one probably will care to deny. The most striking condemnation of this policy lies in the fact that the general elections of 1846 showed a gain of twenty seats to the Conservatives. Here was positive proof that the 200,000 electors, of whom a large proportion were placemen or in the toils of placemen, did not represent the opinions or feeling of the country. 'You are the stronger in this place,' said a member of the discomfited Opposition to M. Vitet; 'there is nothing more for us to say or do here, so we shall open the windows.'

The windows were opened accordingly; and the words that would have been spoken calmly in the Chambers, had the King listened to MM. Thiers and Odilon Barrot, were shouted at seventy banquets, between the summer and winter of 1847, and had the effect of bringing Monarchy and Ministers into contempt from one end of the country to the other; so that in February 1848 both the King and his Doctrinaire advisers fell, leaving not a single voice behind to protest against their disgrace. Such Liberals as MM. Odilon Barrot and Duvergier de Hauranne were not ready for the catastrophe which they helped to bring about. While they denounced the stubborn and narrow-minded Ministers who were leading

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the King to his fall, and deplored the corruptions of power, they drank toasts to the constitutional monarch and the glorious Revolution of July. But the people whose minds they inflamed were too just to hoot the Minister and cheer his master. The King had constantly shown himself to be the real director of the policy of his Cabinet; and the country had been the frequent witness of Guizot's obsequiousness to the royal wishes, even when, as in the Spanish marriages, they were carried out to the peril of the nation's honour. So that when the Minister was condemned the King was condemned with him, and none of the Liberal Monarchists who were engaged in the reform agitation that culminated in revolution were able to save the crown even for the King's grandson and heir. The classes whom Louis Philippe and M. Guizot had kept at bay for years had suddenly advanced to the front; and when M. de Lamartine accepted the leadership of the Prolétaires and covered their deeds with the mantle of his superb eloquence, the doom of the Citizen King was sealed, and the poet who had sought place in vain from Right and Centre was avenged and was master absolute.

It was after a conference with MM. Ledru-Rollin, Bastide, Marrast, and others that M. de Lamartine resolved to make an end of Louis Philippe's dynasty. The temptation to be the tribune of the people was more than his vanity could withstand. Besides, the King had been cold to him, the Duchess of Orleans had not even thanked him for his share in the discussion on the regency law. The hour of vengeance and of triumph had come, and the poet led the people from the palace to the Hôtel de Ville. But his reign was short. The deluded people soon turned their back upon the orator, and bade him return to his groves and his nightingales, and to keep at a distance when there was serious practical

work to be done, so that the looms might whirr and the steam might hiss and whistle again.[1]

M. Thiers and the politicians who talked and acted with him misunderstood the meaning of the Revolution of February. They would have carried back the middle class to power; and it was when they endeavoured to do this that they soon found themselves worsted in the fight. It was against the middle class that the revolution was directed. The bourgeois had played a contemptible part during the revolutionary fray; and throughout the reign of Louis Philippe the brilliant writers of the romantic school had never ceased to hold him up to the contempt of the nation. The shabby, cowardly, selfish middle-man had stood for eighteen years in the pages of Balzac and Sand, of Hugo and Sue, as the foil to the virtuous and high-minded working-man. With the departure of Louis Philippe and his stubborn Minister the bourgeois's political supremacy ended, and the reign of the people who had been taught to despise him began in real earnest. For them M. de Lamartine, although he advocated universal suffrage and the separation of Church and State, was too affected and too sweet. The poet made the revolution for the Prolétaires, even in opposition to such Liberals as M. Odilon Barrot and such democrats as M. Goudchaux; and he became its first victim, for he was among the first to be alarmed at the social tempest which his own hands had

[1] 'M. de Lamartine raconte dans son histoire qu'un jour, haranguant le peuple du haut du perron de l'Hôtel de Ville, un homme en blouse (que le vide sonore de ses inspirations a dû frapper) lui a dit: "*Tu n'es qu'une lyre; va chanter!*" Mot vaste et profonde! Nous ajouterons que quiconque connaît l'énergique expression populaire—*Va chanter!*—devinera facilement que le compliment a dû médiocrement flatter le barde révolutionnaire.'—*Du Royaume à l'Empire* (1848–1852): *Études politiques et philosophiques.* Par Charles de Forster. Firmin Didot Frères, 1854.

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raised, as he was the first to endeavour to calm it. But he had no political authority—no system—no fixed idea; and therefore he was no pilot. His alliance with Blanqui, Cabet, and the Mountain brought him a flash of glory and an old age of sorrow. His bombastic manifesto raised revolutions all over Europe; but it left France disorganised and surrounded by enemies.

The history of the Provisional Government of 1848 has been written from many points of view, and yet its impartial historian has not appeared. It was not brought about by the Republican party, nor were the people whom it called to power republican. It was a surprise. The King was as obstinate in his feebleness when the crisis came, as he had been when his power was unassailed. He called M. Molé, and then M. Thiers, to his councils at the last moment, only to deprive them of physical force by the dismissal of Marshal Bugeaud. He left Paris when the promoters of the reform banquet merely asked him to put aside M. Guizot and add a few thousand electors to the constituent body of his subjects. When he was gone, the statesman[1] whose worrying opposition had helped to undermine his throne fled from the Palais Bourbon, and hid himself, frightened at his own act; nor was he heard of while the blood was being spilt in the streets, and M. de Lamartine was curbing the ferocious instincts of the mob with the witchery of his eloquent tongue. We pass over the scenes at the Tuileries, the famous struggle at the gates of M. Guizot's official residence, and the midnight funeral march along the boulevards to the dirge of 'Mourir pour la Patrie;' the proclamations and declamations; Blanqui, Proudhon, Raspail, Barbès, and their clubs; the national workshops and their dismal stories and quarrels, with the final struggle

[1] M. Thiers.

of all concerned to escape from the responsibility of the absurd idea which called them into existence. Out of the turmoil came the Republic, proclaimed not by the nation, but by M. de Lamartine and his colleagues, who had imposed their authority on the country on the flight of the King. The folly of the act became apparent as soon as it had been committed. That set at once divided political men into factions, and the Republicans themselves into two camps, viz. that of M. de Lamartine and that of MM. Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin. It was then that Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte appeared on the scene. He had set out for Paris the moment the news of the King's flight reached London, and on February 28 he addressed this letter to the Provisional Goverment:—

'Gentlemen,—The people of Paris having destroyed by their heroism the last vestiges of the foreign invasion, I hasten back from exile to place myself under the flag of the Republic which has just been proclaimed. Without other ambition than that of serving my country, I announce my arrival to the Provisional Government, and beg to assure them of my devotion to the cause which they represent, and of my sympathy for them personally. Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of these sentiments.'

'LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.'

The Government at once replied by requesting the Prince to withdraw from the country, hereby acknowledging the danger which his presence involved for their power. This was a first blunder. The Prince returned to England on the following day, having addressed the Government in answer to this request:—

'Paris, February 29, 1848.

'Gentlemen,—I thought that after thirty-three years of exile and persecution I had at length the right to find

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a home in my native land. You think that my presence in Paris at this time would be an embarrassment; I therefore retire for the present. You will see in this sacrifice the purity of my intentions and of my patriotism. Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of my sentiments of high esteem and of sympathy.

'L. N. BONAPARTE.'

Once more in London, Prince Louis, while watching the swift current of events in Paris, was seen daily in the Park, at the Opera, and at fashionable assemblies as usual. He was, however, in constant communication with his party, and each morning brought him new proofs that it would be his part to lead the turbulent democracy against which the Provisional Government were striving in vain. His writings were recalled to the memory of the multitude. His treatise on the 'Extinction of Pauperism' was spread abroad.[1] His 'Idées napoléoniennes' were extensively quoted. The untiring energy with which he had proclaimed the national sovereignty was bearing fruit. While his three cousins took their places in the Revolutionary Assembly unnoticed and unopposed, he was treated as a power. He was the representative Bonaparte, the pretender, and at the same time he was supported by the extreme Left. At any rate he was not a bourgeois. He was a democrat, and not one of yesterday; and while the multitude were ready to acclaim him, the upper class in Paris soon learned to look to him as the man who might bring within manageable bounds the wild socialism which the brilliant writers of Louis Philippe's time had spread through the lowest strata of society

That Prince Louis never pandered to the passions of

[1] In 1849 some enthusiasts formed a democratic league for the extinction of pauperism, with *Le Socialisme napoléonienne* for its origin. See Appendix.

the mob is proved by the attitude he publicly assumed in London, where, on April 30, he was seen on his beat in Park Lane, armed with the staff of a special constable. Madame de Boissy, writing from Paris to the Countess of Blessington a few days before the insurrection of June, said: 'The nomination of Prince Louis Bonaparte to the Assembly has been a surprise to the Government, and they are furious. They will leave nothing undone to make it fail again; but I don't think they will succeed. I can assure you that Prince Louis's party is very strong, and it would be stronger if the honest folk who desire order were not a little afraid of him, seeing that he is supported by the party they call the *Red Republic*, and even by the Communists. In any case his party is very strong, and in the provinces and the rural districts the name of Bonaparte and the Empire exercises an *immense prestige*.'[1] One reason why Prince Louis was acceptable was that he had been a speculative writer on social subjects. He appeared before the Prolétaire with a glorious name, as well as with strong democratic sympathies dating back to his youth in Switzerland, and expressed in works that had occupied the years of his exile and imprisonment.[2]

Prince Louis, although strongly pressed, declined to be put in nomination for the Constituent Assembly elected on April 23; but electoral colleges returned Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Prince Jerome, Pierre Bonaparte, son of Prince Lucien, and Lucien Murat. The tendency of popular feeling was evident. While M. Ledru-Rollin and his proconsuls in the department were threatening society with a thorough disruption, and the Conservative element in the Government was struggling

[1] *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. T. C. Newby, 1855.

[2] The Prince's writings were republished and reviewed at this time in such democratic and Socialist journals as *L'Organisation du Travail.*

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for the mastery over the madcaps and dreamers who crowded the clubs and streets; such people as the De Boissys in the aristocratic quarters, the merchants in the Marais, the financiers on the Bourse, and the manufacturers in every part of the country, were praying for a leader round whom the turbulent and disorganised people might rally, and who would be able to govern them, and withdraw them from the men who were leading them to their destruction. There were continual fights in the streets, and Père Duchesne had opened a subscription for a banquet at five *sous* a head, and obtained 15,000 subscribers, who received four cartridges each with their dinner ticket. The National workshops were glutted with 120,000 workmen, and every day trades were striking and attaching themselves to M. Émile Thomas's establishment, which was becoming only the centre of *émeutes* and drunkenness. At the same time, the authority of the Executive Commission was diminishing daily. Paris was, in short, disorganised to the centre; and when M. Thomas was carried off to a distance by night between two police agents armed with pistols, and the Executive endeavoured to arrest the progress of the social disruption by putting restrictions on the admission of workmen to the State workshops, by strictly regulating the work of those who were admitted, and by forcing men back to their old employers, it became evident that the chaos would not be ended without a severe conflict.

It was while the storm was brewing that complementary elections were announced in twenty-three departments. These elections were anticipated with the liveliest emotion, because they would indicate the direction of public opinion. Among the candidates were Victor Hugo, Pierre Leroux, Proudhon, Raspail (a prisoner in Vincennes), General Changarnier, Thiers, Émile de Girardin, Caussidière, the Prince de Joinville, and Prince Napoleon

Louis Bonaparte. Prince Louis's party, feeling their strength, had resolved that the time had come for him to make it known. In those days M. Victor Hugo was a moderate or Conservative republican, and in his address he fulminated against the Reds, who would cast down the statue of Napoleon and raise that of Marat, destroy the Institute, the Polytechnic School, and the Legion of Honour, and add to the august device, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—Death! He was even reproached by 'L'Organisation du Travail'[1] as the favourite of Guizot and Salvandy, a courtier at the Tuileries, and a beggar for the votes of the blouses to-day and of the Conservatives to-morrow.[2] Pierre Leroux and Proudhon were socialists; Changarnier, Thiers, and Girardin were royalists. Caussidière was of the revolution, but popular on all sides. The Executive Commission fixed their attention on two of the list of candidates—namely, the two princes.

No decree of banishment had been pronounced against the House of Orleans, so that there was no law to oppose to the candidature of the Prince de Joinville. But the Commission, on May 7, introduced a Bill to banish Louis Philippe's family from France, and on the 26th the Assembly carried the measure by an immense majority. The Prince de Joinville's address was hereupon torn from the walls in Paris, and his name withdrawn in the departments where he had been nominated.

Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte remained, however, before the electors, and it was not easy to get rid of him, since the sons of Lucien and Jerome Bonaparte and of Murat had been allowed, in spite of the decrees of banishment of 1816 and 1832, to take their seats. The Prince's address covered the walls of Paris on the morrow of the day when those of the Prince de Joinville were torn down. But this

[1] June 3, 1840.

[2] *Histoire de la République de 1848.* Par Victor Pierre. E. Plon, 1873.

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was not all. M. Piétri proposed to the Assembly the abrogation ot the law of 1832. He had a strong argument in the presence of three members of the Bonaparte family among his audience.

The discussion of M. Piétri's proposition was taken on June 2, and he supported it in a moderate speech. He insisted on the intimate connexion of the Revolution and the Bonaparte family; together they had been victorious over Europe, and together they had fallen and suffered eclipse. By admitting three members of the Bonaparte family the National Assembly had established the fact that the revolution gave back to this family enjoyment of their rights as French citizens. Nothing remained, therefore, but to abrogate formally the law of April 1832. A scene of tumult ensued, for the Deputies were conscious that the arrival of Prince Louis in their Chamber meant the appearance of a new power, with an immense public opinion behind it. M. Crémieux was the only Minister present, and he went the length of asserting that there was no reason for a formal abrogation of the law, since it no longer existed. 'To say that the law of 1832 survived for an hour the triumph of our barricades of February, would be to commit almost a crime.' But certain Deputies were not content with this way of disposing of the question, and they observed that they could not understand how the proclamation of the Republic could have repealed a law directed against a family the head of whom had reigned as emperor with absolute power. After a sharp fire of words between the Minister and various Deputies, which ended in the proud assertion of M. Crémieux that they had nobody to fear, the further consideration of the subject was adjourned to the 8th.

Meantime the elections took place. The debate in the Assembly and the activity of the Bonapartist propaganda, directed by MM. de Persigny and Laity, served Prince

Louis's cause so efficiently that before the 4th he was posted up as a candidate in several departments, and his name was received by the people with unbounded enthusiasm. The result of the elections was known and was promulgated on the 8th. Of the eleven representatives elected for Paris Prince Louis was eighth on the list, Caussidière being at the head of the poll, and Thiers and Victor Hugo immediately before the Prince. It was significant of the change that was proceeding in public opinion that such extreme men as Raspail, Thoré, and Kersausie were rejected, and that Proudhon was at the bottom of the list of the elected.

While the Socialists still held some of their ground in Paris, they were everywhere defeated in the provinces. Thiers was elected by the five departments which on April 23 had elected Lamartine; Prince Louis, whose name was put up only at the last moment, was elected in three departments (Seine, Yonne, Charente-Inférieure), although his eligibility was still undecided, and his friend Ferdinand Barrot was also among the successful candidates. The general result of the electoral contest was accepted as a check to the Executive Commission, and as an indication that their fall was at hand.

The turmoil in the streets of Paris still continued. Every night noisy crowds assembled on the boulevards, in spite of the law against *attroupements* which had just been passed in the Assembly by an overwhelming majority. The mob consisted of the supporters of Barbès and Louis Blanc, and the enemies of M. Thiers, whose house by this time was guarded by a picket of National Guards. Every night the mob went through its noisy drama, and was dispersed by the civic troops and squadrons of cavalry. The Executive Commission saw, or pretended to see, in these nightly troubles, the work of monarchical agents; but subsequent events proved that they were the

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groundswell after the storm of May 15. The deluded work-folk were still worshippers of Barbès, Caussidière, Blanc, Blanqui, and Proudhon, and they believed that their cause was in course of betrayal by Lamartine and his colleagues. In the midst of the commotion the name of Louis Bonaparte was heard. When, suddenly, this name issued again and again, triumphant from the electoral urn, it rose to every lip. While the middle and upper classes repeated it, wondering what the new power that was arising in their midst could mean, but ready for any that would give them back tranquillity, the working-men who shouted 'Long life to Barbès!' were not unfriendly, and opened the columns of their journals to the communications of the Bonaparte family with the people. The 'Organisation du Travail' defended the rights of Prince Louis against his enemies in the Assembly. But, with the Prince's election for three departments and for Paris, the time had come to act with vigour. M. de Persigny and his colleagues established a centre of operations in the Rue d'Hauteville, where a general plan of operations was devised. The action was as prompt as it was vigorous. On June 10 two Bonapartist papers appeared—'L'Aigle républicaine' and 'La Constitution'—on the following day, the 'Napoléon républicain;' on the 12th, the 'Napoléonien;' and before the 18th the 'Petit Caporal' and the 'Redingote grise' had followed. These journals were spread broadcast over the country, and created in a few weeks a formidable Bonapartist party, with ramifications in every class of society. The train of powder was laid upon dry ground. On the other hand, the Republican press was increased with extraordinary energy, and the names of such new papers as the 'Robespierre' and the 'Bonnet rouge' showed the direction whence a shock would come to put an end to the existing state of things.

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The Executive Commission treated the Reds just as M. Guizot had treated the reformers. Their chiefs were imprisoned, and with every nightfall a score or two of fresh arrests were made. On the eve of the five sous banquet the organisers of it were thrown into gaol, and the place where the feast was to have taken place was occupied with soldiers and artillery. While all this violence against extreme men was proceeding, rumours of Bonapartist demonstrations became rife, and at the same time the anger of such old Republicans as Cavaignac deepened. When it was reported that a regiment of the Line at Troyes had shouted 'Vive Louis-Napoléon!' he rushed to the tribune of the Assembly and declared that the man who lifted his sacrilegious hand against the liberties of the country should be held up to public execration. So frightened had the Executive Commission become at the progress of Prince Louis's party, and the frequency with which his name arose from the crowds in the streets, that on June 12, instead of being prepared to support his admission to the Assembly, they submitted at the same time a vote of confidence in themselves, and asked for power to arrest Louis Bonaparte. They had already, on their own responsibility, sent orders to the authorities of every department to arrest him, should he appear. The Assembly was surrounded with the National Guard, under the command of Clément Thomas, who drove the crowds back across the Place de la Concorde. In the midst of the struggle a shot was fired, and cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' were raised. The incident was at once conveyed to M. de Lamartine, who was at the moment addressing the Assembly, and he turned it to account as he proceeded. But, in spite of him, the discussion on 'the Bonaparte question' was adjourned to the morrow. The Assembly was not in so great a hurry as the Executive Commission.

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M. Jules Favre was the reporter of the conclusions of the bureau to which the admission of Prince Louis had been referred. The Prince's return to France had indeed been legally sanctioned by M. Crémieux on June 2: this was one of the conclusions in the report. The Executive Commission had tolerated the Prince's candidature, and the covering of the walls of Paris with his name; and thus, through the fault of the Executive Commission, the Prince had become not a pretender, but one of the elect of the people. There was no danger if he were admitted, but great danger if admission were refused. Rejected, he would reassume his position of pretender, and recross the sea with some hundreds of thousands of suffrages 'giving him a kind of legitimacy.' M. Jules Favre was not the advocate of the Prince's claims, although he had been the counsel of one of his accomplices in the Boulogne expedition; but he played off the prestige and threatening power of the Prince against the Executive Commission.

M. Ledru-Rollin, contradicting in this his colleague M. Crémieux, protested that Louis Philippe's law existed in spite of the glorious triumph of the barricades; if not, why did M. Piétri and those who acted with him demand its abrogation? Then he contended that in refusing to admit Louis Bonaparte they would do no violence to the sovereignty of the people, since two or three departments did not constitute this sovereignty. 'The sovereignty of the people,' said the speaker, 'exists in universality, in the absolute.' He next drew a distinction between the three members of the Bonaparte family who were in the Assembly and the member whom he and his colleagues desired not only to exclude, but to arrest, should they find him on French territory. The three admitted members were without antecedents, and

they had given their unconditional adhesion to the Republic; whereas Louis Bonaparte was the pretext for, or the instrument of, a conspiracy. What did the cries of 'Vive Napoléon, Empereur!' mean? There was the beginning of a new Imperial Guard. Wine had been distributed to the soldiers; three Bonapartist papers, openly hostile to the Republic and the Commission, had been issued. These organs demanded the immediate call of Louis Bonaparte to the Presidency, and talked of preparing a triumphal entry into Paris for him. For these reasons M. Ledru-Rollin and his colleagues demanded that a decree of arrest should be passed against Louis Bonaparte.

M. Bonjean replied to M. Ledru-Rollin by reading the letter which the Prince had addressed to the Assembly, and which had that morning appeared in the principal Paris newspapers:—

'Citizen Representatives,—I learn through the papers that in the bureaux of the Assembly it has been proposed to maintain against me alone the law of exile that has been held over my family since 1816; and I now beg to ask the representatives of the people why I deserve such a punishment. Is it for having always publicly declared, in my opinions, that France was not the appanage of a man, a family, or a party? Is it because, desiring to make the sovereignty of the people triumph without anarchy or licence, the only mode by which our dissensions can be brought to an end, I have been twice the victim of my hostility to the Government which you have upset? Is it because I consented, in deference to the Provisional Government, to return abroad after having hastened to Paris at the first sound of the revolution? Is it because I refused, disinterestedly, the candidatures for the As-

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sembly which were offered to me—being resolved not to return to France until the new Constitution had been established and the Republic consolidated?

'The same reasons which made me take up arms against the Government of Louis Philippe would impel me, if my services were requested, to devote myself to the Assembly—the product of universal suffrage. In the presence of a king elected by two hundred Deputies, I was justified in remembering that I was the heir to an empire founded by four millions of Frenchmen. In the presence of the national sovereignty, I can and will claim only my rights as a French citizen; but these I shall claim unceasingly, with the energy which the consciousness of having always deserved well of one's country gives to an honest heart.

'Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of my sentiments of high esteem.

'Your Fellow-citizen,

'L. N. BONAPARTE.'[1]

The Assembly refused the demand, and, after listening to M. Vieillard and M. Louis Blanc in support of the Prince, and to M. Jules Favre's reply on the debate, voted the admission of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as the representative of the Charente-Inférieure. Nothing remained for the Executive but the withdrawal of the order of arrest which they had ventured to issue.

At length France was open to the nephew and heir of the Emperor. Lamartine was so chagrined at the check given to the Commission that it was with difficulty his friends prevailed upon him not to resign. The days of his power, and of theirs, however, were numbered; for they were in the presence of two powerful hostile parties —that of the Prince and that of the 'National'—and

[1] For original see Appendix IX.

they had been compelled already to telegraph to the prefects of two or three departments a contradiction of the general rumour of an Imperial restoration.

All this time Prince Louis remained quietly in King Street, fully occupied with the correspondence which daily couriers from the Rue d'Hauteville brought him, but appearing regularly in the Park and in society, and hereby contradicting the constant reports that he had left for Paris. On his election as a Deputy for Paris he wrote a letter to the electors, in which he said: 'Your confidence imposes on me duties which I shall know how to fulfil,' and he added that he should unite with his colleagues in labouring for the common good. 'Let us rally,' he concluded, 'round the altar of the country under the flag of the Republic.' This letter was posted upon the walls of Paris when the President read the Prince's letter to the Assembly. 'I was leaving for my post,' said the new Deputy,[1] 'when I learned that my election was being used as a pretext for deplorable troubles and errors. I have not sought the honour of being a representative of the people, because I knew the base suspicions of which I was the object; still less should I seek for power. If the people imposed duties on me, I should know how to fulfil them.' At these words the Assembly became violently agitated, and M. Cavaignac, in a state of uncontrollable excitement, begged the Assembly to mark well the letter which had just been read, for the word 'Re-

[1] 'Monsieur le Président, — Je partais pour me rendre à mon poste, quand j'apprends que mon élection sert de prétexte à des troubles déplorables et à des erreurs funestes.

'Je n'ai pas cherché l'honneur d'être représentant du peuple, parce que je savais les soupçons injurieux dont j'étais l'objet. Je rechercherais encore moins le pouvoir. Si le peuple m'imposait des devoirs, je saurais les remplir.

'Mais je désavoue tous ceux qui me prêtent des intentions que je n'ai pas. Mon nom est un symbole d'ordre, de nationalité, de gloire, et ce serait avec la plus vive douleur que je le verrais servir à augmenter les troubles et les déchirements de la patrie. Pour éviter un tel malheur

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public' was not in it.[1] The General had not read the letter which was posted on every wall, and in which the Prince declared that he rallied to the flag of the Republic; nor did any Deputy endeavour to calm the agitation of the old Republican Deputies by calling their attention to the fact. The scene was played out in the old fashion. One Deputy after the other rose and shouted his defiance. They were not afraid of an 18th Brumaire. 'Let him come!' shouted Glais-Bizooin and others. M. Flocon protested, as a Minister, that he did not understand how an assembly which had maintained its calmness on May 15 could be so disturbed 'in the presence of an individual.' The President brought the commotion to a climax by reading a letter, which he had just received from Auguste Blum, saying that if he did not read the Prince's letter of thanks to the electors he declared him a traitor to the country. The arrest of the writer was ordered, and the sitting broke up with general exclamations of 'He's a madman!' Yet the reading of the Prince's letter would have been a complete answer to General Cavaignac.

The subject was to be resumed on the morrow. Clément Thomas said it might be too late, for that might be the day of battle; but M. Leclerc replied, with disdain, that if battle there were, it would not be a long or serious one. But there was neither battle nor even pretext for another scene in the Assembly. When the Deputies met, a friend—M. Frédéric Briffault—of the Prince handed the following letter to M. Lenard, which he read:—

je resterais plutôt en exil. Je suis prêt à tous les sacrifies pour le bonheur de la France.

'Ayez la bonté, monsieur le Président, de donner connaissance de ma lettre à l'Assemblée. Je vous envoie une copie de mes remerciments aux électeurs. Recevez, etc.

'LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

'London, June 11, 1848.'

[1] 'Le remerci aux électeurs répondait à ce reproche.'—*Histoire de la République de* 1848. Par Victor Pierre. E. Plon et Cie, 1873.

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'Mr. President,—I was proud of having been elected a representative in Paris and three departments; it was, in my eyes, an ample reparation for thirty years of exile and six years of captivity. But the unjust suspicions to which my election has given rise, the troubles of which it has been the excuse, and the hostility of the executive power, impose upon me the duty of refusing an honour which I am supposed to have obtained by intrigue. I desire order, and the maintenance of a wise, great, and intelligent republic; and since, involuntarily, I am the excuse for disorder, I place, not without deep regret, my resignation in your hands. I hope that calmness will come back soon, and will permit me to go back to France like the simplest of her citizens, but also as one most devoted to the repose and prosperity of my country. Receive, Mr. President, the assurance of my distinguished sentiments.

'LOUIS BONAPARTE.'[1]

'The Assembly,' M. Victor Pierre observes, 'or at least the ardent Republicans of the Assembly, received in this letter a lesson in moderation; and as for the Prince, by the timeliness of his resignation he disavowed the disorder by which he was too nearly profiting not to appear an accomplice of it.'

The disorder, however, went on increasing. The national workshops would not die an easy death. M. Goudchaux said boldly in the Assembly, on June 11, that they must disappear, that they had demoralised the

[1] 'London, June 15, 1848.

'Monsieur le Président, — J'étais fier d'avoir été élu représentant à Paris et dans trois autres départements; c'était à mes yeux une ample réparation pour trente années d'exil et six ans de captivité; mais les soupçons injurieux qu'a fait naître mon élection, mais les troubles dont elle a été le prétexte, mais l'hostilité du pouvoir exécutif m'imposent le devoir de refuser un hon-

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working-classes and become a danger to the State. After discussions and recriminations in which the Minister Trélat defended himself awkwardly against MM. Goudchaux, de Falloux, and others, and in the course of which M. Victor Hugo gave an opinion against the national workshops, while M. Caussidière proposed the cultivation of waste lands, the colonisation of Algeria, and premiums to emigrants as remedies of the condition to which the working-classes had been reduced, a fresh vote of money was made to feed the great engine of disorder and demoralisation which the Assembly had not the courage to destroy. But on the 21st the Executive Commission decreed the return of the workmen to the provinces, or their enrolment in the army, and boldly declared that the time had come to abolish the State workshops—in short, that there was an end of the right to work. It was the signal of civil war—of the bloody days of June. Lacombe, in the 'Organisation du Travail,' dared the Assembly to meet 'their masters' in the streets. They were to remember that they were only the people's clerks, and to reflect. On the night of the 22nd a mob of men bearing torches met at the Bastille, paraded the streets, held a meeting on the Place du Panthéon, and gave one another rendezvous at six o'clock on the following morning. It was a meeting for horrible deeds. By ten o'clock half Paris was covered with barricades. The workmen of the national workshops were the army, while the Société des Droits de l'Homme furnished the staff,

neur qu'on croit avoir été obtenu par l'intrigue. Je désire l'ordre et le maintien d'une république sage, grande, intelligente; et puisque involontairement je favorise le désordre, je dépose, non sans de vifs regrets, ma démission entre vos mains. Bientôt, j'espère, le calme renaîtra et me permettra de rentrer en France comme le plus simple des citoyens, mais aussi comme un des plus dévoués au repos et à la prospérité de mon pays. Recevez, etc.

'LOUIS BONAPARTE.'

CHAP. III.

armed with a strategical map for the erection of barricades. The Government commanded some 60,000 men—regular troops, National Guards, and mobiles—under Generals Cavaignac, Lamoricière, and Bedeau.

The attitude of the Assembly and of the divided Executive Commission during the terrible days of June was pitiful. Armand Marrast wrote a letter to the mayors, in which he said that the gold of the pretenders was feeding the insurrection, when all Paris knew that the wages of national workshops which the Assembly had voted bought the cartridges of the insurgents. Flocon repeated the same absurdity in the Assembly. Caussidière and others shouted: 'What has become of the Commission?' The members of the Commission wandered hither and thither in the thick of the fight or at the different *mairies*, and were finally overtaken by the force of events on the morning of the 24th, and thrust aside to make way for the military dictatorship of Cavaignac. Then the fight was fought, step by step, to the bitter end, counting generals, Deputies, and a Christian prelate among its victims.

It was while General Cavaignac, having carried the barricades, presided with an uncertain hand over the destinies of France, while the state of siege existed, and military law prevailed, that Prince Louis finally left England for France. After his resignation of his seat for the Charente-Inférieure he was elected, in July, for the department of Corsica. This seat he had also resigned in a letter to the President of the Assembly, in which he said he felt bound to wait, before accepting such a mandate, until the enemies of the Republic were convinced of their errors. His name had been mixed up with the insurrection of the previous month, and he had resolved not to make common cause with the promoters

BOOK VI.

of disorder. But in September the aspect of the political scene had changed. Cavaignac had proved himself incapable of directing the political reorganisation of his country. Feebleness and indecision were apparent in all his ministries; and France was becoming tired of the experiment into which she had been abruptly led by Lamartine and his colleagues of February.

There were fifteen vacancies in the Assembly, to be filled up on September 17. This time Prince Louis declared himself to be a candidate in a letter, dated August 29, addressed to General Piat. In this letter he said: 'Now that it has been demonstrated that my election in four departments was not the result of an intrigue, and that I have remained a stranger to every kind of manifestation and political manœuvre, I should consider myself as avoiding my duty if I did not respond to the appeal of my fellow-citizens.'[1]

The elections showed a marked change in public opinion. The Utopists and Socialists made a poor figure. The Radical Republic gained only two seats, Raspail being one of the victors; but the Moderate Republic was everywhere defeated. Cabet, of Icaria, was rejected. The Monarchical Conservatives sent MM. Achille Fould, Leflo, and others. But the most striking result of the fifteen elections of September 17 was the election of Prince Louis for five departments. He was returned at a period of doubt and weariness succeeding a terrible insurrection as 'the candidate of order and the Paladin of authority.'

At length, in his fortieth year, after a life of exile and captivity, of danger and trouble, through which his faith had shone steady and undimmed, the nephew and heir of

[1] *Histoire de la République de* 1848. Par Victor Pierre.

Napoleon entered Paris, called thither, in spite of the animosity of hostile factions in the Assembly, by 200,000 voices that could not be disowned. He went quietly to the Hôtel du Rhin in the Place Vendôme, from the windows of which he could see towering over the capital the figure of the great man whose genius had been the guiding star of his life.

APPENDICES

I.

Prince Louis's Letters from Ham to Madame Hortense Cornu.[1]

Ham, le 8 juin 1841.

APP. I.

MA CHÈRE FILLEULE,—Votre aimable lettre du 30 mai m'est arrivée au moment où j'allais moi-même vous écrire pour vous prier d'accepter de ma part un exemplaire d'un ouvrage que je viens de publier.[2]

J'ai donné l'ordre qu'on vous remît un second exemplaire, que je vous prie d'offrir de ma part à M. Edgard Quinet. Comme, malheureusement, je n'ai pas pu revoir les épreuves, vous trouverez bien des fautes d'impression, mais cela ne fait rien aux idées.

Vous êtes bien bonne de penser à venir me voir ; croyez que cela sera pour moi un véritable plaisir.

Vous avez raison de dire que *l'enfance et la jeunesse sont deux grands saints qui ne sont canonisés qu'après leur mort*; mais permettez-moi d'ajouter que les personnes qu'on a connues dans les premières années de la vie sont comme les reliques précieuses de ces grands saints qu'on entoure comme elles d'attachement et de vénération.

Vous me dites, entre autres choses flatteuses, qu'il ne faut accorder son estime qu'aux personnes qui ont reçu la grande consécration du malheur et que votre proverbe est celui-ci : *Dis-moi comment tu as souffert, je te dirai qui tu es.*

Quant à moi, ma chère Hortense, je trouve qu'il y a encore une pierre de touche plus réelle du caractère humain ; c'est d'examiner la conduite des hommes envers ceux qui souffrent et de faire cette question : *Dis-moi quelle mine tu as fait au malheur, et je te dirai qui tu es.* Et, en m'exprimant ainsi, c'est vous dire ce que je pense de vous et ce que je pense d'autres dans un sens opposé.

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[1] In the possession of Madame Cornu.

[2] *Les Fragments historiques*, 1688–1830, 10 mai 1841.

APP. I.

J'ai maintenant en tête un grand projet ; c'est d'écrire la vie de Charlemagne. Dans ce but vous pourriez me rendre un grand service; ce serait de faire demander au professeur Schlosser, à Heidelberg, la liste des ouvrages allemands ou des chroniques qu'il faudrait rassembler pour un semblable ouvrage. J'accepterai aussi avec reconnaissance toutes les notions que vous pourriez me donner vous-même sur ce sujet.

Vous voyez que mon esprit ne se repose pas et qu'ici il faut même qu'il travaille pour deux, car il n'y a aucune pâture pour le cœur.

Adieu, ma chère filleule; recevez de nouveau l'assurance de mon amitié.

N.-L.

Le 30 juillet 1841.

. . . . Je suis enchanté de l'histoire anglaise de Charlemagne du Dr. James. Je trouve l'article du journal 'Le Peuple' très-bien. Je ne demande pas qu'on crie 'Bravo!' à tout ce que j'écris ; je demande seulement qu'on salue mes ouvrages lorsqu'ils s'avancent gravement sur la voie publique. . . .

Ham, le 8 août 1841.

Vous n'avez pas deviné mon intention sur l'histoire de Charlemagne. Je persiste toujours à l'écrire. Si j'avais trouvé dans celle de James mon but accompli, il est clair que j'aurais abandonné mon ouvrage, mais la pensée qui me dirige est bien différente. C'est un grand exemple politique et philosophique que je veux montrer comme preuve d'une grande vérité. D'ailleurs, j'ai eu tort de dire que l'histoire du Dr. James était superbe ; elle est très-bien écrite, elle est remplie d'idées profondes et vraies ; l'auteur fait preuve d'une grande érudition et d'une grande perspicacité, mais il y a absence complète de réflexion et de déduction philosophique. Ce ne sont pas seulement les actions d'un grand homme qu'il importe de connaître, c'est surtout l'influence de ces actions sur les contemporains et sur l'époque qui l'a suivi.

Mon histoire de Charlemagne se résumera dans la solution des questions suivantes: 1° Quel était l'état de l'Europe avant

Charlemagne? 2° Quelles furent les modifications qu'y apporta Charlemagne? 3° Quelle influence ce grand homme exerça-t-il sur les générations qui le suivirent? APP. I.

Je ne puis traiter de questions d'histoire moderne qu'en disant la vérité; or cette vérité choque toutes les opinions, car on déteste toute vérité qui choque votre système de prédilection. Il est donc plus politique de me rejeter dans un passé qui n'excite plus les passions. . . .

Le 3 octobre 1841.

. . . . Je vous prie de me rapporter d'Allemagne tous les renseignements que vous pourrez trouver sur Charlemagne. N'oubliez pas de consulter surtout M. Schlosser. Je voudrais aussi savoir une chose. Vous savez que Charlemagne conçut le projet d'unir le Rhin au Danube, en réunissant les eaux de la Reidnitz et de l'Altmühl par un canal. Ce projet, dit James, semblait offrir de grandes facilités, car *l'état du Danube, à cette époque, était bien différent de ce qu'il est maintenant.*

En quoi consiste cette différence? Voilà ce que je voudrais savoir. Son site a-t-il donc changé du côté de Bamberg?

Ham, le 5 janvier 1842.

. . . . Si vous avez le temps, ayez la bonté de m'acheter ou de me commander les ouvrages suivants:

'Einhardi Viti Caroli Magni,' édition Ideler, de Berlin.

'Leben und Wandel Karls des Grossen,' Hamburg, bei Perthes, 1839.

'Alcuin's Leben,' von Fr. Lorenz, Halle, 1829.

Dippolt, 'Leben Kaiser Karls des Grossen,' Tubingen, 1812.

Ellendorf, 'Die Karolinger und die Hierarchie ihrer Zeit,' Essen, 1838.

20 février 1842.

. . . . M'avez-vous acheté les livres que je vous avais demandés? J'ai suspendu, il est vrai, mon ouvrage de Charlemagne, mais je ne l'ai pas abandonné. Je refais une nouvelle édition de mon 'Manuel d'Artillerie.' On revient toujours à ses premières amours. . . .

APP. I.

Le 29 mai 1842.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous écris un mot pour vous prier de demander de ma part à M. Fouquier d'Hérouël de me prêter tous les documents pour ou contre la fabrication du sucre de betteraves, que le gouvernement a fait remettre à tous les membres du Conseil d'Agriculture et du Commerce. Vous me rendriez grand service de me les envoyer le plus tôt possible, car je m'occupe maintenant de cette question avec un vif intérêt. . . .

Le 27 juillet 1842.

Ma chère Hortense,—Un bien petit mot pour vous remercier des livres que vous m'avez envoyés. Il me faudrait la seconde partie de la 'Statistique de l'Agriculture,' contenant les tomes 3 et 4; celui que vous m'avez envoyé ne contient que la moitié de la France. Je n'en ai besoin que pour huit jours.

Le livre sur les colonies, faisant partie de la même collection, a-t-il paru? . . .

Le 3 août 1842.

Ma chère Hortense,—J'ai vu M. d'Hérouël;[1] il faut que mon travail soit fini le 18. Je ne perds donc pas de temps; je profite de votre aimable offre.

Voici ce qu'il me faut:

1° Quel est le nombre total des hectares laissés en jachères?
(Dans la 2e partie de 'La France,' t. ii.)
2° Quel est le total du produit brut de ces jachères?
3° Quelle est l'étendue en hectares qu'occupe le lin?
4° La même chose pour le chanvre?
5° Id. la betterave?
6° Id. le tabac?
7° Id. les mûriers?
8° Quel est le total des terres labourables, en hectares?
9° Chercher, afin d'avoir un terme de comparaison, combien, en 1830–32–33, on a abattu, dans le département du Nord seul, de bœufs, de vaches, de veaux, de moutons, de brebis, d'agneaux, de porcs, de chèvres.

[1] M. Fouquier d'Hérouël, grand cultivateur fabricant de sucre, sénateur sous l'Empire.

APP. I

Pour les colonies, j'ai demandé à Mocquard[1] la statistique officielle de la marine en 1837–38–39, mais il ne peut se la procurer. Voici encore ce qu'il me faut :

1° La valeur, en francs, des importations et des exportations de la France avec chacune de ses quatre colonies sucrières : Martinique, Guadeloupe, Bourbon et Cayenne. *Pour chaque colonie séparément.*

2° Combien chacune de ces quatre colonies a-t-elle d'hectares cultivés ?

3° Combien, en 1839–40, chacune de ces quatre colonies a-t-elle eu d'hectares cultivés :

en sucre,
en café,
en coton,
en cacao,
en girofle ?

Voilà, ma chère Hortense, une rude tâche que je vous donne, mais c'est vous qui m'y forcez. Je commence à aimer mon ouvrage, qui, je vous l'avoue, ne m'avait pas satisfait jusqu'à présent. . . .

Le 9 août.

Ma chère Hortense,—Mocquard m'a envoyé hier tout ce qui a rapport aux colonies ; ne vous donnez donc plus de peine pour vos recherches à ce sujet.

Mais continuez toujours, puisque vous le voulez bien, les recherches sur l'agriculture. . . ..

Fort de Ham, 10 août 1842.

. . . . La statistique agricole m'a jeté dans une cruelle perplexité. Voilà tous mes calculs dérangés, voilà les statisticiens qui m'ont précédé *enfoncés*. Pardonnez l'expression. Au lieu de 20,000 hectares cultivés en betteraves j'en trouve 57,000 !

Si vous pouviez m'envoyer le volume sur l'*industrie*, qui, d'après l'avis contenu dans la préface du volume sur l'agriculture, est sous presse, vous me rendriez un véritable service.

[1] M. Mocquard, avocat, ancien sous-préfet sous l'Empire, chef du cabinet de l'Empereur, sénateur.

APP. I.

Je trouve tant de contradictions que j'en suis parfois découragé. . . .

Le 29 août.

Ma brochure est donc terminée ;[1] à vous de droit le premier exemplaire, car c'est à vous que je dois plusieurs renseignements précieux. J'attends votre jugement avec impatience.

Quant au nouvel ouvrage, je ne suis pas de votre avis, quoique plusieurs de vos raisons soient bonnes. Mais je ne puis ni ne veux me faire écrivain de brochures. L'occasion actuelle était unique, l'origine de la question explique ma participation, et encore, si vous saviez combien j'ai reçu de lettres où les meilleures raisons étaient employées pour me faire changer de projet. J'y ai résisté parce que je crois que les avantages l'emportent sur les inconvénients.

Mais quant à l'autre question,[2] c'est différent, d'autant plus qu'il n'y a rien à dire sinon : *Ouvrez des débouchés, diminuez les droits, et quant aux recettes du trésor, arrangez-vous comme vous pourrez.*

Croyez que, dans ma position, mon intervention doit être rare et toujours explicable. Il ne faut pas dépenser son argent en petite monnaie. . . .

Sans date.

Je vais faire paraître une seconde édition de l'Analyse. Pourriez-vous m'avoir les deux volumes publiés en 1818, intitulé 'Notion statistique des Colonies'? Vous voyez que j'ai toujours recours à vous. . . .

Le 11 octobre.

. . . . J'accepte avec reconnaissance vos bons soins pour la 2e édition de ma brochure.

J'y ai ajouté un nouveau chapitre. Puisque vous voulez bien vous donner la peine de corriger les épreuves, voilà comment je désire que cela soit fait : on vous enverra les épreuves ; vous les corrigerez ; s'il y a beaucoup de fautes, vous les renverrez à l'éditeur ; sans cela vous me les expédierez avec vos observations. . . .

[1] *Analyse de la Question des Sucres*, Ham, août 1842.

[2] Étudier la question des impôts et des réformes à faire.

APP. I.

Le 7 novembre.

Je vous prie de me renvoyer, après correction, les deux premières feuilles envoyées hier, car j'ai quelque chose à revoir. Je vous envoie aujourd'hui les suivantes. À la page [1] il y a quelques lignes à ajouter, mais, comme je n'ai pas encore trouvé la date précise et la citation exacte, il faut encore me renvoyer ces feuilles-ci. . . .

Le 9 novembre 1842.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous renvoie les deux premières feuilles corrigées par moi. Je vous prie, lorsque vous les aurez lues, de les envoyer à M. Delachatre, 52, rue Basse-du-Rempart. Lorsqu'il vous les renverra, si vous n'avez pas d'observations à me faire, mettez le *bon à tirer*. Si vous faites au contraire quelques changements, renvoyez-moi les épreuves. . . .

Ham, 15 février 1843.

. . . . Abonnez-moi à 'L'Atelier.' [2] Achetez-moi les livres dont vous me parlez; je n'en ai aucun, si ce n'est celui de Louis Blanc.

J'ai lu Say, mais je l'ai oublié. Je lis maintenant la nouvelle édition d'Adam Smith. . . .

Le 7 mars.

Je vous remercie des livres que vous m'avez envoyés; je n'aurai pas besoin de Say longtemps, mais je vous prie de m'acheter Buret. N'ayez aucune crainte de mes expériences; elles sont très-inoffensives et me distraient lorsque je suis fatigué. Je ne puis lire ou écrire longtemps sans fatigue; la chimie est un agréable délassement.

Voilà les bienfaits de la science. Avec un peu de cuivre, de zinc et d'eau acidulée j'oublie mes chagrins et pendant plusieurs heures je suis le plus heureux des mortels. . . .

Le 17 mai 1843.

. . . . Je travaille toujours beaucoup à mon Manuel,[3]

[1] Non indiqué.

[2] Journal rédigé par des ouvriers.

[3] Il voulait revoir et réimprimer son *Manuel d'Artillerie*. Il fit un ouvrage nouveau.

APP. I.

mais ce sera encore long, car ces ouvrages-là sont désolants à cause des détails. . . .

Le 5 juin 1843.

Ma chère Hortense,—Des maux de tête, des visites et un travail assidu m'ont empêché de vous écrire plus tôt, mais ne m'ont pas empêché de penser souvent à vous. J'ai été très-aise de la lecture faite par M. Arago de ma lettre et de son insertion au 'Bulletin de l'Académie.'

Je voudrais bien pouvoir vous dire que mon ouvrage sur l'artillerie est bientôt fini, mais plus j'avance, plus je recule. Quand vous verrez les épreuves vous comprendrez tout ce qu'il faut de patience pour mener à bien un semblable travail. . . .

Pourriez-vous m'avoir à la bibliothèque deux livres intéressants pour moi? Le premier serait le 'Dictionnaire des Batailles depuis l'invention de la poudre jusqu'en 1815;' l'autre est 'Du Service de l'Artillerie en Campagne,' par le général marquis de Caraman. . . .

Le 11 juillet 1843.

. . . . Depuis quatre ou cinq mois j'ai presque tous les jours mal à la tête; cela vient de la vie sédentaire que je mène. Je vais aussi me soumettre à un régime sévère, car ce mal de tête peut aussi avoir sa cause dans l'estomac.

Cela me rend plus paresseux. D'un autre côté mon ouvrage, que je voudrais tant finir, avance, mais lentement.

Vous ne pouvez vous figurer ce que c'est qu'un pareil ouvrage quand on veut le bien faire. J'étais bien bête de vous dire, quand vous êtes venue dernièrement, que j'en avais pour quinze jours. Je ne crois pas pouvoir le terminer avant deux mois en y travaillant tous les jours sans relâche. . . .

J'ai bien des livres, mais je n'en ai pas encore assez. Pourriez-vous me dire qui gagna la bataille de Tongres, en 1408, des Flamands ou du duc de Bourgogne?

Pourriez-vous m'avoir les 'Mémoires d'Artillerie,' recueillis par M. de Scheel? . . .

Le 6 octobre 1843.

. . . . Depuis votre départ j'ai fait une découverte qui

APP. I.

m'intéresse au plus haut point; elle se rapporte au grand problème de mettre les machines en mouvement par l'électricité. Il s'agit de savoir si j'aurai assez de force motrice, car voilà où, jusqu'à présent, tout le monde a échoué.

Mais pour cela, comme pour tant d'autres choses, j'ai encore besoin de vous.

Écoutez la litanie :

1° Pourriez-vous me procurer, à titre de prêt, les 'Annales de Chimie et de Physique,' depuis 1839–1843? Par an 3 vol. chez Fortin, Masson et Cie, place de l'École de Médecine.

2° Votre mari veut-il bien m'acheter deux poulies de quatre pouces de diamètre environ, mais très-bien faites, afin que le frottement soit le plus faible possible?

3° Je voudrais une règle et une équerre en bois d'ébène dans les dimensions suivantes.

Je vous renvoie le 'Dictionnaire des Batailles;' quant au 'Spectateur militaire,' je le garde seulement quelques jours. . . .

Le 11 novembre 1843.

. . . . Je vous remercie bien des poulies, mais je suis un peu découragé de mon invention.

En revanche j'ai repris mon Manuel. . . .

Le 16 novembre.

. . . . J'ai l'ouvrage de Breithaupt intitulé 'Vorlesungen über die Systematik der Artillerie,' 1 v., 1841. Je n'ai pas son premier ouvrage, dont j'ai oublié le titre. Si c'est celui-là que le général Armandi apprécie, faites-le-moi venir promptement. . . .

Le 19 novembre 1843.

. . . . Je vous envoie pour le maréchal Vallée :[1]

1° Un tableau pour le faire remplir.

2° Je voudrais avoir un résumé des épreuves faites sur le tir des *bouches à feu de campagne seulement* dans les écoles d'artillerie depuis 1838.

Mais je tiens surtout au tableau.

[1] Le vainqueur de Constantine, qui posait dans l'atelier de Sébastien Cornu.

APP. I.

Voici le livre que je voudrais faire venir par la diligence d'Allemagne : 'Die Artillerie für Offiziere aller Waffen.' 3 Theile, Stuttgardt, 1821–1834. Breithaupt. Si par hasard il y avait un ouvrage du même genre tout nouveau, il faudrait l'acheter.

Enfin je vous envoie un dessin pour le graveur sur bois.

Ce petit dessin est le modèle tel qu'il doit être copié. J'y joins le grand dessin afin de faciliter le travail du graveur et qu'il comprenne mieux. Il faut qu'il porte une attention rigoureuse à ne pas augmenter le format, qui est indiqué sur le dessin, et il faut qu'il se pénètre de cette vérité, que la *clarté des cotes* est plus essentielle que la rectitude du trait.

Quand il aura fini, il m'enverra par votre entremise une épreuve ; il y joindra l'original, afin que je puisse comparer, et il n'enverra la planche que lorsque j'aurai trouvé le dessin sans faute. . . .

Je serais bien heureux d'avoir la suite des 'Annales de Chimie,' car je n'ai pas renoncé à mon projet, quoique je sois un peu découragé. Addio. . . .

Le 2 décembre 1843.

. . . . Je suis enchanté du graveur de mon dessin. Mais avant de renvoyer ce dessin il me faut l'original sur papier transparent; il l'a gardé.

J'ai encore recours à vous pour deux livres que je voudrais beaucoup avoir.

L'un est intitulé 'Dictionnaire des Siéges et Batailles,' mais ce sont les batailles anciennes dont il s'agit.

Le second est un livre italien, écrit par un Napolitain, nommé Blanq, sur le rapport de l'art militaire à la civilisation. Ce livre a paru en 1834, mais j'en ai oublié le titre. . . .

Le 9.

Si vous croyez cela possible, demandez au maréchal s'il pourrait me donner quelques détails sur l'effet des obus de montagne qu'on emploie beaucoup en Algérie. A-t-on jamais mis le feu à des granges avec ces projectiles? . . .

L'ouvrage de Blanq est une espèce de brochure qui ne doit pas se trouver parmi les livres militaires, mais parmi les livres

APP. I.

politiques. Quoique Napolitain, son nom est plutôt allemand; c'est Blank ou Blanq. . . .

Le 14 décembre 1843.

. . . . Puisque vous êtes si bonne artilleuse, je vous prierai de demander au maréchal Vallée :

Les effets des obusiers de 12 de montagne en Algérie. C'est-à-dire :

1° A-t-on pu vérifier combien d'hommes ou de chevaux ont été mis hors de combat par l'explosion d'un obus, et à quelle distance ?

2° Ont-ils jamais incendié quelque construction en Algérie ; et s'il en a été ainsi, combien a-t-il fallu d'obus, et à quelle distance les a-t-on tirés ?

Sans date.

. . . . Je vous envoie une page que je tiendrais beaucoup à faire vérifier ; mais il n'y a qu'un homme comme le maréchal qui puisse ordonner qu'on fasse des expériences pour voir si le système que je propose pour raccommoder les voitures est praticable. Je l'ai essayé en Suisse, mais peut-être pas assez scrupuleusement. . . .

Le 28 décembre 1843.

Ma chère Hortense,—Les chiffres à l'encre rouge sont les véritables ; ils doivent remplacer les chiffres noirs adjaçants. Hélas, je ne pourrai pas encore de sitôt envoyer d'autres dessins.

Je travaille beaucoup à mon introduction, qui à elle seule est tout un ouvrage.

Pourriez-vous m'envoyer les livres ci-joints de la Bibliothèque ?

'Histoire de la Milice française,' par Daniel ;

'Histoire de l'Artillerie,' par Saint-Rémy ;

'Recherches sur l'Artillerie,' par le général Lamortillère ;

Carion de Nisas, 'Histoire militaire ;' je ne suis pas sûr du titre ;

'De l'Artillerie au 16e Siècle,' in-8°, Paris, 1829 ;

Texier de Norbec, 'Recherches sur l'Artillerie.'

Faut-il vous renvoyer les mémoires de Scheel ?

APP. I.

Le général Armandi connaît-il d'autres livres où l'on trouverait la construction des anciens affuts ?

Voilà, ma chère Hortense, bien des questions.

Je suis tellement dans le coup de feu de mon livre que je ne puis m'occuper de la question dont vous me parlez, qui, d'ailleurs, est très-délicate. . . .

6 janvier 1844.

. . . . Maintenant je vais vous dire une grande nouvelle. 'Hört was ich will euch sagen.' [1]

L'introduction à mon Manuel est devenu un livre plus intéressant que le Manuel même ; aussi j'y travaille sans relâche et je le ferai paraître à part et avant le Manuel.

Pour cela je n'ai besoin que de livres.

Mais, hélas ! ma chère Hortense, j'ose à peine vous envoyer la liste ci-jointe. Ceux auxquels je tiens le plus sont Bouchet, Paul Jove, Paixhans, Saint-Rémy, Leblond, Texier de Norbec et Marion.

Je crois que cet ouvrage fera ma réputation militaire, aussi suis-je tout feu.

Je vous renvoie Daniel et Carion Nisas ; ils m'ont beaucoup servi. . . .

Le 25 janvier 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous ai déjà dit que l'ouvrage que je fais maintenant et qui, par la nature des choses que je traite, se développe de plus en plus, sera beaucoup plus intéressant et me fera plus d'honneur que mon Manuel.

Mais il me faut absolument une main habile qui aille fouiller pour moi les manuscrits. Or, je ne veux pas absorber, à moi seul, tout votre temps, à moins que vous ne consentiez à faire un traité avec moi ; c'est de vous associer à mon travail de corps et d'esprit, en me promettant de faire les recherches nécessaires et ensuite de partager fraternellement avec moi le bénéfice que j'en retirerai, car je veux le vendre au libraire. Vous acceptez, n'est-ce pas ? [2]

[1] 'Écoutez ce que je vais vous dire ;' commencement du chant des veilleurs de nuit en Allemagne.

[2] Ne fut pas accepté.

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Il s'agit donc de me copier le passage ci-joint, dont j'ai trouvé l'indication dans 'l'Histoire de Louis XI' de Michelet:

'Inventaire de l'artillerie du Roy et déclaration des lieux où elle est de présent, fait en août 1463. Bib. MSS. Legrand, preuves C–I.'

M. Michelet, qui a naturellement feuilleté tous ces manuscrits, pourrait peut-être vous indiquer les meilleures sources pour avoir des détails sur l'artillerie de Charles VII, Louis XI et Charles VIII.

Faites-moi le plaisir de lire la note qui se trouve à la page 7 de l'avertissement de la brochure 'L'Artillerie au XVI^e^ Siècle' (que je vous renverrai demain); il paraîtrait qu'il y avait un auteur en 1829 qui travaillait à un ouvrage sur l'histoire de l'artillerie. Tâchez de savoir qui et si le livre existe.

Il y a un livre qui me sera bien nécessaire et que je serais tenté d'acheter s'il n'était pas très-cher; c'est Hoyer, 'Geschichte der Kriegskunst seit der ersten Anwendung des Schiesspulvers zum Kriegsgebrauch bis an das Ende des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts,' 3 vol., in-8°, Göttingen, 1797–98. . . .

Lorsque vous aurez accepté, comme j'espère, notre traité, je vous écrirai bien, bien souvent pour avoir des renseignements, car si je voulais j'en remplirais deux pages. . . .

Ma chère Hortense,—Voici deux lettres et un bonjour. Je n'ai pas le temps de vous écrire longuement.

Pourriez-vous m'avoir un livre ancien très-précieux, le 'Livre des Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie,' par Christine de Pisan, écrit en 1410, imprimé en . . . .? et Alain Chartier, 'Histoire de Charles VII.' Voilà les livres dont j'aurais le plus besoin afin de commencer par le commencement et éviter la confusion, ce qui est très-facile avec la foule de notes que j'ai.

Ci-joint aussi la note d'ouvrages que je vous prierai de dire à mon libraire de m'envoyer en faisant suivre le remboursement.

Adieu; à revoir. Je voulais vous traiter en *sœur*; vous ne voulez être traitée qu'en *amie*: soit. Je vous embrasse malgré cela.

Ma chère Hortense,—Le livre de Christine de Pisan me fera le plus grand plaisir, ainsi que celui d'Alain Chartier. Je

APP. I.

voudrais aussi, comme je vous l'ai dit, Paul Jove (imprese); mais quant aux autres auteurs qui ont écrit sur Charles VIII, tels qu'André de la Vigne, le 'Voyage des deux Moines de Saint-Maur;' Pierre Desrey, 'Chroniques du Roi Charles VIII;' Guiccardini, etc., je voudrais, si vous le voulez bien, que vous me copiiez les passages où ils parlent de l'*artillerie du roi, du nombre de ses troupes et de leur armement.* Je n'ai pas besoin d'autre chose.

Quant à Charles V, Charles VI et Charles VII, je n'ai pas encore de données sur les sources où je pourrai trouver ce qu'il faut.

Ce qu'il me faudrait surtout, c'est un livre où l'on trouverait les dessins des anciens affûts et des anciennes armes.

Dites-moi le nom de ce fameux livre que vous n'avez pu avoir au Musée. Je mets tant d'ardeur à mon travail que je me lève tous les jours à six heures du matin, à la lumière.

30 janvier 1844.

Ma chére Hortense,— . . . . J'ai reçu Alain Chartier, et je vous remercie de la peine que vous vous êtes donnée pour me procurer Christine de Pisan ; cet ouvrage me sera très-utile.

Les littérateurs ne sauraient décider de l'intérêt scientifique d'un ouvrage militaire.

Daniel, par exemple, m'a servi immensément; c'est là où tous les auteurs modernes ont puisé la plupart de leurs renseignements, et j'ai été heureux de voir M. de Roquencourt lui rendre justice dans son important ouvrage sur l'art militaire.

La note que vous m'envoyez est très-curieuse, mais il aurait fallu que l'origine en fût au moins indiquée. Pour ne pas vous donner une peine inutile, je vais vous bien expliquer quel doit être le but des recherches.

Mon ouvrage, ou plutôt sa première partie, n'est que la *description raisonnée du matériel d'artillerie depuis l'invention de la poudre jusqu'à nos jours*, c'est-à-dire, depuis 1300 environ.

Or, toute description ou dessin de matériel sur le 14^{e} et le

15e siècles me serait infiniment précieux, car ce sont les deux époques les plus confuses. APP. I.

J'ai, par exemple, trouvé dans le 'Magasin universel,' journal peu scientifique, le dessin de deux canons copié d'un manuscrit, lequel dessin est très-intéressant.

Ce malheureux inventaire de l'artillerie de Louis XI m'aurait fait le plus grand plaisir; j'espère encore que vous le trouverez.

Je veux aussi lire tous les principaux chroniqueurs des 14e et 15e siècles. Envoyez-moi donc Froissart, Villani et tous ceux que vous jugerez les plus utiles.

Répondez-moi au sujet de ce livre dont vous m'avez parlé et qu'on ne veut pas prêter. Dites-moi aussi si vous gardez le nom des ouvrages que je vous prie de consulter pour moi.

J'ai presque honte de vous accabler si souvent de mes demandes, et j'ai envie quelquefois de déverser sur une seconde personne mes incessantes demandes, mais j'avoue que personne ne me rendrait service avec autant de cœur et d'intelligence. . . .

2 février 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous remercie 100,000,000 de fois de tout ce que vous m'avez envoyé. L'inventaire de l'artillerie de Louis XI m'a fait bien plaisir. Des renseignements semblables me sont très-précieux. J'ai déjà parcouru le manuscrit. Pourrait-on savoir positivement de quel siècle il est? Ce doit être l'inventaire d'un arsenal.

J'ai reçu de Suisse les dessins des canons pris à Morat sur Charles le Téméraire; c'est très-curieux. . . .

7 février 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,— . . . . Si vous voulez m'envoyer le manuscrit dont vous me parlez, nous tâcherons de le déchiffrer; si cela nous est impossible et si je le crois utile, alors je vous prierai de le faire traduire; d'après le titre je pense qu'il sera très-curieux.

Si, dans vos recherches, vous trouvez quelques vieux dessins qu'on ne puisse envoyer, faites-moi le plaisir de les calquer avec du papier transparent.

APP. I.

Lorsque vous m'enverrez Froissart, tâchez de m'avoir l'édition de M. Lacabane, qu'on dit renfermer de nouveaux détails historiques. . . .

Ma chère Hortense,—J'espère que vous ne me trouverez pas trop difficile si je vous renvoie les deux livres. 1° Comme vous m'avez promis le premier volume de l'édition Poujoulat et Michaud, où je trouve Christine de Pisan, que je vous ai renvoyée hier, j'attendrai, dis-je, ce premier volume, parce qu'il contient aussi Froissart et qu'alors il me sera bien plus facile de le lire qu'en caractères gothiques. C'est pourquoi je vous renvoie le gros Froissart.

2° Nous n'avons pu déchiffrer que quelques mots du manuscrit, mais assez pour voir que la plus grande partie ne me serait pas très-utile. Voilà cependant ce que je voudrais qu'on copiât: le commencement jusqu'à la page 129; passer tout ce qui est relatif à la fabrication de la poudre et copier le reste. De cette manière cela ne coûtera pas si cher. Ce que je voudrais bien, si c'est possible, avoir de Turin, c'est 'Dissertazione sulla Colubrina, Atti dell' Accademia di Torino,' tome xxx, col. Omodei.

Vous ne me répondez pas au sujet de ce livre sur les affûts, dont vous m'avez parlé dans vos premières lettres et qui est au Musée d'artillerie; si vous me donniez le titre, je tâcherais de me le procurer. Dites-le-moi, je vous prie. . . .

15 février 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous remercie bien de votre dernier envoi; j'ai maintenant de l'ouvrage pour dix jours au moins, et je tâcherai de vous renvoyer, si je puis, Froissart auparavant.

J'attendais la première partie de Christine de Pisan, pour m'assurer de ce que je pressentais, que ce n'est pas le livre des faits de Charles V que je désire tant lire, mais son 'Livre des Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie.'

Vous tâcherez, n'est-ce pas, de me l'avoir pour le premier envoi, si vous pouvez?

Si le général Armandi[1] écrit à Turin, qu'il ait la bonté de demander aussi la dernière brochure du colonel Omodei.

[1] Précepter de son frère aîné, le prince Napoléon.

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J'ai été très-reconnaissant des dessins calqués; si je ne vous en ai rien dit, c'est que je jouis très-tranquillement des richesses que vous m'envoyez. Chaque envoi me cause une véritable joie, et depuis que je me suis mis de tout cœur à cet ouvrage je *suis heureux*. . . .

Je me lève tous les jours à la lumière.

Puis-je garder longtemps Montluc et Philippe de Commines? . . .

Il faut demander les planches au graveur et le payer, car je n'ai plus rien à lui envoyer. Les dessins de mon nouvel ouvrage seront lithographiés, toujours sous votre patronage, n'est-ce pas? . . .

20 février 1844.

. . . . Je reçois à l'instant votre bonne lettre du 19, et je me hâte de vous prier de ne point vous enfoncer dans la Chine, quoique ce voyage soit aujourd'hui à la mode. Envoyez-moi ce que vous avez calqué avec la traduction, mais pas autre chose de l'époque *antérieure au* 14^e^ *siècle*.

Ma dissertation sur l'origine de la poudre est *un atome*; elle n'a guère que deux ou trois pages. Mon ouvrage ne commence réellement qu'au 14^e^ siècle. . . .

Ce sont des renseignements comme l'inventaire de l'artillerie de Louis XI, que vous m'avez copié, qui me sont précieux.

Si vous connaissez un recueil d'armes à feu avec dessins, envoyez-le-moi.

Je voudrais bien de Gaya, 'Traité des Armes' (Paris, 1618).

J'ai Monstrelet; il ne me manque donc que le 'Livre des Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie,' de Christine de Pisan. Je ne connais pas d'autres chroniques du 14^e^ et 15^e^ siècles.

J'accepte aussi volontiers le volume du 'Panthéon littéraire,' où se trouve le 'Siége de Rome,' par Jacques Bonaparte. . . .

28 février 1844.

. . . . Les deux manuscrits que vous m'avez envoyés hier m'ont fait grand plaisir; j'en ai déjà analysé un; je vous le renverrai donc bientôt. . . .

APP. I.

1er mars 1844.

Je vous renvoie aujourd'hui les livres que vous m'avez envoyés et qui m'ont fort intéressé. Il y a malheureusement un mot que je ne puis pas lire et un autre que je ne saurais comprendre. J'ai marqué le passage dans le livre avec un papier.

Voici la phrase de Christine de Pisan: livre ii, chap. xxi, folio l, 9. . . .

'Item, autre xxv canons grans (?) jettans de 2 à 3 cens et quatre cens livres pesans et soixante autres petits, et tous doivent estre estoffez de piez de lays.' Il y a donc un mot illisible pour moi au commencement et à la fin le mot que je crois être écrit *lays* est inintelligible. . . .

3 mars 1844.

Je vous accuse réception des calques que vous m'envoyez; ils sont tous très-intéressants pour moi, car, comme tous les dessins de cette époque sont incomplets, on retrouve sur l'un ce qui manque à l'autre.

Quant à l'inventaire de l'artillerie de 1392, cela vaut son pesant d'or.

Sur le calque emprunté aux 'Vigiles de Charles VII' vous avez ajouté quelques phrases où il s'agit d'un combat contre les Anglais.

Quel est ce combat?

Ne vous bornez pas à m'envoyer des livres; tous les manuscrits lisibles que vous pourrez vous procurer me feront un sensible plaisir.

Christine de Pisan m'a été on ne peut plus utile, quoique ce soit une vraie pédante.

Envoyez-moi la notice de Jean Bureau, 'Le Vergier d'Honneur' de Saint-Gelais et tout ce que vous trouverez du 14e et 15e siècles, mais rien au-delà pour le moment.

Autre livre que je désirerais bien avoir, c'est 'l'Histoire du Siége d'Orléans,' par Jollois (Paris, 1833). . . .

14 mars 1844.

. . . . Vraiment j'ai eu un remords quand j'ai vu tous les calques que vous m'avez envoyés hier, et en pensant à toute la peine que je vous donne.

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Cependant voyez ce que c'est que l'impénitence finale. Ce remords ne m'empêche pas de vous adresser de nouvelles demandes.

Il me manque des ouvrages ou chroniques sur la fin du 14e siècle. Pouvez-vous m'en envoyer?

Je voudrais:

1° Gollut, 'Mémoires de Bourgogne;'
2° Cathérino, 'Traité d'Artillerie,' 1685;
3° Le numéro 34 du 'Journal des Sciences militaires,' 1835;
4° Gaguin, qui traite des règnes de Louis XI et de Charles VIII.

N'oubliez pas l'inventaire que vous m'avez promis de l'artillerie de Charles VI; je vous renvoie aujourd'hui Jollois et le 'Rosier des Guerres.'

Dans le 'Vergier d'Honneur' j'ai trouvé des renseignements curieux sur le siége du Château-Neuf et de l'Œuf, à Naples, et, dans le 'Rosier des Guerres' un récit intéressant sur le fameux siége de Rhodes.

Le 23 mars.

. . . . Pour un travail, que je destine au 'Progrès,'[1] sur le paupérisme il me faudrait la statistique agricole; pouvez-vous me l'envoyer?

Pouvez-vous aussi demander à M. d'Hérouël combien il faut d'individus par hectare pour faire valoir une ferme? . . .

Vous voyez que je crois que vous pouvez tout, puisque je vous demande tout. . . .

25 mars 1844.

. . . . Je vous renvoie aujourd'hui même les livres que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer; j'ai eu assez de temps pour lire les passages qui m'intéressaient. . Merci mille fois de vos notes; que de peine je vous donne! . . .

La dissertation d'Omodei sur l'origine de la poudre est récente; elle doit être dans les numéros de 1840 à 1842 de 'l'Académie de Turin.'

Je vous avoue que je n'ai pas trop compris pourquoi vous m'avez envoyé Fantuzzi; j'ai copié les passages où il parle de bombardes, mais il n'y a aucun détail.

[1] Le journal le *Progrès du Pas-de-Calais.*

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Les comptes des villes qui ont pour moi un grand intérêt sont ceux d'après lesquels on peut tirer quelques conséquences. Ainsi dans 'l'Histoire du Languedoc,' par don Vaissette, il y a un document de 1345 où on lit: 'Pro duobus canonibus ferri CC plumbitis viii libris pulveris CC cavillis.' Cela prouve quatre choses importantes: 1° que les premiers canons étaient très-petits; 2° qu'ils étaient en fer; 3° qu'ils lançaient des projectiles de plomb; 4° qu'on les chargeait avec des tampons.

Je vous donne ces détails, ma chère Hortense, afin de vous éviter des recherches inutiles, car j'ai sur la conscience d'accaparer tout votre temps.

Je crois qu'il y a un document curieux, c'est 'L'État des Officiers et domestiques de Philippe, dit le Hardi, duc de Bourgogne,' imprimé à la suite du 'Journal de Paris,' sous Charles VI et Charles VII, d'après Monteil.

Le même auteur parle des dessins de Gaignières, portefeuille du 14e siècle; qu'est-ce? . . .

3 avril.

. . . . Je vous remercie bien de la dernière cargaison. Je ne pense pas vous renvoyer cela de sitôt; il y a des manuscrits bien longs à déchiffrer.

J'ai eu peur, dans ma dernière lettre, de vous avoir découragée en paraissant n'avoir pas apprécié votre envoi, mais j'ai vu avec plaisir qu'il n'en était rien.

J'ai bien copié le passage cité et je l'ai trouvé curieux. Ce qui m'intriguait c'était de savoir ce que *vous* y aviez trouvé de remarquable. Vous me disiez: 'C'est concluant;' c'est ce que je ne comprenais pas, et voilà.

J'ai fait prier le général Pelet de m'envoyer plusieurs manuscrits, mais il a répondu qu'il fallait une permission!!!

J'ai déjà beaucoup fait de mon ouvrage, et j'avoue que je suis très-content de ce que j'ai fait. Ce qui me désole ce sont les lacunes. Par exemple, M. Brunet, dans son 'Histoire de l'Artillerie' (ouvrage médiocre), dit: 'Jean Bureau avait déjà songé à diminuer la quantité de calibres et à les réduire à ceux de 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 48, 64.'

Où a-t-il pu trouver ce renseignement et tous ceux qu'il ajoute relativement aux affûts?

Est-ce que M. Lacabane a écrit un mémoire sur l'invention de la poudre ? . . . APP. I.

Le 15 avril 1844.

. . . . Merci de ce que vous m'écrivez sur l'artillerie. Le manuscrit, qui était indéchiffrable, est pour moi du plus haut intérêt; je regrette maintenant de ne pas l'avoir en entier. Le second que j'ai est aussi très-important. Celui que j'avais demandé au général Pelet est de Senfenberg, grand-maître de l'artillerie de Dantzick (1510). . . .

20 avril.

Je vous ai renvoyé hier la grande caisse des livres qui m'ont bien servi; mais combien il m'en faut encore! Ne recherchez pas le manuscrit de Dantzick de 1510; ils ne veulent pas me le donner et je puis très-bien m'en passer.

Je voudrais maintenant 'Omodei, sur la Poudre,' dont je vous ai déjà parlé, 'l'Histoire de Louis XI,' par Jean de Troyes, les Mémoires de Duclerq.

Pourriez-vous aussi me procurer les livres dont parle la note ci-jointe? . . .

Dès que le 'Progrès' publiera mes articles sur le paupérisme je vous l'enverrai, afin que vous me les renvoyiez avec vos observations et corrections avant des les faire imprimer en brochure. Je crois que vous en serez contente. . . .

Le 3 mai.

. . . . Merci bien des livres et des documents de M. Lacabane.

Puisque je ne peux pas avoir les planches de l'ouvrage anglais, je voudrais bien les calques de tout ce qui démontre bien la forme des canons de l'époque; et, à ce propos, il y a dans le portefeuille Gaignières trois dessins que je voudrais bien avoir. L'un représente deux canons très-longs et très-minces sur roues; le second, deux gros canons cerclés en fer, qui ont l'air de deux colonnes torses; le troisième est un chariot de munitions portant des tonneaux de poudre. . . .

Le 9 mai 1844.

. . . . Je vous ai redemandé Gaguin, parce que l'ayant

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déjà lu, je n'y avais rien trouvé; mais ayant lu de nouveau dans plusieurs auteurs que ce livre contenait des détails précieux sur l'artillerie de Charles VIII, je vous l'ai redemandé. . . .

Quant à vos recherches, envoyez-moi tous les dessins que vous pourrez *finer*, pour parler vieux style. Je ne conçois pas qu'il n'y ait pas, à la Bibliothèque, des dessins semblables à ceux que l'on m'a copiés dans les manuscrits de Genève, et dont je vous envoie un échantillon, pour vous faire comprendre ce que je désire. D'ailleurs, le plus petit dessin, quelque insignifiant qu'il vous paraisse, peut m'être utile pour me faire deviner certaines constructions qui sont difficiles à comprendre. . . .

Le 12 mai.

. . . . Je vous remercie de vos corrections; je les adopte toutes excepté le mot de *monument stérile*,[1] que je préfère à *inutile*, malgré son incorrection; cela rend mieux l'idée. En effet, un monument stérile est un monument qui ne produit rien, mais il n'est pas pour cela inutile. Ainsi les fortifications de Paris sont des monuments stériles, mais certes très-utiles. . . .

Je garde encore Omodei, parce que ces mémoires-là méritent réellement l'étude la plus approfondie; ce n'est pas là qu'on trouve les conjectures bizarres et absurdes de messieurs les littérateurs, qui se mêlent d'écrire sur ce qu'ils ne connaissent pas.

Mais, ma chère Hortense, il me faudra encore tant de choses! Ne vous découragerez-vous pas? Quant à moi, le courage me manque quelquefois de vous écrire pour toujours vous demander un service. . . .

16 mai 1844.

. . . . Voici la liste des manuscrits que vous m'avez envoyés:

N° 7076—Christine de Pisan;

N° 7112—Saint-Luc;

[1] Brochure du paupérisme.

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N° 7450—Jehan Bythaene ;
N° 1666—Pascuali Bombardiere ;
N° 6994—'Dessins d'Artillerie du 16e Siècle ;'
Inventaire de 1611, sans numéro ;
'Dessins d'Artillerie du 15e Siècle,' sans numéro ;
Livre contenant plusieurs manuscrits français et allemands, sans numéro ;
'De l'Usage de l'Artillerie en *Alemaigne*,' sans numéro ;
'Le Livre du Secret de l'Artillerie,' sans numéro. . . .

20 mai.

. . . . Voici la liste nouvelle de mes demandes et vous n'êtes pas au bout :

1° Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Royale, noté au N° 287 du supplément français ;
2° Huguenin, 'Histoire du Siége de Nancy, en 1475 ;'
3° Pierre Desrey, 'Chronique du Roi Charles VIII ;'
4° 'Histoire de Charles VIII,' par Georges Flori, soit 'Georgii Flori, Mediolan. De Expeditione Caroli VIII ;'
5° 'Voyage de Charles VIII,' par André de la Vigne ;
6° 'Voyage des deux Religieux de Saint-Maur,' également sur Charles VIII.

Vous ne m'avez envoyé que trois volumes de Duclerq ; je voudrais bien le quatrième.

Je garde encore Paul Giove. . . .

Le 30 mai.

. . . . Il m'a fallu bien longtemps pour déchiffrer Philippe de Clèves, mais j'en suis venu à bout ; c'est un ouvrage précieux pour moi.

Vous m'avez envoyé autrefois des dessins de *marmites arabes* copiées sur un manuscrit de 1250. Aujourd'hui quelques détails sur ces marmites, qui étaient lancées avec les mangonneaux, me seraient très-précieux.

Pourriez-vous m'en faire donner quelques-uns ? Pour rappeler vos souvenirs je vous envoie un de vos calques. . . .

Le 2 juin.

. . . . Je répare mon oubli en vous envoyant votre calque, qui est extrêmement précieux.

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L'inventaire de l'artillerie déposé à l'Hôtel de Ville en 1505 me sera très-utile, si cet inventaire contient beaucoup de noms de canons ; car il ne faut pas oublier qu'à cette époque encore on donnait le nom générique d'artillerie à toute espèce d'arme.

Encore des questions :

1° Pourrais-je, mais plus tard, avoir Beringuccio, Scemienowitz ('Magna Ars Artilleriæ'), Fleurance et Boillot ?

2° Voulez-vous me dire à quelle époque écrivait en latin l'auteur ci-nommé : 'Philipp. Honorii De Regno Gal. Relat. (citation de Charles Botta) ?

Si vous connaissez quelque autre chronique sur Louis XI et Charles VIII, envoyez-les-moi.

L'ouvrage anglais m'intéresse fort. . . .

Le 12 juin 1844.

Je vous remercie bien de la pièce intéressante de 1505 que vous m'avez envoyée ; elle est très-curieuse ; mais, comme il y a toujours un revers à la médaille, je vous dirai que cet inventaire doit naturellement se rapporter à des pièces d'artillerie beaucoup plus anciennes ; puis il y a certaines mesures qui sont inintelligibles. Ainsi : 'Item, ung courtauld de six poulces de long garny d'une chambre qui porte sept pièces.'

Il faudrait qu'il y ait *pieds* au lieu de *poulces*, et *pierres* au lieu de *pièces*. Ayez la bonté de vérifier cela.

Je vous renvoie aujourd'hui les livres et le catalogue où j'ai marqué d'un *x* beaucoup de manuscrits ; il y en a quelques-uns que je désirerais avoir seulement pour confronter quelques passages. Enfin, je n'oublie pas les figures du manuscrit arabe de 1259. J'ai rayé tout ce qui ne m'intéressait pas. Je désirerais savoir si la composition dont on chargeait ces marmites est décrite avec plus de détails, ainsi que la forme et la matière. . . .

Le 19 juin 1844.

. . . . Les notes que vous m'avez envoyées m'ont fait grand plaisir. J'ai écrit à M. Buchon, qui, à ce qu'il paraît, ne m'a pas plus compris que M. Monteil. Je lui ai demandé s'il connaissait des ouvrages où je pourrais trouver des rensei-

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gnements sur le 14e et le 15e siècles, la Bibliothèque n'ayant qu'un seul manuscrit du 15e et rien du 14e.[1]

Quand vous viendrez je vous ferai encore un grand nombre de questions et vous aurez encore tout l'hiver à vous occuper de moi, mais aussi au printemps nous ferons la moisson.[2]

Ham, 25 septembre 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je reçois aujourd'hui votre lettre de Venise. . . . Je comprends tous les sentiments qu'a dû faire naître en vous le voyage que vous venez de faire, et j'avoue que j'aurais bien voulu les partager avec vous; mais le bonheur privé, mais ces douces émotions d'une vie tranquille, ne sont pas faits pour moi.

J'ai encore bien à travailler, et si je regrette votre absence, ce n'est pas pour les livres; c'est parce que je suis fâché d'être privé de ces relations intimes auxquelles j'attache un grand prix. . . .

Faites-moi le plaisir de m'acheter Venturi, 'Dei Progressi delle odierne Artiglierie,' Milano, 1814.' . . .

Le 8 novembre 1844.

. . . . J'ai encore bien à lire et je ne vous adresserai de demandes que dans quelques jours. D'ailleurs, ma table des matières va bientôt paraître, quoique les matières ne soient pas encore toutes digérées.[3] . . .

21 novembre 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,—J'ai reçu les livres et les notes que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer et ils m'ont fait grand plaisir sous deux rapports: 1° parce qu'ils me seront très-utiles, et je les ai déjà parcourus avec avidité; 2° parce qu'ils sont une preuve évidente que vous avez sans cesse pensé a moi.[4] . . .

Le 29 novembre 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,—J'arrive avec mes demandes, et je viens de nouveau implorer votre coopération.

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[1] Sur l'art militaire. [2] L'ouvrage ne fut fini qu'au printemps de 1846.
[3] Elle ne fut pas publiée alors.
[4] Notes et livres sur l'artillerie rapportes d'Italie.

APP. I.

Je voudrais d'abord finir mon premier volume, qui est la partie historique, et je voudrais terminer le plus tôt possible mes 13e, 14e et 15e siècles.

Il me faudrait les livres dont je joins ici la note, et je vous serais bien reconnaissant de m'exploiter avec votre perspicacité ordinaire le *portefeuille Gaignières.*

Dans les livres que je vous demande se trouve de nouveau le livre que le général Armandi m'a déjà prêté; c'est que mon cadre s'est étendu et je n'ai pas assez étudié le premier volume de Carlo Promis, qui aujourd'hui me serait de la plus grande utilité.

1° Un manuscrit de la Bibliothèque royale qui se nomme, je crois, 'Codex Manassi,' rempli de belles miniatures qui représentent les anciennes machines à contre-poids et à fronde des 13e et 14e siècles;

2° 'Poliorcétique des Anciens,' par Dureau de la Malle, Paris, 1829;

3° Maizeroy, 'Manière d'assiéger les Places avant l'invention de la Poudre' (ou à peu près);

4° 'Poliorcétique' de Juste Lipse;

5° 'Les Grandes Chroniques de France de 1300 à 1500.' Édition nouvelle;

6° Les deux volumes de Giorgio Martini, que m'a déjà prêtés le général Armandi;

7° Vincenzo Bellovacense, 'Spec. doctrinale,' auteur du 13e siècle, décrivant les machines anciennes.

Je crois que ce dernier ouvrage sera très-difficile à trouver.

Ce n'est pas pour vous faire plaisir que je vous ai dit que les notes que vous m'avez rapportées étaient très-importantes, c'est la pure vérité. Je trouvais même que je ne vous en avais pas exprimé assez toute ma joie. . . .

Le 5 décembre 1844.

. . . . Je commence à redouter cette foule de sources à consulter. Il faut m'en tenir à ce qui m'est indispensable; sans cela je n'en aurai jamais fini, et il faut que mon ouvrage soit terminé dans six mois.[1] Je travaille à force à mon premier vo-

[1] Il fut achevé et publié dans l'été de 1846.

lume, et, pour la rédaction de cette partie, ce sont surtout les chroniques historiques qui me seront utiles. Muratori me servira peut-être beaucoup ; envoyez-le-moi. APP. I.

Je vous remercie de penser à écrire à Darmstadt pour 'l'Artillerie' de Rheinhard Graf zu Solms, mais ce serait beaucoup de peine pour vous et le résultat ne serait peut-être pas en proportion.

Sur la liste que vous m'envoyez je ne désirerais que Nicolao Beraldo, 'Gesta Dei per Francos, Marini Sanuti Epistolæ;' Brechtel, 'Feuerwerkerey,' 1599; 'Büchsenmeisterei, dabei gemeines Kriegsrecht u.s.w., sammt der Lehre Kaisers Max. I.'

Mais les livres indispensables sont Hoyer et Carlo Promis. Si vous ne pouvez pas les avoir, faites-les-moi venir.

Quand vous m'aurez envoyé les livres que je vous demande, faites-moi le plaisir de vous informer quelles sont les chroniques les plus intéressantes publiées sur les règnes de Charles XII, Louis XI et Charles VIII.

Pendant votre absence j'ai lu les chroniques de Molinet, où j'ai trouvé plusieurs bonnes choses. . . . J'ai lu l'article de M. Lacabane et je profiterai de ses savantes recherches. . . .

Le 9 décembre 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous renvoie avec bien des remercîments les livres que vous m'avez expédiés. J'ai gardé seulement les gravures représentant les hommes d'armes à cheval.

Maintenant je vais tâcher de m'exprimer le plus clairement possible, afin de ne point vous surcharger de demandes différentes.

Excepté Carlo Promis et Hoyer, je ne désire plus pour le moment (à moins qu'on ne vous les donne sans que vous les demandiez) de livres techniques ou spéciaux, mais bien des livres historiques.

Si je ne puis pas me procurer Hoyer, de manière à l'avoir à moi, ne l'empruntez pas encore, mais envoyez-moi les livres suivants :

1° 'Les Grandes Chroniques de France de 1300 à 1500;'
2° Villehardouin ;
3° Joinville ;

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4° 'Chroniques de Flandre,' par Mayer ;
5° 'Chronique de Lorraine ; '
6° 'Chronique de Hollinshed ; '
7° 'Vigiles de Charles VIII ; '
8° J. Lenfant, 'Guerre des Hussites.'

Quant au portefeuille Gaignières, je vais vous dire pourquoi je vous en ai si souvent parlé ; c'est que j'ai trouvé dans un mauvais livre les dessins ci-joints tirés du portefeuille Gaignières et qui représentent des canons du 14e siècle. Mais, comme ces dessins sont très-mal faits, j'ai pensé que vous pourriez, en les copiant sur l'original, me donner des renseignements précieux, et peut-être en trouver d'autres.

Vous devez me trouver bien ridicule à sans cesse vous répéter les mêmes choses et vous redemander sans cesse les mêmes livres. C'est que mon ouvrage comprend tous les éléments divers de l'art de la guerre et souvent je n'ai lu un livre que préoccupé d'une seule idée. Au commencement je ne prévoyais pas, par exemple, la nécessité de parler des fortifications, etc. . . .

Ham, le 16 décembre 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous remercie bien de votre acte de courage ; je vous renvoie aujourd'hui, avec le plus grand soin, le précieux manuscrit. J'ai eu tout le temps de le parcourir et d'y prendre ce que j'ai trouvé de curieux. L'ouvrage m'a été épargné par vos obligeants calques. Ce livre m'a vraiment intéressé.

J'ai bien étudié aussi le livre des feux, que je vous ai renvoyé l'autre jour.

Actuellement il n'y a plus de danger que je laisse rien échapper, car mon plan est bien arrêté.

Ce petit livre est, sauf les adjonctions, la copie textuelle du 'Secret de l'Art de l'Artillerie.' C'est très-curieux. Je joins à l'envoi 'l'Exercice de l'Homme à Cheval.' En tout deux volumes. Annoncez-moi leur arrivée.

Je voudrais bien tirer quelque chose de mon livre. Je n'ai encore rien arrêté.

J'ai calculé que les dépenses de l'impression se monteront à 20,000 francs. Les 3 volumes, à 10 francs le volume, se

vendront 30 francs. Si je pouvais trouver 2,000 souscripteurs, cela ferait 60,000 francs. 2,000–40,000 francs, sans compter les remises au libraire. APP. I.

D'un autre côté je tiens infiniment à Leneveu comme éditeur ; il a une foule de livres précieux qu'il a promis de me prêter gratis, et puis c'est là seulement que l'armée achète. . . .

Ham, le 24 décembre 1844.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous renvoie aujourd'hui une caisse de livres. Je n'ai gardé que les 'Grandes Chroniques,' deux petits volumes.

J'ai reçu, je ne sais d'où, Hoyer ; j'en suis content. Le libraire Leneveu met à ma disposition une bibliothèque d'artillerie, estimée 160,000 francs.

Il imprime à ses frais et me donne la moitié des bénéfices. C'est une affaire arrangée. Il veut publier par livraisons, et dans un mois les deux premières paraîtront. Vous savez que je compte sur vous pour revoir les épreuves.

Pourriez-vous m'envoyer les livres suivants, dont je n'ai vu dans Lenfant qu'une indication abrégée ?

On voit les dessins des balistes dans Godescalc Stewech :

1° Sur Végèce (citation de Lenfant), tome i, p. 191 ;
2° Theobald, 'Bellum Hussit.') ;
3° Enfin, le fameux manuscrit qui contient de si belles machines anciennes, et que je ne connais que sous le nom de 'Codex Manassi,' n'est pas le manuscrit de Paolo Sanctini, car les dessins qu'on en a copié sont différents. Pourriez-vous le dénicher ?

Je recevrai avec plaisir le compte des dépenses de 'l'Artillerie de 1580.' . . .

Sans date.

. . . . Je vous renvoie la lettre de M. Dureau de la Malle. Ces littérateurs sont tous les mêmes ; ils veulent que toutes nos inventions européennes soient venues de Chine, et dès qu'ils lisent quelque part *bombarde*, ou *mortier*, ou *tourmenteur*, ils veulent absolument que ce soit une arme à feu. Je suis étonné qu'ils ne prennent pas les *canons de l'église* pour

APP. I.

des obusiers. Néanmoins le manuscrit qu'il indique doit être fort curieux. . . .

Le 12 janvier 1845.

. . . . Je recevrai avec bien du plaisir les documents du général Armandi et les dessins des canons du 14e siècle ; cela me permettra de finir mes premières planches. Cependant j'aurais à demander maintenant un service à votre mari; ce serait de me faire le dessin en perspective d'une arbalète, qui se trouve au Musée d'Artillerie, première galerie, N° 906. Je voudrais qu'il me fît à côté le dessin d'un pied de biche, Nos 914 et 921, d'un cric et d'un crannequin. Tous ces instruments servaient à bander l'arbalète.

N° 933, il y a un modèle d'une ancienne catapulte; j'en voudrais aussi le dessin, mais à peine ébauché ; c'est seulement pour savoir s'il me serait utile ou non.

Malheureusement je vois par le catalogue qu'il n'y a pas d'arbalète à tour; sans cela j'aurais bien voulu en avoir un dessin.

Pourriez-vous ajouter aux livres que vous m'envoyez 'Guillaume de Tyr,' édition Guizot? . . .

Le 19 janvier 1845.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous renvoie une partie des livres de votre dernier envoi. Vraiment je tremble, pour vous d'abord et pour moi ensuite, de la quantité de livres dont j'ai encore besoin. J'ai entrepris, moi pygmée, un travail de géant.

Ce qu'il y a de fâcheux, c'est que j'ai quelquefois besoin d'un livre pour lire deux ou trois phrases seulement.

'L'Histoire des Mongols' m'a bien intéressé. Quant aux manuscrits grecs, ils sont trop anciens pour moi. Je ne sors pas du moyen-âge. Remerciez pour moi le général Armandi.

Vous aviez bien jugé; la *spingarda* était dans l'origine une arbalète à tour, qui lançait des pierres rondes ou de grosses flèches.

Ne vous donnez pas la peine d'écrire pour l'inventaire de Bologne. Remerciez M. Jules Guicherat de son envoi, et demandez-lui le renseignement ou le titre du manuscrit qu'il a fourni à M. Michelet pour le récit de la bataille de Saint-Jacques en 1444 ('Hist. de Michelet,' tome. v, p. 250, note).

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J'aurais dû commencer par vous demander deux livres bien importants :

1° 'Bibliographia Militaris' de Naudé, Jena, 1683. Il y en a une autre de Michaud ;

2° 'Catalogus Cod. Manusc. Bibliothecæ Regiæ.'

Maintenant voici des manuscrits que je désirerais beaucoup avoir :

1° 'Roman de Claris,' manuscr., 7534 ;

2° 'Le Jouvencel,' par Jean de Breuil ; j'ignore le numéro ;

3° Guido da Vigevano, N° 9640, fonds Colbert ;

4° 'Histoire de Louis XI,' manuscr., Legrand ;

5° Bartolomeo Carusi, manuscr., 7242, indiqué dans le catalogue manuscr., part iii, vol. iv, p. 330.

. . . . Surtout n'oubliez pas les dessins des canons du 14e siècle dont vous m'avez parlé dans votre dernière lettre. . . . J'ai Carlo Promis. Si mes demandes n'étaient pas si nombreuses, je vous demanderais encore Joly de Maizeroy, 'Traité des Siéges,' et non des armes défensives, que vous m'avez envoyé. . . .

Ham, le 28 janvier 1845.

. . . . La notice du major Renard m'a beaucoup plu et m'a donné une haute idée du savoir de l'auteur, d'autant plus que je suis complètement de son avis.

Je voudrais bien avoir l'inventaire de l'artillerie de Gand de 1390, et surtout les comptes de Gand, qui se trouvent dans les 'Archives du 16e Siècle,' publiées par M. Lenz, et dont parle le major Renard. . . .

. . . . Je vous renvoie aujourd'hui la caisse ; je n'ai gardé que Naudé, Guillaume de Tyr, 'l'Instruction historique' et 'Le Jouvencel.'

Quant aux deux autres gros manuscrits que je vous renvoie, il y a une méprise, car dans le numéro 7534 je n'ai point trouvé le 'Roman de Claris,' ni rien qui s'en rapprochât, et dans les chroniques martiniennes il n'y a qu'une histoire des pages sans intérêt et où il n'est fait nullement mention de la bataille de Saint-Jacques en 1444, ni même du règne de Charles VII.

Je tiendrais bien cependant à avoir les renseignements sur cette bataille dont parle M. Michelet. Ne cherchez pas le 'Ro-

APP. I.

man de Claris;' j'ai des livres plus intéressants à consulter. . . .

M. Renard indique des sources que je vous demanderai plus tard, mais je ne veux pas vous surcharger.

Je ne puis pas vous renvoyer le manuscrit que vous avez rapporté d'Italie, parce que je ne m'en suis pas encore servi.

Je finis d'abord mon premier volume et pour cela il me faut force chroniques.

Tâchez surtout de m'avoir les deux MSS. dont je vous ai parlé dans ma dernière lettre, Guido da Vigevano et Bartolomeo Carusi. . . .

Ham, le 6 février 1845.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous renvoie les livres restés du dernier envoi et les deux catalogues que j'ai reçus aujourd'hui, parce qu'ils ne font mention que de livres arabes et grecs. Et d'ailleurs j'ai reçu le livre de Hoyer où sont indiqués les auteurs et je n'en ai vu que trop de cités!

Voici les livres et les manuscrits que je voudrais avoir: Fonds Saint-Germain, N° 675, xv, 'Trattato del Governo e Esercito delle Milizie,' par Ursus des Ursins; Latins, supplément, 369, Saint-Germain, xvi, Leonardus Aretinus, 'De Militia.'

Manuscrits orientaux, 1127, 'Codex Arabicus Bombycinus, olim Melchisedechi,' si le manuscrit n'est pas antérieur au 10e siècle.

Livres:

'Les Chroniques rimées de Duguesclin,' par Cavelier;
Cotigné, 'Chronique du 15e Siècle;'
Joly de Maizeroy, 'Traité des Siéges,' si vous le trouvez;
Lefebvre de Saint-Remy, 'Chronique du 16e Siècle.'

Je lirai avec plaisir l'article de Cesare Cantu. Mais ne demandez plus rien à votre ami d'Italie. Bornons nos désirs.

Le 14 février 1845.

. . . . J'ai été enchanté des dessins des arbalètes et canons; ils me seront bien utiles. Seulement vous m'indiquerez plus tard les sources où vous les avez pris (les dessins des canons), n'est-ce pas? . . .

Je ne m'occupe que de mon ouvrage, qui avance, et je ne sais à peine ce qui se passe. La prison est une mort anticipée. On

ne m'écrit plus, on m'oublie, et quelquefois je m'applaudis de ce silence. . . . APP. I.

Le 16 février 1845.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous renvoie aujourd'hui :

Le manuscrit arabe	. .	1 vol.
Duguesclin		2 „
Leonardus Aretinus	. .	1 „
		4 vol.

Je vous renverrai dans le premier envoi Machiavelli et Menge. J'avais vu l'indication de Cotigné dans la notice du major Renard à propos de la bombarde de Ham, comme vous avez fort bien deviné.

Dans le catalogue de Naudé, que vous m'avez envoyé dernièrement, j'ai trouvé une foule d'auteurs ; mais, malheureusement, j'ignore si on peut les trouver, de quelle époque ils sont et ce qu'ils ont écrit. D'ailleurs, avec ce malheureux latin Naudé a travesti tous les noms, et c'est la confusion des confusions.

N'y a-t-il pas un livre intitulé 'Bibliothèque universelle,' où je pourrais trouver des détails sur ces auteurs cités, et savoir s'ils me seraient utiles ?

Je crois que l'ouvrage intitulé 'Le Trésor des Chartes' me serait, lui, très-utile, mais il est peut-être très-volumineux.

Voici, en attendant, les livres que je voudrais, si toutefois vous n'êtes pas fatigué de mes interminables demandes :

1° 'Histoire de Dieppe,' par M. Vitet ;
2° Matthieu de Coucy, 'Histoire de Charles VII ;'
3° Legrand, 'Histoire de Louis XI,' MS. ;
4° Gerardus Thibantius, indication de Naudé ;
5° Bonaiuti Lorini, 'Scripsit de Manganarda,' idem.

Enfin, quand vous aurez le temps, ayez la bonté de m'avoir, en mètres, la longueur des trois arbalètes dont vous m'avez fait faire les dessins qui sont si bien exécutés.

Il y a de vos livres qui sont pour moi de vrais trésors ; ainsi le roman du 'Jouvencel' m'a été du plus grand service ; ce n'est pas un roman. Il doit en exister d'autres semblables. Le

APP. I.

livre que je garde encore, d'Ursus des Ursins, est également une petite perle. . . .

Le 24 février.

Ma chère Hortense,—J'ai reçu le livre, et même je l'ai déjà lu ; je vous le renverrai demain. On ne peut pas toujours bien tomber, et vous m'envoyez des choses si intéressantes qu'il faut bien qu'il s'en trouve quelques-unes d'insignifiantes.

Vous avez bien raison dans ce que vous me dites dans votre dernière lettre : rechercher exactement l'origine de la poudre, c'est chercher la quadrature du cercle ; je prouverai justement l'impossibilité de la solution du problème. . . .

J'ai écrit une dissertation qui se lie très-bien à mon ouvrage et qui éclaircit un point assez intéressant. Je prouve (mais il ne faut pas le dire encore) qu'il n'y avait plus de balistes ni de catapultes romaines au moyen-âge. C'est pour cela que, si vous trouviez encore un manuscrit comme celui de Sanctini, j'en serais bien charmé. . . .

Le 1er mars 1845.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous renvoie :

'La Chronique de Louis XI'	1 vol.
Le livre anglais	1 „
Pasquali, 'Il Bombardiere'	1 „
Et les 'Mémoires de la Société de Morinie' . .	2 „
	5 vol.

Je voudrais bien Robert Gaguin, 'Histoire de Louis XI et de Charles VIII ;' Paul Jove, 'Histoire de son Temps,' en italien, car je crois qu'il a écrit en latin. . . .

1er mars 1845. (?)

Ma chère Hortense,—Je n'ai pas eu le temps de vous écrire hier, en vous envoyant ma préface et ma table des matières. Je vous prie de les lire et de me faire vos observations, après quoi vous les enverrez à M. Vieillard.[1] Il y a bien quelques incorrections de style, que je compte corriger sur les épreuves. . . .

[1] Ancien officier d'artillerie, ancien précepteur de son frère aîné.

APP. I.

5 mars 1845.

Pourriez-vous m'envoyer la partie des ouvrages d'Anne Comnêne, qui parle des machines de guerre, mais pas en grec?

Pouvez-vous m'envoyer Thurocz, 'Historia Boemicorum'? car je n'ai rien trouvé de satisfaisant dans Eneas Silvius.

Enfin voici une date qu'il m'importe de savoir bientôt afin de rectifier, s'il le faut, quelque chose à ma préface. À quelle époque a eu lieu le voyage de Bertrandon de la Brocquière en Égypte, inséré dans les 'Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences morales et politiques,' tome v, p. 491?

11 mars.

Vous allez voir que je suis insatiable. Vous m'avez envoyé Philippe de Clèves en manuscrit. Cela m'a fait grand plaisir, car c'est un des livres les plus intéressants que vous m'avez envoyés, et je désirerais le revoir. Mais comme j'ai lu qu'il avait été imprimé en 1558-1583-1588, vous me feriez un grandissime plaisir de m'envoyer une de ces éditions, car il y a des passages des plus intéressants qu'il m'est impossible de lire; je garderai jusque là le manuscrit pour les confronter.

18 mars.

. . . . Je suis étonné que Thurocz ne soit pas à la bibliothèque, car son 'Chronicum Regum Hungariæ' a été inséré dans les 'Scriptores Rerum Hungaricarum,' 1746.

Mais si on ne le trouvait pas tâchez de m'avoir un autre auteur contemporain de la guerre des Hussites; je n'ai que le récit stupide de Lenfant.

Pourriez-vous m'envoyer :

'L'Arbre des Batailles et Fleurs de Chevalerie,' in-12°, 1481;

Müller, 'Geschichte der Schweiz'?

Dans le catalogue des manuscrits il y a, fonds Saint-Germain, N° 1914, 'Machines de Guerre des Anciens,' avec figures.

Et, fonds Béthune, N° 743, 'Traité de la Guerre,' par le maréchal de Lesdiguières. . . .

Cette malheureuse idée d'amnistie me tourmente. Je voudrais au moins avoir fini mon premier volume d'ici là. Et ce sera bien difficile; il me faudrait encore tant de livres.

Vraiment je ne puis m'empêcher de penser que j'absorbe à moi seul tout votre temps. . . .

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26 mars.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous renvoie 'Theuerdank mit herzlich theurem Dank.' Si vous pouviez m'avoir, avant la fermeture de la bibliothèque, Matthieu de Coussy, 'Charles VII,' et M. F. Dubois, 'Bataille de Granson,' dans le journal des 'Antiquaires de Zurich,' j'aurais de quoi travailler pendant quinze jours, et vous n'entendriez plus parler de moi pendant ce temps-là.

9 avril 1845.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous envoie une lettre pour M. Michelet. J'espère vous renvoyer demain les livres; cependant j'ai encore terriblement à copier.

Je vous prie de bien remercier le major Renard de son envoi. Remerciez-le aussi de son dessin de la pièce de Gand, que je serai bien aise d'avoir, si cela ne lui donne pas trop de peine. Je lui écrirai moi-même plus tard.

Pour que je puisse finir le premier volume le plutôt possible il faut, ma chère Hortense, que vous vous occupiez de me chercher la liste de tous les mémoires (je veux dire les principaux) qui ont été publiés depuis Charles VIII jusqu'à nos jours, en procédant par époques. . . .

Mais pour le premier envoi je voudrais:

1° Sanuto, 'De Adventu Caroli VIII. in Italiam,' MS.

2° Le deuxième volume de Guicciardini; je n'ai lu que le premier.

3° 'Discipline militaire' de Dubellay.

4° 'Discours militaires' de Delanoue.

5° Et surtout le manuscrit, fonds Saint-Germain, N° 1801, 'Recueil de Pièces concernant l'Artillerie d'Henri IV.'

20 avril 1845.

Je vous remercie d'avoir pensé qu'il y a bientôt trente-six ans que nous nous connaissons, car nul lien n'est aussi puissant que celui qui commence à la naissance. L'amitié, comme la plante, a ses racines, et les nôtres sont bien profondes. . . .

Quoique je ne croie pas à l'amnistie, je voudrais surtout avoir les manuscrits que je ne pourrai me procurer plus tard; ainsi envoyez-moi, je vous prie:

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Fonds Colbert, N° 7133-2687, 'Le Miroir des Armes et Instructions des Gens de Pied,' dédié à François Ier.

Fonds Béthune, 9436, 'Compte de la Recette et de la Dépense faites par Arnoul Bouchet, trésorier, 1390-1392.'

Idem, N° 7447, 'États de l'Extraordinaire de l'Artillerie pour l'Année 1557.'

Idem, N° 9468, 'Divers États et Mémoires concernant la Guerre et l'Artillerie,' 1590-1594.

Fonds Saint-Germain, N° 374, 'Recueil de Pièces concernant l'Artillerie de 1504 à 1634.'

26 avril 1845.

Vous m'avez envoyé des manuscrits si intéressants que me voilà encore plongé pendant plusieurs jours dans les extraits. Vous vous plaignez du retard qu'on met à publier ma préface, mais je suis tombé de Carybde en Scylla.

Leneveu mettait un empressement très-grand à faire ce que je désirais, à me chercher des renseignements, etc. Dumaine m'écrit aujourd'hui, après un silence de deux mois, qu'il ne consente plus aux conditions qu'il avait acceptées.

Ham, le 10 mai 1845.

Je commence d'abord par vous exprimer la part que je prends au chagrin que vous cause la mort de Cavaignac.[1] Quoique nous ne fussions pas d'accord, j'avais une haute estime pour son caractère, et d'ailleurs il suffit qu'il ait été votre ami pour que je le regrette. . . . Envoyez-moi le manuscrit du 16e siècle que vous avez trouvé.

20 mai 1845.

J'ai reçu avec grand plaisir les livres et les dessins que vous m'avez envoyés. Mais ce serait me faire acheter ce plaisir trop cher si vous vous rendiez malade à force de travailler pour moi. Je suis bien affecté de vous savoir souffrante.

. . . . Ce sont les chroniques et les mémoires qui me sont les plus utiles. Quant aux dessins, pour finir mes planches du premier volume il me faudrait un canon sur son affût et avant-

[1] Godefroy Cavaignac.

APP. I.

train suédois du temps de Gustave-Adolphe, et un autre prussien du temps de Frédéric le Grand. . . .

1er juin 1845.

. . . . Vous m'avez parlé, il y a bien longtemps, d'un manuscrit contenant de beaux dessins faits pour le fils d'Henri IV; pouvez-vous me l'envoyer? C'est probablement Davelouis.

Quand vous viendrez n'oubliez pas la mesure des arbalètes, car cela m'empêche de terminer ma planche.

Oh, malgré votre défense, nous parlerons terriblement canon quand vous viendrez. Si le général Marion voulait vous donner le dessin qu'il a reçu du général Dufour de la bombarde de Basle, qui date de la bataille de Saint-Jacques, 1444, il me ferait grand plaisir à nouveau. Addio.

Ham, 7 juillet 1845.

Je suis toujours obligé de commencer mes lettres comme un certain personnage dont les discours commencent sans cesse par ces mots: 'C'est toujours avec un nouveau plaisir que je reçois,' etc.

C'est en effet ce que je pense et ce que je voudrais vous exprimer toutes les fois que me parvient quelque chose de vous. Votre lettre, la caisse, les calques, tout cela m'est arrivé et m'a fait grand plaisir.

. . . . J'ai à vous remercier des calques, mais voyez mon malheur: ils ne me suffisent pas; ce n'est, pour ainsi dire, qu'un *morceau*. Il me faut des canons prussiens, ce qu'on appelle la projection horizontale—c'est-à-dire, le plan. Vous ne m'avez donné que la projection verticale; il en est de même pour le système Zoller, auquel il manque encore la partie la plus essentielle, l'avant-train.

16 juillet 1845.

La réponse du général Marion, j'en suis fâché, n'a pas le sens commun appliqué à la question des dessins anciens. Il est clair que lorsqu'on connaît la forme générale d'un affût il suffit d'avoir les dimensions écrites pour connaître les détails de construction. Mais cela ne suffit pas pour des affûts où le placement des ferrures, la forme de l'avant-train et des flasques sont inconnus. Je vous dis cela afin que vous ne m'accusiez pas de vous de-

mander quelque chose d'inutile. D'après le dire du général Marion on n'aurait pas même besoin de la projection verticale si l'on avait toutes les mesures ; mais qui s'y reconnaîtrait ? APP. I.

4 septembre.

Mon ouvrage, hélas ! ne peut pas encore être envoyé à l'impression ; je m'efforce à finir les planches, mais même pour cela il me manque quelques renseignements. Je sais bien qu'il serait temps d'imprimer et de paraître ; l'heure d'un dîner ne peut être fixé sur l'appétit des convives, mais bien sur le temps nécessaire pour cuire les viandes et préparer les sauces.

10 septembre.

Mon ouvrage me désole, parce que je sens tous les jours les difficultés presqu'insurmontables qui résultent de l'impossibilité où je suis de ne pas pouvoir être moi-même à la bibliothèque, et je n'ose pas toujours vous redemander les mêmes choses ni les différentes éditions des mêmes ouvrages.

Ainsi Fronsberger, 'Kriegsbuch,' m'a beaucoup intéressé. L'édition est superbe ; les dessins m'ont servi, et cependant j'ai besoin d'une autre édition où se trouvent d'autres dessins. Mais laquelle ? Je n'en sais rien. Je n'ai de renseignements que par mes livres, de sorte que souvent je vous donne des peines inutiles. Peut-être ce Rivius ne me servira-t-il pas pour le moment ; cependant voici le titre :

Walther Rivius, Medic et Mathem, 'Baukunst- und Büchsenmeisterei,' Nurnberg, 1547, 1553, 1582.

J'ai bien les dessins de Saint-Rémy, mais c'est qu'ils ne me satisfont pas. Et voilà . . . .

26 septembre.

J'ai reçu les petits dessins que vous m'avez copiés, mais ce n'est pas encore là ce que je désire. Les bastilles étaient destinées à l'attaque, comme celles dont vous me parlez et qui représentent le siége de Brest. Les boulevards étaient des ouvrages non en planches, mais en terre soutenue par de grosses poutres et disposés surtout devant les portes des villes.

12 novembre 1845.

Il y a une chose dont je veux vous parler et qui m'inquiète beaucoup, parce que tout changement m'inquiète.

APP. I.

Mon père vient d'écrire à plusieurs personnes influentes du gouvernement pour les charger d'obtenir du Roi ma mise en liberté, disant qu'il était très-malade et qu'il n'avait personne pour lui fermer les yeux.

Or, qu'en résultera-t-il? Moi je suis passif dans cette question, et je dois l'être. Mais peut-être viendra-t-on me faire des propositions, me demander des garanties. Et voilà la difficulté. Vous comprendrez la situation sans que j'aie besoin de vous l'expliquer davantage. . . .

La perspective de sortir peut-être d'ici dans un mois ou deux me fait hâter démesurément mon travail. J'y passe les nuits pour terminer le premier volume avant cette époque. . . .

Comme pour mon ouvrage le style n'est pas le premier mérite, je crois qu'il suffira de vous envoyer les épreuves, ce qui d'ailleurs vous fatiguera moins.

29 décembre 1845.

. . . . Maintenant, ma chère Hortense, je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur pour le jour de l'an; vous savez combien je désire tout ce qui peut tendre à votre bonheur. Je vous envoie comme souvenir un canon; il vous rappellera tout le mal que vous vous donnez pour me rendre service, et je connais assez votre amitié pour moi pour savoir que ce souvenir vous sera agréable.

7 janvier 1846.

. . . . Il m'est impossible pour le moment de travailler avec suite. Je suis tiraillé en sens divers par une foule d'avis, d'exigences, d'opinions opposées.

Mon père m'écrit qu'il n'a personne pour lui fermer les yeux, que mon devoir est de tout faire pour aller auprès de lui. D'un autre côté on tient la dragée haute, et plus on me voit embarrassé, plus on se montre exigeant.

9 janvier 1846.

. . . . Je vous écrirai dès que je saurai quelque chose de nouveau. Mais je pense que pendant quelques jours tout restera dans le *statu quo*.

21 janvier 1846.

Voici en quoi la négociation a consisté: Mon père a écrit;

APP. I.

on a refusé. J'ai proposé d'aller sur parole à Florence, m'engageant à revenir dès qu'on le voudrait. J'ai adressé ma lettre au ministre, qui m'a fait dire de l'adresser au Roi. Et voilà où en sont les choses.

On ne m'a fait aucune proposition ni directe ni indirecte. Il ne m'a donc pas été difficile de refuser ce qui ne m'a pas été offert. Quant à moi, je désire vivement pouvoir arriver encore à temps pour voir mon père, et je ferai dans ce but tout ce que je crois pouvoir faire sans manquer à ce que je me dois.

23 janvier.

. . . . Bure[1] vous dira que tout est rompu. On m'a indignement trompé. Je ne sortirai plus de Ham que pour aller aux Tuileries ou au cimetière.

28 janvier.

Dorénavant Dumaine vous enverra directement les secondes épreuves ; vous me les renverrez après sans déchirer la bande du libraire, car alors le port est très-restreint.

S'il le faut je ferai publier mes lettres. Quant aux réponses, je ne pourrai le faire sans compromettre gravement le G., car il y a défense expresse de m'en laisser la copie.

Voulez-vous m'envoyer les 'Mémoires de Trivulce (Trivulic),' le contemporain de François Ier ?

Ham, 3 février 1846.

Ma chère Hortense,—J'ai eu encore une lutte pénible à soutenir.

Lorsque le refus si brutal du Ministère me parvînt, j'écrivis aux députés les plus influents. La conduite du gouvernement les indigna, et ils résolurent de faire en corps une démarche en ma faveur auprès des ministres. Mais les éteigneurs survinrent avec leurs pompes à incendie, et à leur tête M. Odilon Barrot. Ce dernier, sans que je l'en priasse, formula avec M. Duchatel un nouveau projet de *lettre au Roi*, et il me l'envoya en m'écrivant une lettre très-aimable pour m'engager de signer, et huit ou dix députés paraphèrent la même lettre. J'ai répondu hier à M.

[1] Frère de lait de Napoléon III.

APP. I.

Odilon Barrot par un refus catégorique, et je vous enverrai ma réponse. Je lui dis que j'ai demandé au Roi d'aller près de mon père parce que mon devoir de fils m'appelle auprès de lui, mais que je ne veux pas demander grâce et que je resterai plutôt toute ma vie en prison que de m'abaisser.

Cette démarche intempestive de M. Barrot va diviser les députés et m'ôte l'appui moral qu'il eût été si avantageux de conserver.

Je crois que vous serez contente de ma lettre ; elle est trop longue pour que je vous l'envoie aujourd'hui.

Je ne reçois plus d'épreuves de Dumaine ; je n'y conçois rien.

4 février 1846.

Je vous envoie copie de ma lettre et la liste des canons. Je n'ai jamais eu Furtembach, et je n'en ai même jamais entendu parler. Fleming, que vous m'avez apporté, appartient à M. Terqem.

Enfin j'ai reçu aujourd'hui une épreuve ; Dumaine doit vous la renvoyer directement demain ou après.

29 février 1846.

Je vois par votre dernière lettre que vous pensez encore à ma mise en liberté. Moi je n'y pense plus depuis longtemps ; le nouveau refus ne m'a donc nullement désappointé. Et je travaille à force à mon ouvrage.

J'ai envoyé à Dumaine le troisième chapitre, 198 pages. Je retouche maintenant le quatrième. Ayez la bonté de m'envoyer encore trois manuscrits. . . .

Quel beau temps il fait. J'espère que je vous reverrai à Pâques. Voilà bientôt une année de passée.

Quand j'aurai envoyé mon quatrième chapitre j'aurai encore terriblement à travailler.

14 mars 1846.

. . . . Je regrette vivement de venir sans cesse vous occuper de moi et d'aggraver votre indisposition en vous forçant à un travail assidu. Et cependant jamais je n'ai eu davantage besoin de vous.

Dumaine m'a envoyé les treize premières feuilles tirées, et

APP. I.

j'ai vu avec une peine extrême que les corrections que j'avais indiquées sur les troisièmes épreuves en donnant le *bon à tirer* n'ont pas toutes été faites. Pour obvier à cet inconvénient, qui est très-grave, je me suis décidé à vous faire renvoyer les épreuves au moment d'être tirées, afin que vous ayez la bonté de voir si on a corrigé les fautes, et alors vous y mettriez le *bon à tirer* sans me les renvoyer. Mais aussi vous ne ferez que les corrections nécessaires sans rien changer, n'est-ce pas? Nous gagnerons ainsi du temps.

4 avril 1846.

J'ai reçu une caisse de livres et des épreuves, mais j'aurais bien désiré un seul mot de vous qui me tranquillisât sur votre santé et qui me dît si vous comptez toujours venir à Pâques, car votre silence m'inquiète. . . .

Je mets votre amitié à une dure épreuve en vous envoyant tant d'*idem* à corriger. Mais vous ne voulez pas de remercîments; vous prenez toutes les expressions du cœur, tous les témoignages d'une affection reconnaissante, pour de la flatterie. Adieu; recevez malgré cela l'assurance de ma sincère et tendre amitié.

Il n'y aura pas d'amnistie pour le mois de mai.

11 avril 1846.

Enfin me voilà tiré de mon inquiétude. Je ne savais vraiment ce qui vous était arrivé. Je regrette bien de ne pas vous revoir encore; cependant j'approuve vos raisons, d'autant plus que j'en ai une pour désirer vous voir plutôt au commencement du mois de juin.

Il me manque toujours la feuille 24, que vous ne m'avez pas envoyée corrigée. Je vous prie de ne pas changer l'ordre établi pour l'envoi des feuilles, car sans cela nous ne nous y reconnaîtrons plus.

9 mai 1846.

Je vous remercie bien de votre note; je comptais bien vous demander Quincy, mais avant je voudrais avoir le livre que je vous ai demandé, intitulé 'Les Lauriers de Nassau,' et Galeazzo

APP. I.

Gualdo, 'Guerre di Gustavo Adolfo,' Bologna, 1646, et les 'Mémoires de Puységur.'

Ham, le 24 mai 1846.

Ma chère Hortense,—Je vous renvoie la feuille 28 approuvée, mais il y a comme une fatalité pour mon ouvrage. Voilà qu'il m'est survenu mal aux yeux, de sorte qu'il faut pendant quelque jours que je ne me fatigue nullement. J'écris à Dumaine de vous envoyer toutes les épreuves avec la copie, et de ne plus rien m'envoyer directement. Je vous prierai alors pour quelques jours de ne m'envoyer que la seconde épreuve corrigée.

C'est une dilatation de la pupille qui m'est survenue, mais ce ne sera pas grand' chose, j'espère.

J'ai reçu de mauvaises nouvelles de mon père. Le moral comme le physique ne vont pas trop bien.

Adieu ; je vous embrasse tendrement et vous renouvelle l'assurance de ma sincère amitié.

NAPOLÉON.

(*Lettre écrite la veille de l'évasion du fort de Ham.*)

Londres, 31 mai.

Ma chère Hortense,—Vous avez dû être bien étonnée de la détermination subite que j'ai prise. C'était à mon avis la meilleure manière d'en finir. Heureusement que tout a réussi comme je le désirais.

Je pourrai, j'espère, bientôt aller rejoindre mon père à Florence. Mais ce qui m'afflige c'est de ne pas avoir terminé mon premier volume. Ici certainement à la bibliothèque je puis le continuer avec plus de facilités qu'à Ham, mais si je vais à Florence ce sera un long retard. D'ailleurs, ainsi que je vous l'ai dit, j'ai un œil qui ne voit plus bien. L'oculiste m'a dit hier d'y mettre des sangsues ; cela m'ennuie beaucoup.

Je voudrais donc que Dumaine publiât, comme une première partie, tout ce qu'il a aujourd'hui de copie, et qui finit à Louis XIV.

J'espère, ma chère Hortense, que malgré mon éloignement et mon départ, qui peut-être n'était pas dans vos idées, vous

APP. I.

voudrez bien me continuer vos soins pour mon ouvrage, et me continuer une amitié à laquelle j'attache tant de prix.

Je ne sais vraiment pas où vous pourrez m'envoyer les troisièmes épreuves, car ici, je crois, rien ne peut arriver sous bande et sans payer énormément. J'irai m'en informer.

Quant aux détails sur mon voyage, comme les journaux en ont parlé, je crois peu intéressant de vous en écrire. Seulement j'avais si bien pris mes mesures que huit heures après avoir quitté Ham j'étais en Belgique, et douze heures après j'étais en Angleterre. Cela me paraissait un rêve.

Il me tarde bien d'avoir des nouvelles de ce bon Conneau. Il était plus mort que vif le matin de mon départ, non à cause de lui, mais à cause de moi. J'espère bien qu'on ne sera pas trop sévère envers lui. Donnez-moi de ses nouvelles.

Londres, juin 1846.

Je suis bien heureux que la distance ne ralentisse pas nos relations et que, fugitif comme prisonnier, vous ayez toujours pour moi la même amitié, car, libre, j'en ai autant besoin que lorsque j'étais à Ham.

Le titre général de mon livre est 'Études sur le Passé et l'Avenir de l'Artillerie.' L'avant-propos, imprimé comme prospectus, doit être réimprimé comme préface au commencement du livre. Prenez-en un exemplaire, faites-y les changements que vous croirez indispensables et envoyez-le-moi ; j'y ajouterai quelques phrases. . . .

Londres, le 20 juin.

Vous me demandez sans cesse des réponses courrier par courrier, et alors je suis obligé de ne vous écrire qu'à la hâte. J'ai reçu de Bruxelles les figures de canon ; je vous les enverrai mardi. . . .

J'espère pouvoir aller à Florence ; il a fallu écrire au prince de Metternich.

Croyez, ma chère Hortense, que j'éprouve un grand bonheur à recevoir de vous des témoignages d'amitié. Ici je reçois des témoignages même *touchants* d'intérêt, mais rien ne vaut à mes yeux l'intimité qui date de l'enfance. . . .

APP. I.

Londres, 18 juillet 1846.

. . . . Rien de nouveau pour mon voyage d'Italie. Le prince de Metternich ne répond pas.

Londres, 26 juillet 1846.

. . . . Dès que le volume sera imprimé vous m'en enverrez quelques exemplaires.

Je suis peu en train de continuer, mais, si je passe l'hiver ici, je m'y remettrai.

J'ai vu Rachel et j'en ai été enchanté. C'est la première fois que j'entends la tragédie française. . . .

Londres, 3 août 1846.

Au milieu de mes malheurs l'expression si touchante de votre amitié me fait grand bien.

J'espérais encore revoir mon père, recevoir de lui la bénédiction paternelle. Hélas! il en a été décidé autrement. Si vous allez à Ostende, vous viendrez jusqu'à Londres; je payerais avec bonheur les frais de votre voyage et de votre séjour ici, car je serais bien heureux de vous revoir. . . .

Londres, 7 août 1846.

. . . . M. Wheaton[1] vient de m'apporter deux exemplaires de mon ouvrage; j'en ai été bien content.

Dites-moi si je puis compter vous voir bientôt.

Dites à Dumaine, qui d'après le traité doit me donner 100 exemplaires, de vous en remettre quarante, dix à Bure et qu'il m'envoie les cinquante autres le plus tôt possible à l'adresse de Saens.

Bath, le 17 août 1846.

J'espère que ma lettre vous trouvera à Ostende prête à partir tous deux. Écrivez-moi le jour avant votre départ. Il faut que vous alliez débarquer et coucher à Ramsgate et vous promener le soir sur les rochers, d'où il y a une vue magnifique. Puis le lendemain vous partirez par le chemin de fer. En pre-

[1] Ministre des États-Unis en France.

nant le train de 7 h. 55 m. du matin vous serez à Londres à 11 h. 45 m., et je serai à vous attendre au débarcadère. De là nous viendrons à Bath, où vous verrez le plus beau pays de l'Angleterre. APP. I.

Bath, le 3 septembre 1846.

Enfin vous avez reçu mes lettres. Je suis désolé du retard que vous mettez à venir, car il fait bien beau ici maintenant et plus tard il pleuvra peut-être. Je vous attends pour faire ensemble des courses dans les environs, courses qui, faites seul, n'eussent pas eu pour moi le moindre charme et qui avec vous m'intéresseront infiniment. J'y songe d'avance comme un enfant songe à une vacance.

Puisque vous n'êtes pas sûre du jour de votre départ, prenez alors le bâteau à vapeur qui d'Ostende va droit à Londres, et débarquez à Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn Street.

Vous trouverez tout prêt à vous recevoir, et le landlord, M. Payne, aura pour vous toutes les attentions possibles. Il vous dira ce que vous avez à faire. Mais, je vous le répète, je tiens à vous voir le plus tôt possible, et, si vous m'écrivez un mot, je serai à Londres pour vous ramener ici. Je vais à Londres en deux heures et demie par le *special train*. Vous voyez que ce n'est rien.

J'enverrai moi-même un exemplaire de mon ouvrage au major Renard; j'ai un livre à lui renvoyer et à lui écrire, car il a été charmant pour moi.

Mais je ne veux plus vous écrire; venez et profitez du beau temps.

Je vous embrasse et je vous retiens d'avance une semaine entière à Bath; ainsi arrangez-vous en conséquence.

Je vous répète que je tiens à aller vous chercher à Londres; ne me privez pas du plaisir de vous voir plûs tot.

[M. and Madame Cornu spent a fortnight with the Prince at Bath and in London.]

II.

Prince Louis's Letters from Ham to M. Vieillard.

Ham, le 13 janvier 1841.

APP. II. MON CHER MONSIEUR VIEILLARD,—Comme, pour me faire passer le temps, je m'occupe de trente-six mille choses à la fois, je viens vous prier de me rendre un service. Vous savez qu'une des questions les plus difficiles à résoudre pour les fusils à percussion c'est de trouver la manière d'amorcer d'une manière facile et simple, et comme je crois avoir trouvé cette manière, je vous prierai de m'envoyer environ 200 capsules de fusils de guerre (non de celles de chasse ; elles sont trop petites). Les capsules de guerre ont environ quatre lignes de diamètre. . . . .

Ham, 20 février 1841.

Mon cher Monsieur Vieillard,—Je vous remercie bien des capsules que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer. J'ai maintenant terminé le peu d'expériences que je pouvais faire, et j'ai rédigé un mémoire que je compte faire envoyer au Ministre de la Guerre . . . . ce qui m'occupe maintenant beaucoup, et ce qui a avantageusement remplacé les capsules c'est le jardinage. J'ai pu sur une courtine labourer un petit espace de terre, et j'y plante force graines et arbustes. Ce plaisir que je trouve à remuer quelques mètres-cubes de terre me fait penser que notre nature a bien des ressources et des consolations inconnues à ceux qui furent toujours heureux. Quand nous perdons un sens, la Providence a voulu que sa perte nous fût compensée par la perfection qu'acquièrent les sens qui nous restent. De même celui qui a perdu sa liberté retrouve dans le murs de sa prison, au-dedans de son étroite atmosphère, des sources de jouissances qu'il méprisait lorsque libre il foulait indistinctement sous ses pieds les germes de peine comme les germes de bonheur.

J'apprends que ce bon M. Dupaty est gravement malade. Ayez la bonté d'aller demander de ses nouvelles de ma part et de lui dire, si vous pouvez le voir, combien je m'intéresse à sa santé.

APP. II.

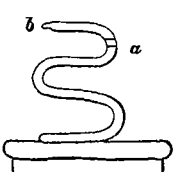
En Postscriptum.—Ayez la bonté de me dire combien je vous dois pour les objets que vous m'avez envoyés.

Ham, le 20 mars 1841.

Il est décidé que, chaque fois que je vous écrirai, je vous entretiendrai d'un nouveau sujet, et que ce sujet sera pour le moment le but principal de mes pensées. J'ai mis de côté les idées militaires; mon jardin est planté et je me suis fourré dans l'histoire d'Angleterre, sur laquelle je fais un travail qui m'intéresse beaucoup. J'ai lu Hume et Smollett, Guizot, Villemain et Boulay de la Meurthe. Mais je voudrais maintenant une histoire plus détaillée du règne de Guillaume III. Tâchez, je vous prie, de me la procurer, mais si vous ne pouvez y parvenir, ayez la bonté de rechercher à quelle époque le procès de Lord Stafford, exécuté sous Charles II, a été annulé; et si la mémoire de Sidney et de Lord Russell, mis à mort à la même époque, fut réhabilitée par les suivants parlements. Je voudrais avoir aussi la copie textuelle du discours d'ouverture de Guillaume III au parlement du 13 décembre 1701. . . . J'ai besoin de ces renseignements pour le travail que je fais et auquel je me livre avec ardeur, comme à tout ce que j'entrepends avec plaisir.

Ham, 17 décembre 1841.

Je vous remercie bien de l'empressement que vous avez mis à me procurer les renseignements que je vous demandais. Ils m'ont fait grand plaisir. Je ne regrette que la peine que vous vous êtes donnée. Ayez la bonté de m'envoyer à la même adresse les tableaux dont vous me parlez, et lorsque vous me répondrez, dites-moi encore une chose: Combien y avait-il dans le tube que vous avez vu de gaz acide carbonique liquide? C'est-à-dire, combien ce liquide occupait-il d'espace environ? Supposons le tube placé perpendiculairement sur une table comme ceci.



APP. II.

Le gaz liquide occupait-il en hauteur dans le tube l'espace d'un pouce? Était-il dans un angle comme en *a*, ou bien répandu dans la partie *b* tout le long du tube? Il est, je le sais, très-léger, et flotte sur la surface du liquide générateur; mais ce liquide occupe-t-il les $\frac{2}{3}$ du tube, et dépasse-t-il le troisième coude *a*?

Ne craignez point d'accidents; je prendrai toutes mes mesures pour qu'il n'y ait pas d'explosion, mais j'agirai comme s'il devait nécessairement y en avoir une.

Mon but n'est pas de chercher une nouvelle force motrice; c'est une simple observation sur la condensation du gaz.

Voici bientôt l'année qui finit. Recevez mes vœux pour l'année 1842. Je vous souhaite, ainsi qu'à madame Vieillard, tout ce qu'un ami souhaite à un ami. Quant à moi, ne me plaignez pas; je n'ai pas le droit d'accuser le sort; mes malheurs sont mon ouvrage et les déplorer serait me révolter contre moi-même. Adieu; merci encore mille fois de votre empressement à me faire plaisir. . . .

En relisant le commencement de ma lettre je m'aperçois d'un immense attroupement de *que*, mais vraiment c'est un peu le défaut de la langue française. Je voudrais que la loi du *que retranché* fût une vérité chez nous. En allemand et en anglais on dit, par exemple, *Je voudrais il vînt*, au lieu de *Je voudrais qu'il vînt*. Mais, hélas! je le prévois, 500,000 lois viendront enrichir nos codes (je dis *enrichir* parce que vous êtes législateur:[1] sans cela je dirais *encombrer*) avant qu'on mette le *que* hors la loi. Il est inviolable, comme le Roi; c'est peut-être pour cela qu'ils s'aiment tant!

Ham, le 10 avril 1842.

. . . . Je regrette beaucoup de ne pouvoir aider la publication dont vous me parlez, mais mes moyens ne me le permettent pas. J'ai un devoir sacré à remplir; c'est de soutenir tous ceux qui se sont dévoués pour moi, et malheureusement les pensions que je paye sont au-dessus de l'état de ma fortune. Je soulage aussi autant que je peux les malheureux qui m'entourent, et pour faire face à tout cela je me retranche même sur *mes*

[1] M. Vieillard était député.

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plaisirs, car j'ai vendu mon cheval et je crois que je n'en rachèterai pas.

J'écris une brochure sur le sucre de betterave. . . .

En P.S.—Conneau a perdu la femelle d'un *galfa* ou *calfa*, oiseau gris et noir de Sainte-Hélène, que M. Saulnier lui avait envoyée. Si vous vouliez lui en renvoyer une, vous lui feriez plaisir et j'en serais heureux.

Ham, le 10 juin 1842.

Mon cher Monsieur Vieillard—Je commencerai par vous dire combien la fin tragique de votre pauvre Finette m'a fait de peine. Personne plus que moi ne comprend combien la perte d'un chien qu'on aime peut attrister, car j'ai été bien longtemps à me consoler d'avoir perdu un chien que j'avais à Rome. Mais enfin il faut en prendre son parti! . . . Votre lettre m'a fait de la peine. Elle m'a prouvé ce qu'hélas! je ne sais que trop; c'est que dans toutes les démarches que je croirai utiles ou nécessaires je ne puis compter que sur moi seul, et que même les amitiés aussi solides que la vôtre me feront défaut alors qu'il s'agira d'exécuter un projet qui vient de moi. On m'a déjà donné le nom *d'entêté*, mais je vous déclare que cela est complètement faux. J'écoute tous les avis et, après les avoir pesés dans mes balances (chacun a ses propres mesures), je me décide. Et s'il n'en était pas ainsi, que serais-je donc devenu, moi qui n'avais devant moi aucun chemin tracé? Mes amis, au lieu de recevoir l'impulsion de moi, qui eût été *unique*, voulaient tous me la donner, et si j'y avais consenti, j'aurais été tous les jours tiré par deux cents forces contraires; il ne me serait pas resté un seul lambeau de moi-même. C'est cette nécessité de choisir et de m'arrêter à un choix qui m'a formé le caractère. Maintenant vous me dites que je veux faire avancer ma cause par des efforts puériles. Eh, mon Dieu! le succès dépend d'un nombre immense d'infiniment petits, qui, à la fin seulement, parviennent à faire corps et à compter pour quelque chose. Si vous voyiez un homme abandonné, seul, dans une île déserte, vous lui diriez: Ne tâchez pas de former avec de troncs d'arbre un esquif que la tempête fera sombrer; attendez que le hasard amène près de vous un navire libérateur. Moi je lui dirais: Employez tous vos efforts à vous créer des instruments

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avec lesquels vous parviendrez à construire un navire. Cette occupation soutiendra votre moral, car vous aurez toujours un but devant les yeux. Elle développera vos facultés par les objets que vous aurez à vaincre. Elle vous prouvera, si vous réussissez, que vous êtes au-dessus de la destinée. Lorsque votre navire sera terminé, jetez-vous y hardiment. Si vous parvenez à toucher le continent, vous ne devrez votre succès qu'à vous-même. Si vous succombez, eh bien, vous aurez trouvé une fin meilleure que si vous vous étiez laissé dévorer par les animaux sauvages ou par l'ennui. Non, il n'y a rien de puérile dans des efforts, quelques faibles qu'ils soient, quand ils partent toujours du même mobile et qu'ils vont tous au même but. J'ai écrit en 1832 une brochure sur la Suisse pour gagner d'abord dans l'opinion de ceux avec lesquels j'étais obligé de vivre. Ensuite je me suis appliqué, pendant près de trois ans, à un ouvrage d'artillerie que je sentais être au-dessus de mes forces, afin d'acquérir par là quelques cœurs dans l'armée et de prouver que, si je ne commandais pas, j'avais au moins les connaissances requises pour commander. J'arrivai par ce moyen à Strasbourg. Depuis je fis publier la brochure Laity, non-seulement pour me défendre, mais pour donner au gouvernement un prétexte pour me faire renvoyer de Suisse. Cela ne manqua pas et l'hostilité du gouvernement me rendit mon indépendance morale, que j'avais, pour ainsi dire, perdue par une mise en liberté forcée. À Londres je publiai, contre l'avis de tous, les 'Idées napoléoniennes,' afin de formuler les idées politiques du parti et de prouver que je n'étais pas seulement un hussard aventureux. Par les journaux je tentai de préparer les esprits à l'événement de Boulogne. Mais ce n'était pas l'affaire des rédacteurs. Ils voulaient vivre de la polémique, et voilà tout! Moi je voulais m'en servir. Ici j'échouai déjà; mais je n'y pouvais. Mais Boulogne fut une catastrophe épouvantable pour moi, mais enfin je m'en relève, par cet intérêt qui s'attache toujours au malheur, et par cette élasticité inhérente à toutes les causes nationales, qui, bien que comprimées souvent par les événements, reprennent avec le temps leur première position. Mais enfin que reste-t-il de tout cet enchaînement de petits faits et de cruelles peines? Une chose immense pour moi. En 1833 l'Empereur et

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son fils étaient morts; il n'y avait plus d'héritiers de la cause impériale. La France n'en connaissait plus aucun. Quelques Bonaparte paraissaient, il est vrai, ça et là sur l'arrière-scène du monde comme des corps sans vie, momies pétrifiées ou fantômes impondérables; mais pour le peuple la lignée était rompue; *tous les Bonaparte étaient morts.* Eh bien, j'ai rattaché le fil; je me suis ressuscité de moi-même et avec mes propres forces, et je suis aujourd'hui à vingt lieues de Paris une épée de Damoclès pour le gouvernement. Enfin, j'ai fait mon canot avec de véritables écorces d'arbres, j'ai construit mes voiles, j'ai élevé ma rame et je ne demande plus aux dieux qu'un vent qui me conduît.

Pour en revenir à ma publication, je m'y suis décidé parce que je n'y vois aucun inconvénient. L'auteur n'étant pas connu, je ne descends pas dans l'arène de la polémique; je fais ce que tout le monde peut faire à ma place: j'émets mes idées. J'avais commencé une revue semblable à Londres, et cela ne m'a point pris. D'un autre côté je puis réussir, quoique vous en disiez. Au résumé, savez-vous la différence qu'il y a entre vous et moi dans l'appréciation des certaines choses? C'est que vous procédez avec méthode et calcul. Moi j'ai la foi, cette foi qui vous fait tout supporter avec résignation, qui vous fait fouler aux pieds ces joies domestiques, l'envie de tant de monde, cette foi enfin qui seule est capable de remuer les montagnes. Certes, ils paraissaient bien aveugles, ces hommes qui, enfermés dans les prisons de Rome, croyaient avec quelques préceptes humanitaires renverser le pouvoir des César, et cependant ils l'ont renversé. . . .

J'admets sans peine qu'il y a cent écrivains à Paris plus habiles que moi. Mais demandez à Bastide, à Louis Blanc, à Georges Sand, à tous enfin, s'ils ont jamais, en développant leurs idées politiques, touché assez leurs lecteurs pour leur arracher des larmes. Eh bien, je suis sûr que cela n'a jamais eu lieu, tandis que j'ai vu et su mille exemples où mes écrits ont produit ce résultat. Et pourquoi? C'est que la cause napoléonienne va à l'âme; elle émeut, elle réveille des souvenirs palpitants, et c'est toujours par le cœur qu'on remue les masses, jamais par la froide raison. En résumé je sais commencer ma

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revue, et je vous compte comme mon premier abonné. Je me passerai des noms que je voulais mettre en tête ; le drapeau sera facile à reconnaître. Quant au mon de l'auteur, on peut l'avouer, mais il ne faut pas le proclamer.

Voilà une bien longue lettre. Je tiens trop à vos conseils, j'éprouve trop de peine à être en désaccord avec vous, même sur des choses secondaires, pour ne pas m'efforcer de vous convaincre. Ai-je réussi ? Je l'ignore. Mais ce dont je suis sûr, c'est que vous rendrez justice aux sentiments qui m'ont dicté cette lettre.

18 avril 1843.

Vous me dites qu'à Paris on parle beaucoup d'une amnistie, et vous me demandez quelle impression fait sur moi cette nouvelle. Je vais vous répondre franchement à votre question.

Si demain l'on ouvrait les portes de mon cachot, en me disant : 'Tu es libre ; assieds-toi avec nous, comme citoyen, au foyer national ; la France ne repousse plus aucun de ses enfants,' oh ! alors un sentiment de joie s'emparerait certainement de mon cœur ; mais si l'on m'offrait l'exil en échange de la situation qui m'est faite actuellement, je repousserais une semblable proposition, parce que ce serait à mes yeux une aggravation de peine. Plutôt être prisonnier en France que libre à l'étranger.

Au reste, je sais ce que le mot *amnistie* veut dire dans la bouche du gouvernement actuel.

Il y a sept ans, après les événements de Strasbourg, on m'enleva nuitamment à la justice du pays ; sans même me laisser le temps d'emporter les vêtements les plus indispensables, sans prêter l'oreille à mes protestations, on m'entraîna à 2,000 milles loin de l'Europe. Traité comme prisonnier jusqu'à la rade de Rio-Janeiro, je fus enfin transporté aux États-Unis. Ayant reçu à New-York la nouvelle de la grave maladie dont ma mère était atteinte, je revins en Angleterre. Mais quel ne fut ma surprise en trouvant tous les ports du continent fermés pour moi par les soins attentifs du gouvernement français ; combien ne dussé-je pas être révolté d'apprendre que, pour m'empêcher de fermer les yeux à ma mère mourante, on avait, pendant mon absence, répandu la calomnie (tant de fois renouvelée et toujours démentie) suivant laquelle j'aurais promis de ne plus venir en Europe !

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En mettant en défaut les polices des États allemands, je parvins jusqu'en Suisse, pour y être témoin de la scène la plus déchirante qui puisse s'offrir aux yeux d'un fils. Cependant à peine la dépouille mortelle de ma mère reposait-elle dans sa bière que déjà le gouvernement français cherchait à m'expulser du pays qui me comptait au nombre de ses propriétaires et de ses citoyens. Le peuple suisse maintint son droit et me garda. Toutefois, voulant éviter des complications sans nombre et même une collision, j'abandonnai volontairement, mais le cœur navré, les lieux où ma mère était venue de France, il y a vingt ans, asseoir ses pénates, où j'avais grandi et où j'avais tant d'amis qu'il me semblait souvent être en France.

Voilà ce que furent à mon égard les effets de la violente amnistie du gouvernement. Et pensez-vous après cela qu'il se puisse faire que j'en désire une seconde?

Exilé depuis vingt-cinq ans, deux fois victime d'un sort perfide, je connais toutes les vicissitudes, toutes les douleurs de cette vie; et maintenant que les illusions de la jeunesse se sont évanouies pour moi, je trouve dans l'air que je respire sur le sol natal, dans l'étude, dans le calme de ma prison, un charme que je n'ai jamais éprouvé quand je partageais les plaisirs de peuples étrangers et que je buvais en qualité de vaincu dans la même coupe que le vainqueur de Waterloo. Enfin si l'occasion se présentait, je répèterais ce que j'ai dit devant la Cour des Pairs: 'Je ne veux point de générosité, car je sais ce qu'elle coûte.'

Fort de Ham, le 8 septembre 1843.

. . . . Il faut me connaître pour me juger; mes opinions ne sont pas aussi dépendantes qu'on le croit de ma nature et de ma naissance; elles sont le résultat de mon jugement et de mes convictions profondes. Ce n'est pas l'ambition personnelle qui m'a fait risquer deux fois ce qui est plus que la vie, ma réputation; ce n'est pas l'ambition de régner qui m'a fait sacrifier plus d'une fois mes affections privées, ma fortune, mon repos: c'est un sentiment plus élevé et plus mystérieuse qui m'a toujours entraîné et soutenu. Pour avoir osé ce que j'ai osé, pour avoir supporté ce que j'ai souffert, il fallait que je sentisse en moi un peu de cette foi du martyr que rien n'abat. Que de

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fois j'ai désiré n'avoir point de nom pour pouvoir défendre les actes et la conduite de l'Empereur, et les défendre non pour justifier un passé qui n'en a pas besoin, mais pour influer un avenir qui tous les jours devient plus confus. . . . Il en serait bien autrement si tous les hommes d'opinions démocratiques s'étaient entendus pour présenter comme modèle à suivre les beaux temps du Consulat. Cette idée aurait réunit toutes les opinions bleues. Les masses, qu'on ne remue jamais que par des souvenirs, auraient fortifié le système de toutes leurs sympathies, et les prétentions surannées du passé seraient venues se briser devant un parti représentant le plus grand homme et la plus grande chose des temps modernes—Napoléon et la liberté. Au lieu de cela qu'avons-nous? Trahison et corruption. L'écume en haut, la lie en bas. Remuez maintenant, si vous l'osez, une semblable liqueur qui se décompose sans chaleur, qui se corrompt sans fermentation. Les fêtes d'Eu et le procès de Toulouse ont plus de rapport entre eux qu'on ne croit. Le communisme peut, par la crainte qu'il inspire, nous ramener les temps de Louis XIV moins la gloire—c'est-à-dire, Louis XV.

En Postscriptum.—J'ai été charmé de lire par hasard une dédicace très-flatteuse que M. Paul Jacob m'a adressée à la tête d'un de ses romans intitulé le 'Duel sans Témoins.'

30 novembre 1843.

. . . . Je vous écris pour vous prier de vous souvenir des renseignements que je désirais avoir du capitaine Piobert sur le tir à ricochets. Maintenant j'attache une grande importance à avoir les résultats d'expériences qui ont dû être faites jadis sur le tir à obus dans des canons de 12 de campagne. . . . Depuis que je ne vous ai vu, j'ai cherché et trouvé plusieurs choses en physique. Le grand problême qui m'occupe c'est de supplanter la vapeur par le magnétisme électrique.

19 janvier 1844.

[Questions relatives à l'artillerie.]

17 avril 1844.

[Critique d'une étude manuscrite sur l'histoire des armes à feu que M. Monteil lui avait adressée.]

Fort de Ham, le 22 avril 1844. APP. III.

Mon cher Monsieur Vieillard,—Je n'ai aucun droit à la bienveillance des ministres et je ne le regrette pas ; mais vous et moi nous avons le droit d'exiger une réponse catégorique à une juste demande. M. Passy vous a dit, il y a quelques jours, que la permission pour Laity allait être donnée, qu'elle était même déjà donnée. Or je vous préviens qu'il n'en est rien. La permission que j'ai demandée pour Laity il y a un mois n'est pas encore arrivée. Or je demande une réponse quelconque, qu'on dise oui ou non, et vraiment c'est pousser le Juste-Milieu trop loin que de ne savoir jamais dire oui ou non. Il paraît que plus les années de ma captivité s'accumulent, plus la sévérité augmente. Mais peu m'importe. Au mauvais vouloir du gouvernement je mesure sa force et la mienne. C'est un thermomètre qui ne trompe pas.

III.

Prince Louis's Reply to M. de Lamartine.

'Fort de Ham, le 23 août 1843.

MONSIEUR,—Je viens de lire la lettre que M. de Lamartine vous a adressée, et dans laquelle il expose ses idées sur le caractère que doivent avoir les publications populaires. Cette lettre contient une appréciation si peu juste du Consulat et de l'Empire, que je crois de mon devoir d'y répondre, persuadé que dans votre impartialité vous voudrez bien accueillir mes réflexions sur cette grande époque.

L'influence que l'Empereur Napoléon exerça sur la civilisation est jugée de la manière suivante par M. de Lamartine :

Cet homme survient ; il arrête le mouvement révolutionnaire précisément au point où il cessait d'être *convulsif* pour devenir *créateur*. Il se fait lui-même réaction contre une liberté qui commençait déjà *à réagir par elle-même*. Il s'arme de tous les *repentirs*, de tous les *ressentiments*, de toutes les *apostasies* qu'une révolution sème toujours sur sa route. Il

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écrase *la liberté naissante* avec *les débris* mêmes de tout ce qu'elle a renversé pour éclore ; il refait un *ancien régime* avec les choses et les noms d'hier ; il fait *rétrograder* la presse jusqu'à la censure, la tribune jusqu'au silence, l'*égalité* jusqu'à une noblesse de plébéïens, la liberté jusqu'aux *prisons* d'État ; la *philosophie* et l'*indépendance des cultes* jusqu'à *un concordat*, jusqu'à une *religion d'État*, instrument de règne jusqu'à un sacre, jusqu'à l'oppression et la captivité d'un pontife. *Il étouffe partout en Europe l'amour et le rayonnement pacifique des idées françaises*, pour n'y faire briller que les *armes odieuses* de la violence et de la conquête. Quel est le résultat final de ce drame à un seul acteur ? . . . Un nom de plus dans l'histoire ; mais l'*Europe deux fois à Paris* ; mais les limites de la France resserrées par l'inquiétude ombrageuse de tout l'Occident désaffectionné ; mais l'*Angleterre réalisant sans rivale la monarchie universelle des mers* ; et en France même, la *raison*, la *liberté* et les *masses retardées* indéfiniment par cet épisode de gloire, et ayant peut-être à marcher *plus d'une siècle* pour regagner le terrain perdu en un seul jour : voilà le 18 brumaire.'

En lisant ce passage, où les faits les plus patents de l'histoire contemporaine sont ouvertement dénaturés, on a peine à croire que ces lignes soient sorties de la plume de l'illustre député de Mâcon, surtout quand on l'entend déclarer solennellement dans la même lettre que *c'est devant la vérité seule qu'il faut se placer en écrivant l'histoire à l'usage du peuple.*

Examinons si M. de Lamartine est resté fidèle à cette maxime.

Je ne défends pas le *principe* de la révolution du 18 brumaire, ni la manière brutale dont elle s'est opérée. Une insurrection contre un pouvoir établi peut être une nécessité, jamais un exemple qu'on puisse convertir en principe. Le 18 brumaire fut une violation flagrante de la Constitution de l'an III ; mais il faut convenir aussi que cette Constitution avait déjà été trois fois audacieusement enfreinte : au 18 fructidor, lorsque le gouvernement attenta à l'indépendance du Corps Législatif en condamnant ses membres à la déportation sans jugement ; au 30 prairial, quand le Corps Législatif attenta à l'indépendance du gouvernement ; enfin au 22 floréal, quand, par un decret

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sacrilége, le gouvernement et le Corps Législatif attentèrent à la souveraineté du peuple, en cassant les élections faites par lui.

La question importante à résoudre est de savoir si le 18 brumaire sauva ou non la République ; et, pour éclaircir ce fait, il suffit de considérer quel était l'état du pays avant cet événement et ce qu'il fut après.

M. de Lamartine est le premier écrivain qui ait osé dire que, sous le Directoire, le mouvement révolutionnaire cessait d'être convulsif pour devenir *créateur*. Il est, au contraire, de notoriété publique que le Directoire n'avait conservé de la Convention que les haines, sans en recueillir ni les vérités ni l'énergie. La France périssait par la corruption et le désordre. La société avait à sa tête les fournisseurs et les faiseurs d'affaires, hommes sans conscience ni patriotisme.

Les généraux d'armée, tels que Championnet à Naples et Brune en Italie, se sentant plus forts que le pouvoir civil, ne lui obéissait plus et emprisonnaient les mandataires. D'autres s'entendaient avec les chefs des chouans et trahissaient la République. Le crédit était anéanti, le trésor était vide, la rente était tombée à onze francs, les ressources du pays étaient gaspillées par une administration pénale ; le brigandage le plus affreux infestait la France ; l'Ouest était toujours en insurrection ; l'Italie avait été perdue, et, malgré la victoire de Zurich, l'ancien régime, forts de nos défaites, de nos dissensions intestines, de la faiblesse du gouvernement, s'avançaient menaçant à la tête de la coalition étrangère. La liberté, au lieu de commencer *à réagir par elle-même*, comme le dit M. de Lamartine, était un mot vide de sens, car les seules lois en vigueur étaient les lois d'*exclusion* ou de *proscription*. Il y avait *cent quarante-cinq mille Français* en exil. Les anciens Conventionnels étaient exclus de tous les emplois. L'écrivain dont les paroles tendaient à attaquer la forme existante du gouvernement était *passible de la peine de mort*. La loi des ôtages, qui détruisait la sécurité de *deux cent milles familles*, était maintenue dans toute sa rigueur. Des entraves sans nombre arrêtaient la liberté des cultes.

Les prosécutions des théophilanthropiques avaient soulevé la Belgique ; les prêtres réfractaires ou assermentés gémissaient également en prison ou en exil. La loi de l'emprunt forcé pro-

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duisait les plus funestes effets sur les propriétés ; les domaines nationaux avaient cessé de se vendre, et les ressources du revenu public étaient taries. Tel était l'esprit, telle était la liberté qui régnaient à cette époque malheureuse. Le général Bonaparte débarque à Fréjus, et 'la France,' dit M. de Cormenin, homme positif et national, 'la France, effrayée du dehors, inquiète du dedans, court au devant d'un homme, les mains pleines du pouvoir, et lui dit : Sauvez-moi !' Les populations violent les lois de quarantaine pour l'amener plus vite à terre, s'écriant : 'Nous aimons mieux la peste que l'invasion,' et le Premier Consul, à peine au pouvoir, rétablit l'ordre dans le monde moral comme dans le monde physique, apaise les dissensions, réunit tous les républicains contre l'ennemi commun, l'ancien régime ; crée la régularité dans les finances, dans la justice, dans l'administration, et fait plier sous son commandement l'armée qui murmurait. Il jette les fondements de l'égalité en établissant le code civil, 'monument législatif,' dit encore M. de Cormenin, 'le plus durable des temps modernes par la solidité de ses matériaux, le plus *magnifique* par la simplicité de ses divisions, le plus unitaire par la fusion de tous les systèmes du droit coutumier et du droit écrit.' Par son organisation centrale i assure l'unité et la nationalité française ; par le concordat il réconcilie le clergé, rétablit la religion, proclame la liberté des cultes, et affermit un des principaux résultats de la Révolution en faisant sanctionner par le Pape l'aliénation des biens ecclésiastiques. Le Premier Consul ferme toutes les plaies de la patrie, ouvre les prisons où gémissaient neuf mille prévenus politiques ; il fait revenir les proscrits, parmi lesquels se trouvaient les membres de l'Assemblée constituante ; il rappelle La Fayette, Latour-Maubourg, Bureau de Puzy et les hommes condamnés à la déportation, tels que Carnot, Portalis, Siméon, Barbé-Marbois ; il remet en vigueur tous les souvenirs de gloire ; il soulage l'infortune de la dernière des Duguesclin, comme l'infortune de la veuve de Bailly, président de la célèbre séance du Jeu-de-Paume, comme l'infortune de la sœur de Robespierre. Il pacifie la Vendée, apaise les troubles de Toulouse, les mécontentements du Midi, l'insurrection de la Belgique. N'ayant plus besoin, comme le Directoire, de soldats pour maintenir la

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tranquillité dans Paris, il les lance à la frontière, reconquiert l'Italie, obtient la paix et oblige tous les souverains de l'Europe de reconnaître la République française et son glorieux représentant. Telles furent les conséquences du 18 brumaire; voilà ce que M. de Lamartine appelle *s'armer de tous les repentirs, de tous les ressentiments, de toutes les apostasies!* Le Consulat a sauvé la République et l'avenir de la Révolution d'une ruine complète; et ce fait, tous les républicains consciencieux, tels que Carnot, Thibaudeau, Cormenin, Carrel, l'ont reconnu: dire le contraire, c'est nier l'évidence. L'Empire a froissé quelques-unes des idées nouvelles, méconnu quelques vérités; mais le Consulat est resté, pour tous les vrais patriotes, l'emblême le plus pur de la Révolution, une des plus belles pages de notre histoire. Si aujourd'hui il existe encore une opinion sincère et nationale qui a pris pour mission de rappeler les formes républicaines, c'est qu'il y a encore un grand nombre d'esprits élevés qui regrettent ce gouvernement créateur et organisateur composé de deux Chambres électives, d'un Conseil d'État et d'un chef responsable avec deux millions de liste civile. Ils regrettent cette administration intègre, économe, qui, avec un budget de sept cent millions, répandait partout la prospérité; enfin, ils regrettent cette politique puissante et fière qui nous avait rendus la première nation du monde.

Autre grief: 'Napoléon étouffe partout en Europe l'amour et le rayonnement pacifique des idées françaises.' Or, lorsque le général Bonaparte prit le timon des affaires, la République était en guerre avec toute l'Europe; les peuples étrangers, sans exception, étaient tous exaspérés contre la France, les magnifiques vérités proclamées par nos assemblées nationales avaient été obscurcies par tant de passions qu'elles étaient méconnues. Où donc existait le *rayonnement pacifique* dont parle M. de Lamartine? Ce fut Napoléon, au contraire, qui, arrêtant les passions, fit triompher partout en Europe les vérités de la Révolution française. Ce fut lui qui implanta en Pologne, en Italie, en Allemagne, en Espagne, en Suisse, les idées et les lois civilisatrices de la France. Qui ne sait qu'en Allemagne il fit disparaître d'un trait de plume *deux cent quarante-trois* petits États féodaux; que de la Vistule au Rhin il détruisit le

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servage, les abus de la féodalité, y introduisit le code civil français, la publicité des jugements par jury en matière criminelle, déracina les haînes de religion et y établit la liberté des cultes? Qui ne sait qu'en Pologne, en Italie, il créa des germes puissants de nationalité, éleva des tribunes nationales et répandit tous les bienfaits d'un gouvernement éclairé? Qui ne sait qu'en Suisse il pacifia les cantons et leur donna un pacte fédéral qui est encore aujourd'hui l'objet de leurs regrets? Enfin, qui ne sait qu'en Espagne même il détruisit l'Inquisition, la féodalité, et fit tous ses efforts pour y établir une constitution plus libérale et un gouvernement plus éclairé que tous ceux que nous y avons vus depuis vingt-huit ans? Naguère encore Coblenz, en illuminant ses murs, parce que la Prusse n'avait pas pu lui enlever ses lois françaises, rendait un bel hommage à la mémoire de l'Empereur.

'Le résultat de l'Empire,' dit l'illustre écrivain que je réfute avec douleur, 'c'est l'Europe deux fois à Paris; c'est l'Angleterre réalisant sans rivale la monarchie universelle des mers; c'est en France la raison, la liberté et les masses retardées indéfiniment par cette période de gloire.' Cela est vrai dans ce sens que ces résultats désastreux sont venus non du triomphe, mais *de la chute* de l'Empereur. Pleurez donc avec nous, avec la France, avec les peuples, les revers de nos armes; car si elles eussent toujours été victorieuses jusqu'à la fin, l'Angleterre était abaissée, l'oligarchie européenne vaincue, les nationalités des peuples voisins ressuscitées, la liberté enfin implantée en Europe.

Je ne défends pas systématiquement toutes les institutions de l'Empire, ni toutes les actions de l'Empereur; je les explique. Je regrette la création d'une noblesse qui, dès le lendemain de la chute de son chef, a oublié son origine plébéïenne pour faire cause commune avec les oppresseurs; je regrette certains actes de violence inutiles au maintien d'un pouvoir fondé par la volonté du peuple; mais ce que je prétends, c'est que de tous les gouvernements qui précédèrent ou qui suivirent le Consulat et l'Empire aucun ne fit, même pendant la paix, pour la prospérité de la France la millième partie de ce que créa l'Empereur pendant la guerre.

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Ouvrez le magnifique ouvrage de M. de Cormenin sur la centralisation, et vous y lirez ce passage remarquable : 'La division départementale de la France, la codification législative, la comptabilité financière, l'administration intérieure, l'armée disciplinée, la police organisée et l'unité nationale font l'envie et l'admiration de l'Europe.' Eh bien, excepté la division du territoire par départements, toutes ces fondations sont des créations de l'Empereur.

Que M. de Lamartine veuille bien se rappeler les lois organiques de l'Empire, et il verra que, malgré leurs défauts, le Sénat avec ses membres élus, le Corps Législatif avec ses membres rétribués, les colléges électoraux et les assemblées de canton avaient une base plus démocratique que les chambres d'aujourd'hui. Qu'il étudie l'organisation du Conseil d'État impérial, composé de toutes les spécialités les plus renommées, et qu'il dise s'il croit, avec les chartes de 1814 ou de 1830, avec des aristocracies bâtardes, avec des lois rédigées à la hâte, votées en une séance, farcies d'amendements contradictoires ; s'il croit, dis-je, pouvoir continuer ainsi l'œuvre immortelle du code civil et ancrer profondément en France le respect de la loi.

Qu'il consulte le rapport au Roi de M. de Villemain sur l'instruction publique, et il verra que l'Empereur, qui a organisé l'instruction primaire et secondaire, et qui a créé ensuite l'Université, avait, en 1812, plus de lycées et de colléges communaux et plus d'élèves dans ces établissements qu'il n'y en avait en France en 1840.

Qu'il consulte les statistiques criminelles, et il verra que depuis l'Empire les délits suivent toujours une progression croissante.

Qu'il consulte les intérêts de la classe ouvrière, et il se convaincra que les salaires sous l'Empire étaient doubles de ce qu'ils sont aujourd'hui ; qu'on n'a ni développé, ni amélioré l'institution des prud'hommes ; enfin, qu'on a détruit les dépôts de mendicité sans les remplacer par d'autres établissements.

Qu'il jette les yeux sur les documents officiels recueillis par le capitaine de vaisseau Laiguel, et il verra que l'Empereur, malgré les désastres d'Aboukir et de Trafalgar, malgré les guerres continentales, avait en dix ans reconstruit cent-trois

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vaisseaux de ligne, tandis que depuis 1814 jusqu'à 1842 la Restauration et le gouvernement actuel n'en ont construit entièrement que *quatre*.

Qu'il énumère tous les marais desséchés, tous les canaux, tous les ports creusés, toutes les routes ouvertes, tous les monuments élevés, toutes les industries créées, en quatorze ans de guerre, et qu'il compare ces résultats avec ceux obtenus en vingt-huit ans de paix avec un budget plus élevé de 600 millions par an.

Enfin, même ces prisons d'État si décriées dans l'opinion étaient établies sur un système plus humain, plus légal et moins arbitraire que les prisons de la Restauration, que les prisons de Doulens et du Mont Saint-Michel du régime actuel. Sous la Restauration les prisonniers politiques étaient confondus avec les galériens ; aujourd'hui ils ne peuvent faire valoir leurs plaintes que devant des inspecteurs ou des préfets, hommes trop dépendants pour oser prendre la défense d'ennemis du gouvernement. Sous l'Empire les prisons d'État étaient visitées par des conseillers d'État en missions extraordinaires, fonctionnaires publics les plus haut placés après les ministres, et qui, par leur caractère politique, pouvaient faire prévaloir sans crainte la justice et l'humanité.

Qu'en philosophe, en homme consciencieux, comme je me plais à le juger, M. de Lamartine scrute avec impartialité les actes de Napoléon, et il lui rendra justice comme au premier organisateur de la démocratie française, comme au promoteur le plus fervent de la civilisation.

Napoléon eut ses torts et ses passions ; mais ce qui le distinguera éternellement de tous les souverains aux yeux des masses, c'est qu'il fut le roi du peuple, tandis que les autres furent les rois des nobles et des privilégiés.

Comme citoyen, comme homme dévoué aux libertés de mon pays, je fais une grande distinction entre le Consulat et l'Empire ; comme philosophe je n'en fais aucune, parce que, consul ou empereur, la mission de Napoléon fut toujours la même. Consul, il établit en France les principaux bienfaits de la Révolution ; empereur, il repandit dans toute l'Europe ces mêmes bienfaits. *Sa mission, d'abord purement française, fut ensuite humanitaire.*

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Il est pénible de voir un homme de génie, comme M. de Lamartine, méconnaître de si grandes vérités ; mais comment s'en étonner lorsqu'on se souvient qu'il y a un an le député de Mâcon, dans un discours à ses commettants,[1] se plut à nier l'action de Rome sur la civilisation du monde, et attribua à Carthage une influence qu'elle n'eut jamais. Le poète qui oublie que nous autres, peuples de l'Occident, nous devons tout à Rome—tout, jusqu'à notre langue, à laquelle lui-même prête un nouveau lustre—ce poète, dis-je, peut aussi oublier la gloire civile, l'influence civilisatrice de l'Empereur ; car les traces du génie de Rome, comme les traces du génie de Napoléon, sont gravées en caractères ineffaçables sur notre sol comme dans nos lois.

Je ne puis comprendre qu'un homme qui accepte le magnifique rôle d'avocat des intérêts démocratiques reste insensible aux prodiges enfantés par la lutte de toutes les aristocraties européennes contre le représentant de la Révolution ; qu'il soit inflexible pour ses erreurs, sans pitié pour ses revers, lui dont la voix harmonieuse a toujours des accents pour plaindre les malheurs, pour excuser les fautes des Bourbon. Eh quoi ! M. de Lamartine trouve des regrets et des larmes pour les violences du ministère Polignac, et son œil reste sec et sa parole amère au spectacle de nos aigles tombant à Waterloo et de notre empereur plébéien mourant à Sainte-Hélène !

C'est au nom de la vérité historique, la plus belle chose qu'il y ait au monde après la religion, que M. de Lamartine vous a adressé une lettre ; c'est également au nom de cette même vérité historique que je vous adresse la mienne. L'opinion publique, cette reine de l'univers, jugera qui de nous deux a saisi sous son véritable aspect l'époque du Consulat et de l'Empire.

Je profite avec plaisir de cette occasion pour vous exprimer, monsieur, la haute estime que je vous porte, et je vous prie de recevoir l'assurance de mes sentiments distingués.

NAPOLÉON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.

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[1] In a speech lately delivered by M. de Lamartine at Mâcon.

IV.

Prince Louis's Letter to M. Laity.

Arenenberg le 2 juillet 1838.

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MON CHER LAITY,—Vous allez donc paraître devant la Cour des Pairs, parce que vous avez eu le généreux dévouement de reproduire les détails de mon entreprise, de justifier mes intentions et de repousser les accusations dont je suis l'objet. Je ne comprends pas l'importance que met le gouvernement à empêcher la publication de cette brochure. Vous savez qu'en vous autorisant à la publier, mon seul but a été de repousser les lâches calomnies dont les organes du Ministère m'ont accablé pendant les cinq mois que je suis resté en prison ou sur la mer; il y allait de mon honneur et de celui de mes amis de prouver que ce n'était pas une folle exaltation qui m'avait amené à Strasbourg en 1836. On dit que votre brochure est une nouvelle conspiration, tandis qu'au contraire elle me justifie du reproche d'avoir jamais conspiré, et qu'il est dit dans les premières pages que nous avons attendu près de deux ans pour publier les détails qui lui concernent, afin que les esprits fûrent plus calmes, et qu'on pût juger sans haine et sans prévention.

Si, comme j'aime à le croire, un esprit de justice anime la Cour des Pairs, si elle est indépendante du pouvoir exécutif, comme le veut la Constitution, il n'y a pas possibilité qu'on vous condamne; car, je ne saurais trop le répéter, votre brochure n'est pas un appel à la révolte, mais l'explication simple et vraie d'un fait qui avait été défiguré. Je n'ai d'autre appui dans le monde que l'opinion publique, d'autre soutien que l'estime de mes concitoyens. S'il est impossible à vous et à moi de me défendre contre d'injustes calomnies, je trouverai que mon sort est le plus cruel de tous. Vous connaissez assez mon amitié pour vous pour comprendre combien je suis peiné de l'idée que vous pourriez être victime de votre dévouement; mais je sais aussi qu'avec votre noble caractère vous souffrez avec résignation pour une cause populaire.

On vous demandera, comme le font déjà certains journaux: Où est le parti napoléonien? Répondez: 'Le parti n'est nulle-

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part, et la cause partout.' Ce parti n'est nullepart, parce que mes amis ne sont pas enrégimentés ; mais la cause a des partisans partout, depuis l'atelier de l'ouvrier jusque dans les conseils du Roi, depuis la caserne du soldat jusqu'au palais du maréchal de France. Républicains, Juste-Milieu, Légitimistes, tous ceux qui veulent un gouvernement fort, une liberté réelle, une attitude gouvernementale imposante, tous ceux-là, dis-je, sont Napoléonistes, qu'ils s'en rendent compte ou non ; car le système impérial n'est pas l'imitation bâtarde des constitutions anglaise ou américaine, mais bien la formule gouvernementale des principes de la Révolution ; c'est la hiérarchie dans la démocratie, l'égalité devant la loi, la récompense pour le mérite ; c'est enfin un colosse pyramidal à base large et à tête haute.

Dites qu'en vous autorisant à cette publication mon but n'a pas été de troubler la tranquillité de la France, ni de remuer des passions mal éteintes, mais de me montrer à mes concitoyens tel que je suis, et non tel que la haine intéressée m'a dépeint. Mais si un jour les partis renversaient le pouvoir actuel (l'exemple des cinquante dernières années nous permet cette supposition), et si, habitués qu'ils sont depuis vingt-trois ans à mépriser l'autorité, ils sapaient toutes les bases de l'édifice social, alors peut-être le nom de Napoléon serait une ancre de salut pour tout ce qu'il y a de généreux et de vraiment patriote en France. C'est pour ce motif que je tiens, comme vous le savez, à ce que l'honneur de l'aigle du 30 octobre reste intact, malgré sa défaite, et qu'on ne prenne pas le neveu de l'Empereur pour un aventurier ordinaire. On vous demandera, sans doute, d'où vous avez puisé toutes les assertions que vous annoncez ; vous pouvez dire que vous les tenez de moi, et que je certifie sur l'honneur qu'elles m'ont été garanties par des hommes dignes de foi.

Adieu, mon cher Laity ; j'espèrerais dans la justice si l'intérêt du moment n'était pas la seule morale des partis.

Recevez l'assurance de ma sincère amitié.

LOUIS-NAPOLÉON.

V.

The Boulogne Expedition.—Prince Louis's Proclamations.

(*Au Peuple Français.*)

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FRANÇAIS,—Les cendres de l'Empereur ne reviendront que dans une France régénérée. Les mânes du grand homme ne doivent pas être souillés par d'impurs et hypocrites hommages. Il faut que la gloire et la liberté soient debout à côté du cercueil de Napoléon. Il faut que les traitres à la patrie aient disparu.

Qu'ont-ils fait, ceux qui vous gouvernent, pour avoir des droits à votre amour? Ils vous ont promis la paix, et ils ont amené la guerre civile et la guerre désastreuse d'Afrique; ils vous ont promis la diminution des impôts, et tout l'or que vous possédez n'assouvirait pas leur avidité; ils vous ont promis la liberté, et ne protègent que priviléges et abus; ils s'opposent à toute réforme, ils n'enfantent qu'arbitraire et anarchie; ils ont promis la stabilité, et depuis dix ans ils n'ont rien établi; enfin, ils ont promis qu'ils défendraient avec conscience notre honneur, nos droits, nos intérêts, et ils ont partout vendu notre honneur et abandonné nos droits. Il est temps que tant d'iniquités aient leur terme; il est temps d'aller leur demander ce qu'ils on fait de cette France si grande, si généreuse, si unanime en 1830.

Agriculteurs, ils vous ont laissé, pendant la paix, de plus forts impôts que ceux que Napoléon prélevait pendant la guerre.

Industriels et commerçants, vos intérêts sont sacrifiés aux exigences étrangères; on emploie à corrompre l'argent dont l'Empereur se servait pour encourager vos efforts et vous enrichir.

Enfin, vous toutes, classes laborieuses et pauvres, qui êtes en France le refuge de tous les sentiments nobles, souvenez-vous que c'est parmi vous que Napoléon choisissait ses lieutenants, ses maréchaux, ses ministres, ses princes, ses amis; appuyez-moi de votre concours, et montrons au monde que ni vous ni moi n'avons dégénéré.

J'espérais comme vous que, sans révolution, nous pourrions

corriger les mauvaises influences du pouvoir : mais aujourd'hui plus d'espoir. Depuis (?) ans on a changé dix fois de ministère ; on en changerait dix fois encore que les maux et les misères de la patrie seraient toujours les mêmes.

Lorsqu'on a l'honneur d'être à la tête d'un peuple comme le peuple français, il y a un moyen infaillible de faire de grandes choses ; c'est de le vouloir.

Il n'y a en France aujourd'hui que violence d'un côté, que licence de l'autre ; je veux rétablir l'ordre et la liberté. Je veux, en m'entourant de toutes les sommités du pays sans exception, en m'appuyant sur la volonté et les intérêts des masses, fonder un édifice inébranlable.

Je veux donner à la France des alliances véritables, une paix solide, et non la jeter dans les hasards d'une guerre générale.

Français, je vois devant moi l'avenir brillant de la patrie.

Je sens derrière moi l'ombre de l'Empereur qui me pousse en avant ; je ne m'arrêterai que lorsque j'aurai repris l'épée d'Austerlitz, remis les aigles sur nos drapeaux et le peuple dans ses droits.

NAPOLÉON.

(*À l'Armée.*)

Soldats,—La France est faite pour commander, et elle obéit. Vous êtes l'élite du peuple, et l'on vous traite comme un vil troupeau. Vous êtes faits pour protéger l'honneur national, et c'est contre vos frères qu'on tourne vos armes. Ils voudraient, ceux qui vous gouvernent, avilir le noble métier de soldat. Vous vous êtes indignés et vous avez cherché ce qu'étaient devenues les aigles d'Arcole, d'Austerlitz, d'Iéna. Ces aigles, les voilà ! je vous les rapporte. Reprenez les : avec elles vous aurez gloire, honneur, fortune, et, ce qui est plus que tout cela, la reconnaissance et l'estime de vos concitoyens.

Soldats, vos acclamations lorsque je me présentai à vous à Strasbourg ne sont pas sorties de ma mémoire. Je n'ai pas oublié les regrets que vous manifestiez sur ma défaite.

Entre vous et moi il y a des liens indissolubles ; nous avons les mêmes haines et les mêmes amours, les mêmes intérêts et les mêmes ennemis.

Soldats, la grande ombre de l'Empereur Napoléon vous parle

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par ma voix. Hâtez-vous, pendant qu'elle traverse l'océan, de renvoyer les traitres et les oppresseurs : montrez-lui, à son arrivée, que vous êtes les dignes fils de la Grande Armée, et que vous avez repris ces emblèmes sacrés qui, pendant quarante ans, ont fait trembler les ennemis de la France, parmi lesquels étaient ceux qui vous gouvernent aujourd'hui.

Soldats, aux armes !

Vive la France ! NAPOLÉON.

(*Proclamation du Prince Napoléon-Louis aux Habitants du Département du Pas-de-Calais.*)

Habitants du Pas-de-Calais et de Boulogne, — Suivi d'un petit nombre de braves, j'ai débarqué sur le sol français, dont une loi injuste m'interdisait l'entrée. Ne craignez point ma témérité : je viens assurer les destinées de la France et non à les compromettre. J'ai des amis puissants à l'extérieur comme à l'intérieur qui m'ont promis de me soutenir. Le signal est donné, et bientôt toute la France, et Paris première, se lèveront en masse pour fouler aux pieds dix ans de mensonge, d'usurpation et d'ignominie, car toutes les villes et tous les hameaux ont à demander au gouvernement des intérêts généraux qu'il a trahis.

Voyez vos ports presque déserts ; voyez vos barques qui languissent sur la grève ; voyez votre population laborieuse qui n'a pas de quoi nourrir ses enfants, parce que le gouvernement n'a point osé protéger son commerce, et écriez-vous avec moi : Traitres, disparaissez ! l'esprit napoléonien, qui ne s'occupe que du bien du peuple, s'avance pour vous confondre !

Habitants du Pas-de-Calais, ne craignez point que les liens qui vous attachent à vos voisins d'outre-mer soient rompus. Les dépouilles mortelles de l'Empereur ne reviennent de l'exil qu'avec des sentiments d'amour et de réconciliation ; deux grands peuples sont faits pour s'entendre, et la glorieuse colonne qui s'avance fièrement sur le rivage comme un souvenir de guerre deviendra un monument expiatoire de toutes nos haines passées.

Ville de Boulogne, que Napoléon aimait tant, vous allez être le premier anneau d'une chaîne qui réunira tous les peuples civilisés ; votre gloire sera impérissable, et la France votera des actions de grâces à ces hommes généreux qui les premiers ont

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salué de leurs acclamations notre drapeau d'Austerlitz. Habitants de Boulogne, venez à moi et ayez confiance dans la mission providentielle que m'a léguée le martyr de Sainte-Hélène. Du haut de la colonne de la Grande Armée le génie de l'Empereur veille sur nous; il applaudit à nos efforts, parce qu'ils n'ont qu'un but, le bonheur de la France.

NAPOLÉON.

Le général MONTHOLON, faisant fonctions de major-général.
Le colonel VOISIN, faisant fonctions d'aide-major-général.
Le commandant MÉSONAN, chef d'état-major.

Boulogne, le — 1840.

Le prince Napoléon, au nom du peuple français, décrète ce qui suit :

La dynastie des Bourbon d'Orléans a cessé de régner.

Le peuple français est rentré dans ses droits.

Les troupes sont déliées du serment de fidélité.

La Chambre des Pairs et la Chambre des Députés sont dissoutes. Un Congrès National sera convoqué dès l'arrivée de Napoléon à Paris.

M. Thiers, président du Conseil, est nommé, à Paris, président du gouvernement provisoire.

Le maréchal Clausel est nommé commandant en chef des troupes rassemblées à Paris.

Le général Pajol conserve le commandement de la 1re division militaire.

Tous les chefs de corps qui ne se conformeront pas sur-le-champ à mes ordres seront remplacés.

Tous les officiers, sous-officiers et soldats qui montreront énergiquement leur sympathie pour la cause nationale seront récompensés d'une manière éclatante au nom de la patrie.

Dieu protège la France !

NAPOLÉON.

Prince Louis's Address to the Chamber of Peers.

The President said : ' Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte, levez-vous ; je vais procéder à votre interrogatoire.'

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Prince Louis, rising, replied: 'Avant de répondre à vos questions, j'ai à présenter à la Cour quelques observations.

'Pour la première fois de ma vie il m'est permis d'élever la voix en France et de parler librement à des Français.

'Malgré les gardes qui m'entourent, malgré les accusations que je viens d'entendre, plein des souvenirs de ma première enfance, en me trouvant dans les murs du sénat, au milieu de vous que je connais, messieurs, je ne peux croire que j'aie ici l'espoir de me justifier ni que vous puissiez être mes juges. Une occasion solennelle m'est offerte d'expliquer à mes concitoyens ma conduite, mes intentions, mes projets, ce que je pense, ce que je veux

'Sans orgueil, comme sans faiblesse, si je rappelle les droits déposées par la nation dans les mains de ma famille, c'est uniquement pour expliquer les devoirs que ces droits nous ont imposés à tous.

'Depuis cinquante ans que le principe de la souveraineté du peuple a été consacré en France par la plus puissante révolution qui se soit faite dans le monde, jamais la volonté nationale n'a été proclamée aussi solennellement, n'a été constatée par des suffrages aussi nombreux et aussi libres que pour l'adoption des constitutions de l'Empire.

'La nation n'a jamais révoqué ce grand acte de la souveraineté, et l'Empereur l'a dit: "Tout ce qui a été fait sans elle est illégitime."

'Aussi gardez-vous de croire que, me laissant aller aux mouvements d'une ambition personnelle, j'aie voulu tenter en France, malgré le pays, une restauration impériale. J'ai été formé par de plus hautes leçons, et j'ai vécu sous de plus nobles exemples.

'Je suis né d'un père qui descendit du trône sans regret le jour où il ne jugea plus possible de concilier avec les intérêts de la France les intérêts du peuple qu'il avait été appelé à gouverner.

'L'Empereur, mon oncle, aima mieux abdiquer l'Empire que d'accepter par des traités les frontières restreintes qui devaient exposer la France à subir les dédains et les menaces que l'étranger se permet aujourd'hui. Je n'ai pas respiré un jour dans l'oubli de tels renseignements. La proscription imméritée et

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cruelle qui, pendant vingt-cinq ans, a traîné ma vie des marches du trône sur lesquelles je suis né jusqu'à la prison d'où je sors en ce moment, a été impuissante à irriter comme à fatiguer mon cœur; elle n'a pu me rendre étranger un seul jour à la dignité, à la gloire, aux droits, aux intérêts de la France. Ma conduite, mes convictions s'expliquent.

'Lorsqu'en 1830 le peuple a reconquis sa souveraineté, j'avais cru que le lendemain de la conquête serait loyal comme la conquête elle-même, et que les destinées de la France étaient à jamais fixées; mais le pays a fait la triste expérience des dix dernières années. J'ai pensé que le vote de quatre millions de citoyens, qui avait élevé ma famille, nous imposait au moins le devoir de faire appel à la nation et d'interroger sa volonté; j'ai cru même que si, au sein du congrès national que je voulais convoquer, quelques prétentions pouvaient se faire entendre, j'aurais le droit d'y réveiller les souvenirs éclatants de l'Empire, d'y parler du frère aîné de l'Empereur, de cet homme vertueux qui, avant moi, en est le digne héritier, et de placer en face de la France, aujourd'hui affaiblie, passée sous silence dans le congrès des rois, la France d'alors, si forte au dedans, au dehors si puissante et si respectée. La nation eût répondu: République ou monarchie, empire ou royauté. De sa libre décision dépend la fin de nos maux, le terme de nos dissensions.

'Quant à mon entreprise, je le répète, je n'ai point eu de complices. Seul, j'ai tout résolu; personne n'a connu à l'avance ni mes projets, ni mes ressources, ni mes espérances. Si je suis coupable envers quelqu'un, c'est envers mes amis seuls. Toutefois qu'ils ne m'accusent pas d'avoir abusé légèrement de courages et de dévouements comme les leurs; ils comprendront les motifs d'honneur et de prudence qui ne me permettent pas de réveiller à eux-mêmes combien étaient étendues et puissantes mes raisons d'espérer un succès.

'Un dernier mot, messieurs. Je représente devant vous un principe, une cause, une défaite. Le principe, c'est la souveraineté du peuple; la cause, celle de l'Empire; la défaite, Waterloo. Le principe, vous l'avez reconnu; la cause, vous l'avez servie; la défaite, vous voulez la venger. Non, il n'y a pas désaccord entre vous et moi, et je ne veux pas croire que je puisse être dévoué à porter la peine des défections d'autrui.

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'Représentant d'une cause politique, je ne puis accepter comme juge de mes volontés et de mes actes une juridiction politique. Vos formes n'abusent personne. Dans la lutte qui s'ouvre il n'y a qu'un vainqueur et un vaincu. Si vous êtes les hommes du vainqueur, je n'ai pas de justice à attendre de vous, et je ne veux pas de générosité.'

Produced great emotion.

VI.

The Expulsion of Prince Louis from Switzerland.

(1.)

'*À leurs Excellences Messieurs les Avoyer et Membres du Conseil d'État du Canton de Lucerne, Directoire fédéral.*

'Le soussigné, ambassadeur de sa Majesté le Roi des Français près la Confédération helvétique, a reçu l'ordre de son gouvernement de faire à LL.EE. messieurs les Avoyer et Membres du Conseil d'État du canton de Lucerne, Directoire fédéral, la communication suivante :

'Après les événements de Strasbourg et l'acte de généreuse clémence dont Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte avait été l'objet, le Roi des Français ne devait pas s'attendre à ce qu'un pays ami, tel que la Suisse, et avec lequel les anciennes relations de bon voisinage avaient été naguère si heureusement rétablies, souffrirait que Louis Bonaparte revînt sur son territoire, et, au mépris de toutes les obligations que lui imposait la reconnaissance, osât y renouveler de criminelles intrigues, et avouer hautement des prétentions insensées, et que leur folie même ne peut plus absoudre depuis l'attentat de Strasbourg. Il est de notoriété publique qu'Arenenberg est le centre d'intrigues que le gouvernement a le droit et le devoir de demandér à la Suisse de ne pas tolérer dans son sein. Vainement Louis Bonaparte voudrait-il le nier? Les récits qu'il a fait publier à grands frais, tant en Allemagne qu'en France, celui que la Cour des Pairs a récemment condamné, auquel il est prouvé qu'il avait lui-même concouru, et qu'il a fait distribuer, témoignent assez que son retour d'Amérique n'avait pas seulement pour objet de rendre les

derniers devoirs à une mère mourante, mais bien aussi de reprendre des projets et affecter des prétensions auxquelles il est démontré aujourd'hui qu'il n'a jamais renoncé. APP. VI.

'La Suisse est trop loyale et trop fidèle alliée pour permettre que Louis Bonaparte se dise à la fois l'un de ces citoyens et le prétendant au trône de France; qu'il se dise Français toutes les fois qu'il conçoit l'espérance de troubler sa patrie au profit de ses projets, et citoyen de Thurgovie quand le gouvernement de sa patrie veut prévenir le retour de ses criminelles tentatives.

'C'est donc avec la plus entière confiance qu'au nom de son gouvernement le soussigné présente à LL.EE. messieurs les Avoyer et Membres du Conseil d'État de Lucerne, Directoire fédéral, en les priant de la porter à la connaissance de la Haute Diète, la demande expresse que Louis-Napoléon soit tenu de quitter le territoire de la Confédération helvétique.

'Le soussigné regarde comme superflu de rappeler ici à leurs excellences les règles du droit de gens en pareille matière. Il ajoutera seulement, en finissant, et d'après l'ordre qu'il a reçu, que la France aurait préféré ne devoir qu'à la volonté spontanée et au sentiment de bonne amitié de sa fidèle alliée une mesure qu'elle se doit à elle-même de réclamer enfin, et que la Suisse ne lui fera sûrement pas attendre.

'Le soussigné saisit avec empressement cette occasion pour renouveler à LL.EE. messieurs les Avoyer et Membres du Conseil d'État de Lucerne, Directoire fédéral, les assurances de sa haute considération.

'DUC DE MONTEBELLO.

'Lucerne, le 1er août 1838.'

(2.)

'*Les Avoyer et Conseil d'État du Canton de Lucerne, Directoire fédéral, à S.E. M. le Duc de Montebello.*

'S.E. M. le duc de Montebello, ambassadeur de S.M. le Roi des Français, ayant par son office du 1er août demandé aux autorités fédérales que Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte fût tenu de quitter le territoire helvétique, les Avoyer et Conseil d'État de Lucerne, Directoire fédéral, ont reçu de la Haute Diète l'ordre de répondre ce qui suit:

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'Lorsque les Grands Conseils des cantons ont été appelés à délibérer sur la demande de M. le duc de Montebello, leurs votes se sont partagés sur la position de Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte et sur la question de nationalité, mais non sur le principe que la demande d'expulsion d'un citoyen suisse serait inadmissible, comme contraire à l'indépendance d'un état souverain.

'Depuis que Louis-Napoléon a fait pour s'éloigner du territoire de la Confédération des démarches publiques, que le Directoire s'est occupé à faciliter, une délibération de la Diète sur cette matière devient superflue.

'Fidèle aux sentiments qui, depuis des siècles, l'ont unie à la France, la Suisse ne peut toutefois s'empêcher d'exprimer avec franchise le pénible étonnement que lui ont causé les démonstrations hostiles faites contre elle avant que la Diète ait été réunie pour délibérer définitivement sur la réclamation qui lui était adressée.

'La Diète désire, autant que peut le désirer le gouvernement français, que des complications de la nature de celles qui ont eu lieu ne se renouvellent plus, et que rien ne trouble à l'avenir la bonne harmonie de deux pays rapprochés par leurs souvenirs comme par leurs intérêts. Elle se livre à l'espérance de voir promptement rétablies et consolidées entre la France et la Suisse les précédentes relations de bon voisinage et la vieille réciprocité d'affections.

'Les Avoyer et Conseil d'État du Canton de Lucerne, Directoire fédéral, ont l'honneur de réitérer à S.E. M. le duc de Montebello l'assurance de leur très-haute considération.

'Lucerne, le 6 octobre 1838.'

(*Suivant les signatures.*)

(3.)

'Paris, 12 octobre 1838.

'Monsieur le Duc,—M. le comte Reinhardt m'a remis, avec votre dépêche du 6 octobre, la réponse du Directoire fédéral à votre office du 1er août, et je m'empresse de vous en accuser réception.

'Le gouvernement du Roi n'a jamais demandé à la Suisse d'éloigner de son sein un de ses citoyens. Autant qu'aucune autre nation la France respecte l'indépendance et la dignité de

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ses voisins, mais elle veille en même temps au maintien de son honneur et de son repos. La Confédération, nous le croyons, ne laissera plus abuser d'une généreuse hospitalité celui dont les étranges prétentions sur la France prouvent assez que la Suisse ne saurait le compter parmi ses enfants. C'est avec une véritable satisfaction, monsieur le duc, que le gouvernement du Roi a vu la Diète déclarer *qu'elle désire, autant que peut le désirer le gouvernement français, que des complications de la nature de celles qui ont eu lieu ne se renouvellent plus.*

'La Suisse sentira sûrement, sans qu'il soit besoin de le rappeler ici, tout ce que la France se devrait à elle-même si jamais, et par impossible, les mêmes conjonctures se reproduisaient.

'Quant aux démonstrations que la Diète appelle *hostiles* et qui lui auraient causé un *pénible étonnement*, le gouvernement du Roi n'a pas cessé d'espérer un seul instant que des mesures suggérées par la prudence prendraient un autre caractère.

'Pour comprendre ces mesures et le sentiment qui les a dictées la Diète aurait pu se reporter à l'attitude qu'elle-même avait prise, et au refus dont les délibérations des Grands Conseils menaçaient la France. Aujourd'hui, monsieur le duc, ces circonstances ont changé : Louis Bonaparte quitte la Suisse. Il vous reste à annoncer au Vorort que le corps d'observation formé sur notre frontière de l'est va se dissoudre.

'Ce n'est pas sans émotion que le Roi et son gouvernement ont lu les paroles qui terminent la réponse de la Diète. Comme à toutes les époques de son histoire, la France est encore prête à témoigner à la Suisse qu'elle est son alliée la plus fidèle, son amie la plus sincère, le défenseur le plus invariable de son indépendance. De son côté la Suisse veillera, nous n'en doutons pas, à ce qu'aucune cause de mésintelligence ou de mécontentement ne vienne troubler désormais la bonne harmonie et les rapports d'une amitié si ancienne et que les deux pays ont tant d'intérêt à perpétuer.

'Veuillez, monsieur le duc, donner lecture de cette lettre à monsieur le Président du Directoire, et lui en laisser copie.

'Recevez l'assurance de ma haute considération.

'MOLÉ.'

VII.

Profession de Foi démocratique du Prince Louis-Napoléon Bonaparte.

APP. VII.

'Ce n'est plus au secret et nous n'en avons fait non plus à personne un mystère en annonçant que depuis d'un an et trois mois le prince Napoléon-Louis Bonaparte nous envoie des articles de sa prison de Ham.

'Notre N° 16 en renfermait un semblable concernant le vœu émis par le Conseil-Général de la Corse, en vue d'obtenir que la famille Napoléon fût rappelée de l'exil, et que le prisonnier de Ham, après avoir été mis en liberté, pût jouir de ses droits comme citoyen français.

'Quoique cet article, qu'une foule de journaux français et beaucoup de journeaux étrangers reproduisaient, contînt la déclaration suivante: "La famille Bonaparte, étant issue de la Révolution, ne peut et ne doit reconnaître qu'un principe, celui de la souveraineté du peuple; elle ne peut donc revendiquer que les droits de citoyen français, mais il y aurait injustice et petitesse à ne pas les lui concéder dorénavant"—malgré cette déclaration, le "Journal du Loiret" crut devoir demander au prince quelles seraient ses prétentions en rentrant dans la grande famille française, lorsque les portes de son cachot s'ouvriraient pour lui, et que le bannissement qui frappait toute sa famille toucherait à sa fin.

'Le prince fit la réponse suivante:

'*À Monsieur le Rédacteur du "Journal du Loiret."*

'Fort de Ham, le 21 octobre 1843.

'Monsieur,—Je réponds sans hésiter à la bienveillante interpellation que vous m'adressez dans votre numéro du 18.

'Je n'ai jamais cru et je ne croirais jamais que la France soit l'apanage d'un homme ou d'une famille; *je n'ai jamais revendiqué d'autres droits que ceux de citoyen français, et je n'aurai jamais d'autre désir que celui de voir le peuple entier,*

légalement rassemblé dans ses comices, choisir en toute liberté la forme du gouvernement qui lui convient.

'*Issu d'une famille qui doit son élévation à la volonté nationale, je mentirais à mon origine, à ma nature et jusqu'au bon sens si je ne reconnaissais la souveraineté nationale du peuple comme la base de toute organisation.*

'Jusqu'ici mes actions et mes prétentions s'accordent avec cette manière de voir. Si l'on ne m'a pas compris, cela vient de ce qu'on ne cherche pas à expliquer les défaites, mais plutôt à les condamner.

'C'est vrai, j'ai recherché une haute position, mais cela publiquement. J'avais une haute ambition, mais je la pouvais avouer en présence de tous—l'ambition de réunir autour de mon nom populaire tous les partisans de la souveraineté du peuple, tous ceux qui voulaient la gloire et la liberté. Si je me suis trompé, l'opinion publique peut-elle m'en vouloir? La France peut-elle m'en punir?

'Croyez bien, monsieur, que, quel que puisse être le sort que me réserve la destinée, on ne pourra jamais dire de moi que dans l'exil ou dans la prison je n'ai rien appris et rien oublié.

'Agréez l'assurance de ma considération.

'NAPOLÉON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.

'"C'est là," dit le "Journal du Loiret," en publiant cette lettre, "un éclatant témoignage de la toute-puissance du principe démocratique, c'est là un exemple de la plus haute signification, quand on voit un homme issu d'une race royale, l'héritier du trône, un jeune prince fier et éclairé, dont le nom populaire rappelle les plus glorieux souvenirs, mettre de côté les préjugés monarchiques, renoncer aux priviléges de sa famille et rendre un solennel hommage à la souveraineté du peuple. Nous félicitons le prince Louis des sentiments généreux exprimés dans sa lettre. Ils annoncent un homme de cœur et d'esprit."'

Le Progrès du Pas-de-Calais, 28 octobre 1843.

VIII.

Ligue démocratique pour l'Extinction du Paupérisme.

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Pour réaliser la grande pensée de notre œuvre, nous constituons, sous les auspices de représentants du peuple, une association électorale qui en poursuivra l'exécution par tous les moyens pratiques. Cette association, dont le centre est à Paris, aura un sous-centre dans chaque chef-lieu de département et un comité dans chaque localité de vote. Cette ligue électorale acceptera le concours de toutes les associations qui se proposent un but analogue à celui qu'elle poursuit.

À chaque opération électorale, elle viendra par son nombre et son ensemble assurer le succès des candidats dévoués à notre œuvre, et leur rappellera pendant le cours de leur mandat, par des pétitions périodiques, appuyées de l'adhésion de grandes masses d'électeurs, la sainte cause à laquelle nous consacrons notre vie.

Le comité central de Paris recevra des comités de départements tous les travaux et projets pratiques qui pourraient réaliser en tout ou en partie l'extinction du paupérisme et du prolétariat. Il accueillera et recherchera même, pour les produire en les soumettant à l'appréciation des comités, les travaux de tous les hommes de valeur, à quelque école qu'ils appartiennent, et qui présenteraient une solution aux questions qui nous occupent. Par cet échange quotidien entre le centre et ses comités, la diffusion des lumières sociales s'établira sur toute la surface du pays. Par ce moyen aussi les besoins qui sont ignorés, parce qu'ils ne sont ressentis que dans un cercle restreint, seront exprimés, et pourront, eux aussi, appeler les solutions nécessaires. Aujourd'hui que le vote est universel, chaque électeur a le droit d'exprimer ses besoins et ses vœux et de demander une solution à ses mandataires.

Pour resserrer le lien fraternel qui doit exister entre tous les membres de la ligue, des banquets périodiques seront organisés, tant à Paris que dans les départements, et on y développera dans des toasts le but et les moyens de l'association.

Le réglement de la Ligue démocratique pour l'Extinction du Paupérisme paraîtra dans le second numéro du 'Socialisme napoléonien.'

Chaque associé, par le paiement de sa colisation de cinquante centimes par mois, a droit à l'envoi du numéro mensuel du 'Socialisme napoléonien.' Ce numéro est le résumé des publications du mois.

Les versements se font à la caisse des comités.

Les souscriptions ou dons volontaires qui nous seront adressés peuvent être considérés comme le paiement anticipé du prix d'abonnement. Ils contribueront à former le fonds de roulement, qui sera déposé, sauf un tiers, chez M. Hardouin, banquier, trésorier de l'association.

(Numéro spécimen 'Le Socialisme napoléonien,' organe de la Ligue démocratique pour l'Extinction du Paupérisme. Février 1849.)

IX.

Prince Louis Bonaparte's Letter to the National Assembly.

CITOYENS REPRÉSENTANTS,—J'apprends par les journaux qu'on a proposé dans les bureaux de l'Assemblée de maintenir contre moi seul la loi d'exil qui frappe ma famille depuis 1816; je viens demander aux représentants du peuple pourquoi je mériterais une semblable peine.

Serait-ce pour avoir toujours publiquement déclaré que, dans mes opinions, la France n'était l'apanage ni d'un homme, ni d'une famille, ni d'un parti?

Serait-ce parce que, désirant faire triompher sans anarchie ni licence le principe de la souveraineté nationale, qui seul pouvait mettre un terme à nos dissensions, j'ai deux fois été victime de mon hostilité contre le gouvernement que vous avez renversé?

Serait-ce pour avoir consenti, par déférence pour le gouvernement provisoire, à retourner à l'étranger après être accouru à Paris au premier bruit de la révolution?

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Serait-ce pour avoir refusé, par désintéressement, les candidatures à l'Assemblée qui m'étaient proposées, résolu de ne retourner en France que lorsque la nouvelle constitution serait établie et la République affermie ?

Les mêmes raisons qui m'ont fait prendre les armes contre le gouvernement de Louis-Philippe me porteraient, si on réclamait mes services, à me dévouer à l'Assemblée, résultat du suffrage universel.

En présence d'un roi élu par deux cents députés, je pouvais me souvenir que j'étais l'héritier d'un empire fondé par quatre millions de Français.

En présence de la souveraineté nationale, je ne peux et ne veux revendiquer mes droits de citoyen français ; mais ceux-là, je les réclamerai sans cesse, avec l'énergie que donne à un cœur honnête le sentiment de n'avoir jamais démérité de la patrie.

Recevez, messieurs, l'assurance de mes sentiments de haute estime.

Votre Concitoyen,

LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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